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# THE ALLELUIA

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# THE ALLELUIA:



A COLLECTION OF

## HYMNS AND TUNES FOR THE CHURCH SCHOOL,

AND THE

## ◀MID-WEEK MEETING.▶

EDITED BY

REV. M. W. STRYKER AND HUBERT P. MAIN.

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"ALLELUIA: SALVATION, AND GLORY, AND HONOR, AND POWER, UNTO THE LORD OUR GOD!"

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PUBLISHED BY BIGLOW & MAIN,

No. 76 EAST NINTH STREET, NEW YORK, AND 73 RANDOLPH STREET, CHICAGO.

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# PREFACE.

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THE ALLELUIA claims merit and asks recognition simply as a *selection*. It aims to gather the strongest and sweetest chords that have been tested by use and time. It seeks to present that which has attractive form and solid value, practicalness and character. It means to be refined without being elaborate, and sturdy without being heavy. Ringing, rousing, rememberable music will be found all through it; but very little that is absolutely new. Many of the old melodies of the earlier BRADBURY books are here, while all their successors have been laid under contribution. The New Hymnary and Royal Diadem, differing as they do, have yielded the most heavily. The various other sources are too many to name. There are valuable German Chorals presented for the first time.

Thanks are due to Rev. R. LOWRY, W. H. DOANE, U. C. BURNAP, W. H. WALTER, A. J. ABBEY, MAX PIUTTI, Messrs. BIGLOW & MAIN, OLIVER DITSON & Co., WM. A. POND & Co., A. S. BARNES & Co., and others, for copyright permissions, and for contributions; and to many friends for translations and suggestions. The compilers would urge upon all who lead the meetings for which this book is intended, the great value of distinct assemblings for musical drill. What is worth singing demands study and practice, and repays it.

MARCH, 1880.

M. WOOLSEY STRYKER,  
HUBERT P. MAIN.

# THE ALLELUIA.

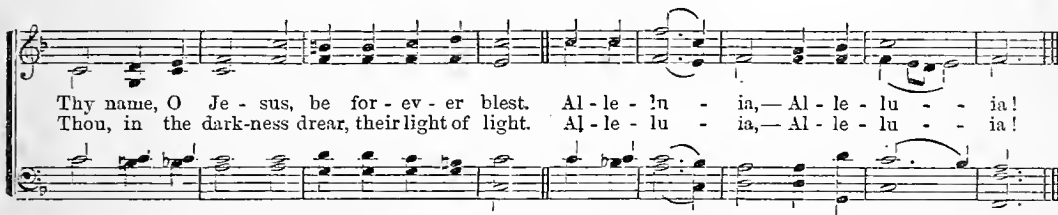
## FOR ALL THE SAINTS.

WM. WALSHAM HOW, M. A., (1823—), 1864.

Written for this Work by MAX PIUTTI, (1852—), 1879.



1. For all the saints who from their labors rest. Who Thee by faith be-fore the world con-fest.  
2. Thou wast their Rock, their Fortress and their Light; Thou, Lord, their Captain in the well-fought fight.



Thy name, O Je - sus, be for - ev - er blest. Al - le - lu - ia, — Al - le - lu - - ia!  
Thou, in the dark-ness drear, their light of light. Al - le - lu - ia, — Al - le - lu - - ia!

3 O blest Communion, fellowship divine!  
We feebly struggle, they in glory shine;  
Yet all are one in Thee, for all are Thine. Alleluia.

4 The golden evening brightens in the west;  
Soon, soon to faithful warriors comes the rest:  
Sweet is the calm of Paradise the blest. Alleluia.

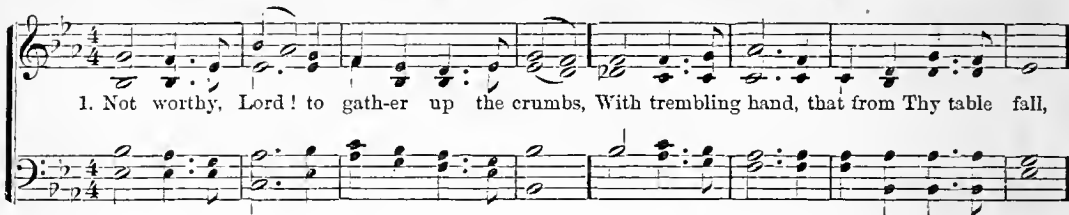
5 But lo, there breaks a yet more glorious day;  
The saints triumphant rise in bright array;  
The King of glory passes on His way. Alleluia.

6 From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's farthest coast,  
Through gates of pearl streams in the countless host,  
Singing to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. All luia.

## NOT WORTHY TO GATHER THE CRUMBS.

Rev. EDWARD HENRY BICKERSTETH, M. A. (1825—).

From JAKOB LUDWIG FELIX MENDELSSOHN BARTHOLDY, (1809—1847).



2 I am not worthy to be thought Thy child,  
Nor sit the last and lowest at Thy board;  
Too long a wanderer and too oft beguiled,  
I only ask one reconciling word.

3 And is not mercy Thy prerogative—  
Free mercy, boundless, fathomless, divine?  
Me, Lord!—the chief of sinners,—me forgive,  
And Thine the greater glory,—only Thine.

4 I hear Thy voice; Thou bid'st me come and rest;  
I come, I kneel, I clasp Thy pierced feet;  
Thou bid'st me take my place, a welcome guest,  
Among Thy saints, and of Thy banquet eat.

5 My praise can only breathe itself in prayer,  
My prayer can only lose itself in Thee,  
Dwell Thou forever in my heart, and there,  
Lord! let me sup with Thee: sup Thou with me.



# CROWN HIM LORD OF ALL.

5

Rev. EDWARD PERRONET, (—1792), 1780.

Rev. ROBERT LOWRY, (1826—), 1873.

1. All hail the power of Je - sus' name!      Let an - gels prostrate fall,      Let an - gels  
 2. Let eve - ry kin - dred, eve - ry tribe,      On this ter - res - trial ball,      On this ter -  
 3. Oh, that with yon - der sa - cred throug      We at His feet may fall;      We at His

Let an - - - gels      Let an - - - gels

Let an - gels &c.

pros - trate fall, Let an - gels prostrate fall; Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, Bring forth the roy - al  
 res - trial ball. On this ter - res - trial ball; To Him all ma - jes - ty ascribe, To Him all ma - jes  
 feet may fall, We at His feet may fall; We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, We'll join the ev - er -

di - a - dem, And crown Him, and crown Him, and crown Him, and crown.... Him Lord of all.  
 ty a - scribe, And crown Him, &c.  
 last - ing song, And crown Him, &c.      And crown Him Lord of all.

From ROYAL DIADEM, by permission.

## AT THE CROSS THERE'S ROOM.

FANNY J. CROSBY, (1823—), 1871.

Rev. ROBERT LOWRY.

1. Mourn - er, where - so - e'er thou art, At the cross there's room; Tell the bur - den  
 2. Thoughtless sin - ner, come to - day; At the cross there's room; Hark! the Bride and  
 3. Bless - ed thought! for ev - ery one, At the cross there's room; Love's a - ton - ing

of thy heart; At the cross there's room; Tell it in thy Sav - iour's ear, Cast a -  
 Spir - it say, At the cross there's room; Now a liv - ing foun - tain see, O - pened  
 work is done; At the cross there's room; Streams of boundless mer - cy flow, Free to

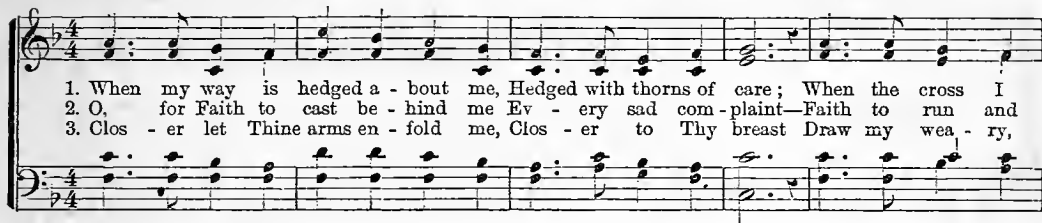
way thy ev - ery fear, On - ly speak, and He will hear; At the cross there's room.  
 there for you and me, Rich and poor, for bond and free; At the cross there's room.  
 all who thith - er go, O that all the world might know; At the cross there's room.

# LET ME LEAN ON THEE.

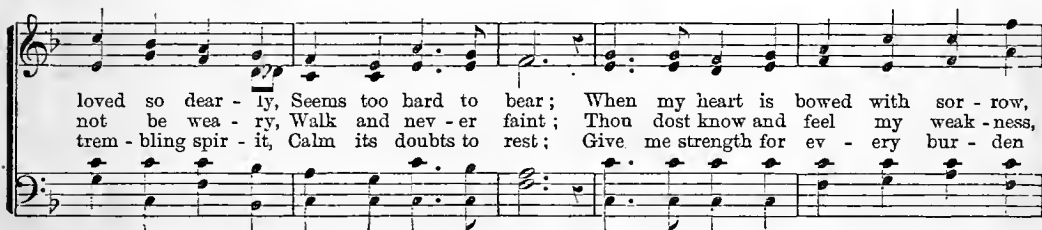
7

FANNY. J. CROSBY.

HUBERT P. MAIN, (1839—), 1877.



1. When my way is hedged a - bout me, Hedged with thorns of care; When the cross I  
 2. O, for Faith to cast be - hind me Ev - ery sad com - plaint—Faith to run and  
 3. Clos - er let Thine arms en - fold me, Clos - er to Thy breast Draw my wea - ry,



loved so dear - ly, Seems too hard to bear; When my heart is bowed with sor - row,  
 not be wea - ry, Walk and nev - er faint; Thou dost know and feel my weak - ness,  
 trem - bling spir - it, Calm its doubts to rest; Give me strength for ev - ery bur - den



And no light I see— Lord, Thy ten - der mer - cy plead - ing, Let me lean on Thee.  
 Sav - iour, look on me; Now Thy ten - der mer - cy plead - ing, Let me lean on Thee.  
 Thou hast borne for me; Lord, Thy ten - der mer - cy plead - ing, Let me lean on Thee.

From WELCOME TIDINGS, by permission.

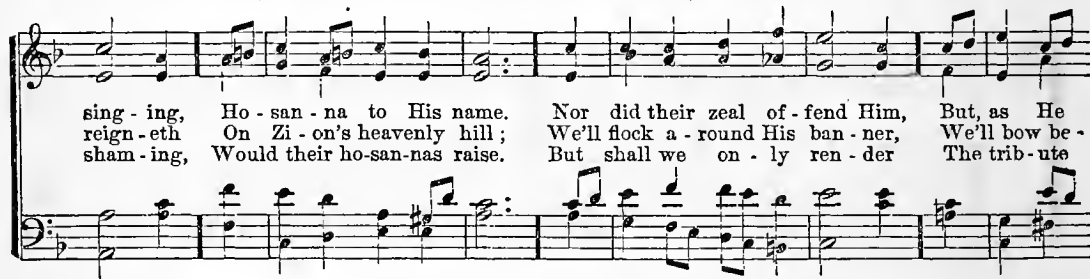
# 8 WHEN, HIS SALVATION BRINGING.

Rev. JOHN KING, (1789—1858), 1830.

BETHOLD TOURS. (1838—).



1. When, His sal - va - tion bring - ing, To Zi - on Je - sus came, The children all stood  
 2. And since the Lord re - tain - eth, His love to children still, Though now as King He  
 3. For should we fail pro - claim - ing Our great Redeemer's praise, The stones, our si - lence



sing - ing, Ho - san - na to His name. Nor did their zeal of - fend Him, But, as He  
 reign - eth On Zi - on's heavenly hill; We'll flock a - round His ban - ner, We'll bow be -  
 sham - ing, Would their ho - san - nas raise. But shall we on - ly ren - der The trib - ute



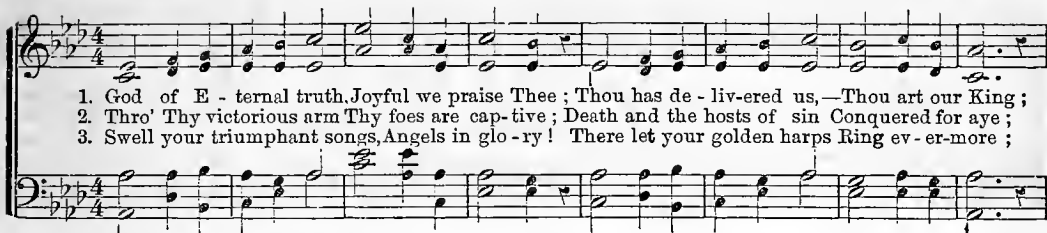
rode a - long, He let them still at - tend Him, And smiled to hear their song.  
 fore His throne, And cry a - loud, Ho - san - na To Dav - id's roy - al Son.  
 of our words? No; while our hearts are ten - der, They too shall be the Lord's. A - men.

# ZION, THY KING BEHOLD.

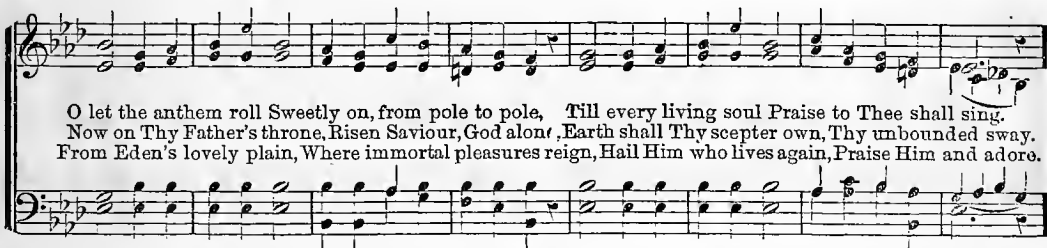
9

FANNY J. CROSBY, 1872.

CHESTER G. ALLEN, (1838—1878), 1873.



1. God of E - ternal truth, Joyful we praise Thee ; Thou has de - liv-ered us, —Thou art our King ;  
 2. Thro' Thy victorious arm Thy foes are cap-tive ; Death and the hosts of sin Conquered for aye ;  
 3. Swell your triumphant songs, Angels in glo-ry ! There let your golden harps Ring ev - er-more ;



O let the anthem roll Sweetly on, from pole to pole, Till every living soul Praise to Thee shall sing.  
 Now on Thy Father's throne, Risen Saviour, God alone, Earth shall Thy scepter own, Thy unbounded sway.  
 From Eden's lovely plain, Where immortal pleasures reign, Hail Him who lives again, Praise Him and adore.

CHORUS.



Zi - on ! thy King be-hold, Rise in thy beau-ty ; Sing ! for the night is past ; Thy light has come.

*From ROYAL DIADEM, by permission.*

## JOY-BELLS.

JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

HENRY TUCKER, (1826—), 1867.

1. Joy-bells ring - ing, Children singing, Fill the air with music sweet; Jocund measure, Guileless pleasure,  
 2. Joy-bells ring - ing, Children singing, Hark! their voices, loud and clear; Breaking o'er us, Like a cho - rus,  
 3. Earth seems brighter, Hearts grow lighter, As the jocund mel - o - dy Charms our sadness In - to glad - ness,

## CHORUS.

Make the chain of song com - plete. { Joy - bells! joy - bells! Nev - er, nev - er cease your ringing; }  
 From a pur - er, hap - pier sphere. { Chil - dren! chil - dren! Nev - er, nev - er cease your singing; }  
 Peal - ing, peal - ing, joy - ful - ly.

*Very soft.**Loud.*

List, list, the song that swells, Joy-bells! Joy-bells!

4 Joy-bells nearer  
 Sound, and clearer,  
 When the heart is free from care;  
 Skies are cheering,  
 And we're hearing  
 Joy-bells ringing everywhere.  
 Joy-bells, etc.

# THERE IS A LAND IMMORTAL.

11

THOMAS MACKELLAR, (1812—), 1846.

JOHN HENRY CORNELL, (1828—), 1865.

1. There is a land im - mor - tal, The beau-ti - ful of lands; Be - side its an-cient  
 2. Tho' dark and drear the pas - sage That leadeth to the gate, Yet grace comes with the  
 3. Their sighs are lost in sing - ing, They're bless-ed in their tears; Their journey heav'nward

port - al A si - lent sen - try stands; He on - ly can nn - do it, And o - pen  
 mes - sage To souls that watch and wait; And at the time ap - point - ed A mes - sen -  
 wing - ing, They leave on earth their fears: Death like an an - gel seem - eth; "We wel - come

wide the door; And mor - tals who pass thro' it Are mor - tals nev - er - more.  
 ger comes down, And leads the Lord's a - noint - ed From cross to glo - ry's crown.  
 thee," they cry; Their face with glo - ry beam - eth—'Tis life for them to die! A - men.

From THE HYMNARY, by permission.

## BATTLING FOR THE LORD.

Mrs. M. A. KIDDER, alt.  
SOLO.

CHORUS.

THEODORE EDSON PERKINS, (1831—), 1864.  
SOLO.

1. We've list - ed in a ho - ly war, Bat - tling for the Lord! E - ter - nal life, e -  
2. We wres - tle not with flesh and blood, Bat - tling for the Lord! We wield the Spir - its

CHORUS.

FULL CHORUS.

ter - nal joy, Bat - tling for the Lord! We'll work till Je - sus comes, We'll  
might - y sword, Bat - tling for the Lord!

Rit.

work till Je - sus comes, We'll work till Je - sus comes, And then we'll rest at home.

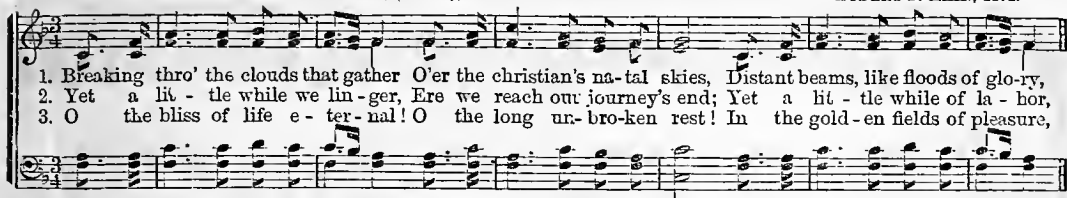


# THE BRIGHT FOREVER.

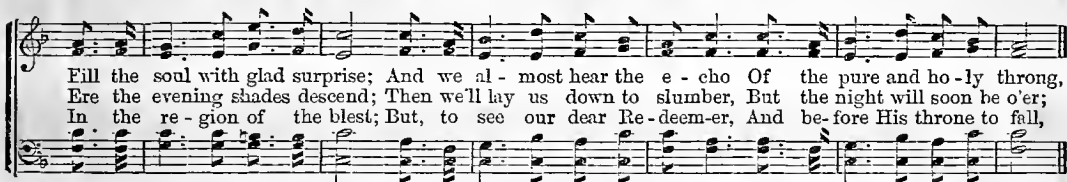
13

FRANCES JANE CROSBY VAN ALSTYNE, (1823—), 1871.

HUBERT P. MAIN, 1871.

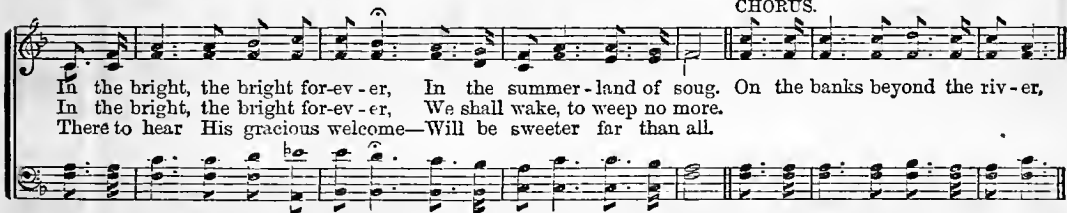


1. Breaking thro' the clouds that gather O'er the christian's na-tal skies, Distant beams, like floods of glo-ry,  
 2. Yet a lit-tle while we lin-ger, Ere we reach our journey's end; Yet a lit-tle while of la-bor,  
 3. O the bliss of life e-ter-nal! O the long un-bro-ken rest! In the gold-en fields of pleasure,

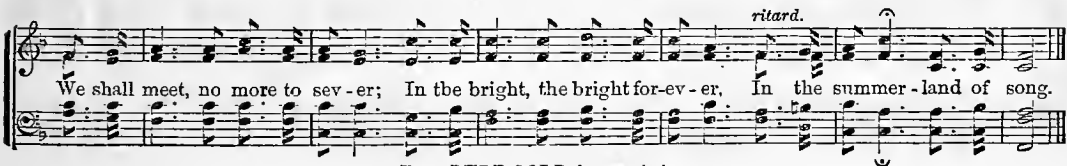


Fill the soul with glad surprise; And we al-most hear the e-cho Of the pure and ho-ly throng,  
 Ere the evening shades descend; Then we'll lay us down to slumber, But the night will soon be o'er,  
 In the re-gion of the blest; But, to see our dear Re-deem-er, And be-fore His throne to fall,

## CHORUS.



In the bright, the bright for-ev-er, In the summer-land of song. On the banks beyond the riv-er,  
 In the bright, the bright for-ev-er, We shall wake, to weep no more.  
 There to hear His gracious welcome—Will be sweeter far than all.



*ritard.*  
 We shall meet, no more to sev-er; In the bright, the bright for-ev-er, In the summer-land of song.

From PURE GOLD, by permission.

## THERE'S A BRIGHT LAND.

Mrs. CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER. (1823—), 1848.

JOHN B. DYKES, 1863, arr.

1. Ev'-ry morn the ro-sy sun Ris-es warm and bright; But the evening cometh on And the

GIRLS. BOYS.

dark, cold night: ALL. There's a bright land far a-way, Where is nev-er end-ing day

2 Ev'ry spring the sweet young flowers  
 Open fresh and gay;  
 Till the chilly autumn hours  
 Wither them away:  
 There's a land we have not seen,  
 Where the trees are always green!

3 Little birds sing songs of praise  
 All the summer long;  
 But in colder, shorter days  
 They forget their song:  
 There's a place where angels sing  
 Ceaseless praises to their King.

4 Christ our Lord is ever near  
 Those who follow Him!  
 But we cannot see Him here,  
 For our eyes are dim:  
 There's a blissful happy place  
 Where men always see His face.

5 Who shall go to that bright land?  
 All who do the right:  
 Holy children there shall stand  
 In their robes of white.  
 For that Heaven so bright and blest,  
 Is our everlasting rest.

# YIELD NOT TO TEMPTATION.

15

H. R. PALMER

H. R. PALMER. 1868.

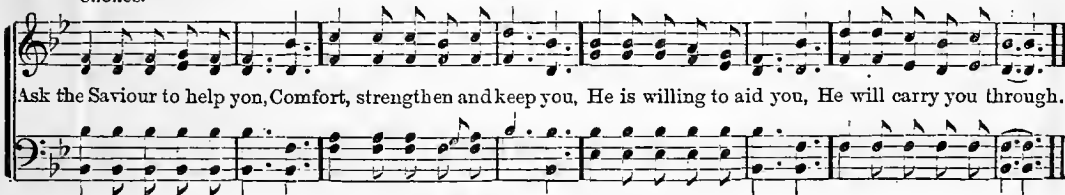


1 Yield not to temptation, For weakness is sin, Each vict'ry will help us, Some other to win ;  
 2. Shun e-vil companions, Bad language dis-dain, God's name hold in rev'rence, Nor take it in vain ;  
 3. To him that o'er-cometh God giv-eth a crown, Thro' faith we shall conquer, Tho' often cast down ;



Fight man-ful-ly on-ward, Dark passions sub-due, Look ever to Je-sus, He'll carry you through.  
 Be thoughtful and earnest, Kind-hearted and true, Look ever to Je-sus, He'll carry you through.  
 He who is the Saviour, Our strength will re-new, Look ever to Je-sus, He'll carry you through.

## CHORUS.



Ask the Saviour to help you, Comfort, strengthen and keep you, He is willing to aid you, He will carry you through.

From SONGS OF LOVE, by permission.

## CHRISTIANS, AWAKE!

JOHN BYROM, (1692-1763).

JOHN WAINWRIGHT, (-1768), 1763.

1. Christians, a - wake! sa - lute the hap - py morn, Where-on the Saviour of mankind was born;  
 2. Oh! may we keep and ponder in our mind God's wondrous love in sav - ing lost man-kind;  
 3. Then may we hope, th'an - gel - ic hosts a - mong, To join, re-deemed, a glad tri - umphant throug;

Rise to a - dore the mys - ter - y of love, Which hosts of angels chanted from a - love;  
 Trace we the Babe, Who hath retrieved our loss, From the poor manger to the bit - ter cross;  
 He that was born up - on this joy - ful day A - round us all His glo - ry shall dis - play;

With them the joy - ful tid - ings first be - gun, Of God in - car - nate and the Vir - gin's Son.  
 Tread in His steps, as - sist - ed by His grace, Till man's first heavenly state a - gain takes place.  
 Saved by His love, in - ces - sant we shall sing E - ter - nal praise to heaven's Almighty King.

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# THROUGH THE DAY.

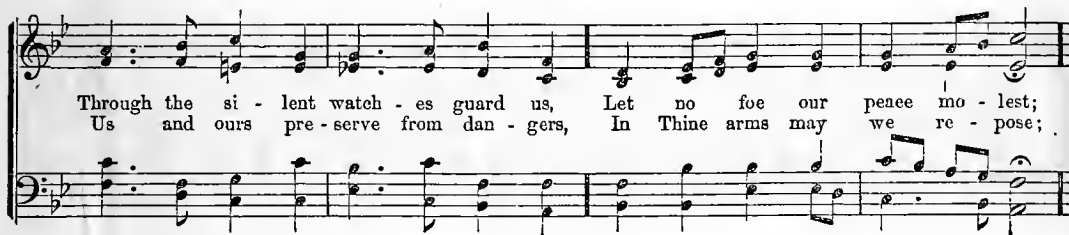
17

Rev. THOMAS KELLY, (1769—1855), 1806.

JOHN HENRY CORNELL, (1828—), 1865.



1. Through the day Thy love has spared us, Now we lay us down to rest  
2. Pil - grims here on earth, and stran - gers, Dwell - ing in the midst of foes,



Through the si - lent watch - es guard us, Let no foe our peace mo - lest;  
Us and ours pre - serve from dan - gers, In Thine arms may we re - pose;



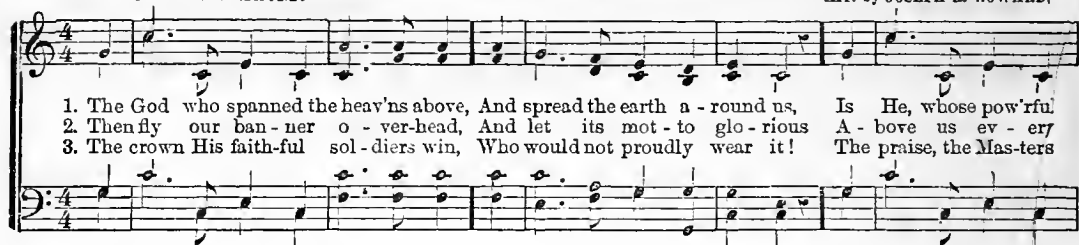
Je - sus, Thou our Guar - dian be; Sweet it is to trust in Thee.  
And, when life's sad day is past, Rest with Thee in heav'n at last.

*From NEW HYMNARY by vermission.*

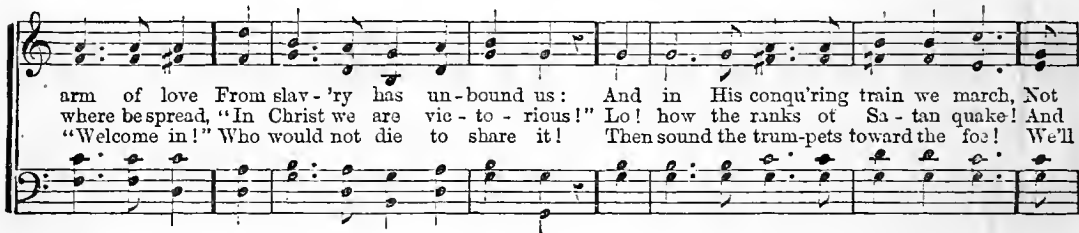
## BATTLE SONG.

Prof. ROBERT W. RAYMOND.

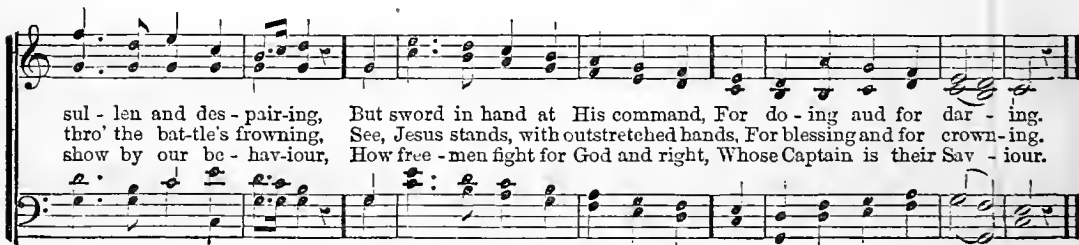
Arr. by JOSEPH R. HOWARD.



1. The God who spanned the heav'ns above, And spread the earth a-round us, Is He, whose pow'rful  
 2. Then fly our ban-ner o-ver-head, And let its mot-to glo-rious A-bove us ev-ery  
 3. The crown His faith-ful sol-diers win, Who would not proudly wear it! The praise, the Mas-ters



arm of love From slav-'ry has un-bound us: And in His conqu'ring train we march, Not  
 where bespread, "In Christ we are vic-to-ri-ous!" Lo! how the ranks of Sa-tan quake! And  
 "Welcome in!" Who would not die to share it! Then sound the trump-ets toward the foe! We'll



sul-len and des-pair-ing, But sword in hand at His command, For do-ing a-ud for dar-ing.  
 thro' the bat-tle's frowning, See, Jesus stands, with outstretched hands, For blessing and for crown-ing.  
 show by our be-hav-iour, How free-men fight for God and right, Whose Captain is their Sav-iour.

# THOU CHIEF AMONG TEN THOUSAND.

19

Arranged.

SIGISMUND THALBERG, (1812-1871), arr.

1. Thou chief a-mong ten thousand, Who can with Thee compare? Thou hast my soul's de-vo-tion,—  
 2. O hold Thou up my go-ings, And lead from strength to strength, That unto Thee in Zi-on

Supreme, Thou reignest there: I know no life di-vid-ed O bless-ed Lord, from Thee; In  
 I may appear at length: O make my spir-it wor-thy To join the ransomed throng; O

*Rit.*  
 Thee is life pro-vid-ed For all mankind and me.  
 teach my lips to ut-ter That ev-er-last-ing song.

3 O give that last, best blessing  
 That even saints can know,  
 To follow in Thy footsteps  
 Wherever Thou dost go:  
 Not wisdom, might, or glory  
 I ask to win above;  
 I ask for Thee, Thee only,  
 O Thou Eternal Love!

FANNY J. CROSBY. 1874.

THEODORE EDSON PERKINS, (1831—), 1874.

1. Hark ! the mighty tones sublime, Trumpet tongues of olden time—Breathing on the silent air, Shouting glo - ry  
 2. Mourning captive, cease thy tears; Lo! the promised day appears, Thro' the misty veil of night, Bursting in a  
 3. Now with healing in her wings, Hark ! a white robed angel sings :—“Mortals, from the realms above I have born me

ev - ery where! Hark! again their joyful sound Rings a - far, the earth a - round; While a vast a -  
 flood of light; Oh, what wondrous things are done By the Father, thro' the Son! Oh, the smile of  
 harp of love; Hal - le - lu - jah! sing with me; Hail your greatest ju - bi - lee! Sing, in pur - est,  
 D. S.—E - den lost, to

FINE. CHORUS. D. S.

dor - ing throng Catch the strain and join the song. Un - to us a child is given; Open now the gates of heaven;  
 pard'ning grace, Beaming in the Saviour's face.  
 sweetest lays, On this ho - ly day of days.”  
 man restored, Thro' the birth of Christ the Lord.



# BE JOYFUL IN GOD.

21

JAS. MONTGOMERY, 1822.

WM. B. BRADBURY, (1816—1868).

*Allegro.*

1. Be joyful in God, all ye lands of the earth; Oh, serve Him with gladness and fear; Exult in His presence with music and mirth,  
 2. Oh! enter His gates with thanksgiving and song, Your vows in His temple proclaim; His praise in melodious accordance prolong,

With love and devotion draw near: Jehovah is God, and Je - ho - vah a - lone, Cre - a - tor and Rn - ler o'er all;.....  
 And bless His a - dor - a - ble name: For good is the Lord, in - ex - press - i - bly good, And we are the work of His hand;....

GIRLS.

And we are His people, His sceptre we own, His sheep, and we follow His call; we follow His call, we follow His call.  
 His mercy and truth from e - ter - ni - ty stood, And shall to e - ter - ni - ty stand, to e - ter - ni - ty stand, to e - ter - ni - ty stand.

From FRESH LAURELS, by permission.


# 22 TO GOD ON HIGH BE THANKS AND PRAISE.

German.

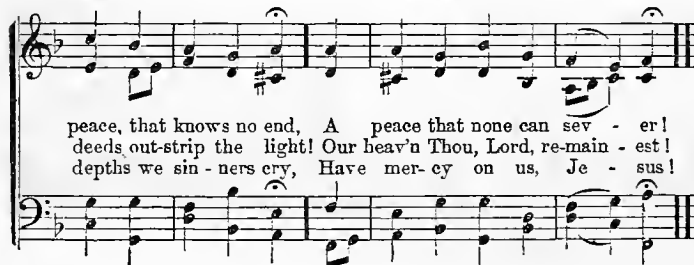
N. DECIUS.



1. To God on high be thanks and praise For mer-cy ceas-ing nev-er, Whereby no foe a  
 2. The hon-ors paid Thy ho-ly Name, To hear Thou ev-er deign-est! Then, God the Fa-ther,  
 3. O Je-sus Christ, our God and Lord, Son of Thy heavenly Fa-ther, O Thou who hast our



hand can raise, Nor harm can reach us ev-er! With joy to Him our hearts as-cend, The Source of  
 still the same, Un-shak-ea ev-er reign-est! Unmeasured stands Thy glorious might! Thy tho'ts, Thy  
 peace restor'd, And the lost sheep doth gath-er, Thou Lamb of God, to Thee on high From out our



peace, that knows no end, A peace that none can sev-er!  
 deeds, out-strip the light! Our heav'n Thou, Lord, re-main-est!  
 depths we sin-ners cry, Have mer-cy on us, Je-sus!

4.

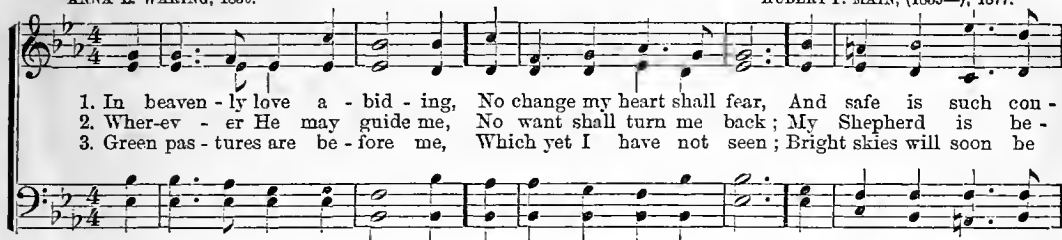
O Holy Ghost, Thou precious Gift,  
 Thou Comforter unailing,  
 O'er Satan's snares our souls uplift;  
 And let Thy power availing  
 Avert our woes and calm our dread,  
 For us the Saviour's blood was shed,  
 We trust in Thee to save us.

# IN HEAVENLY LOVE ABIDING.

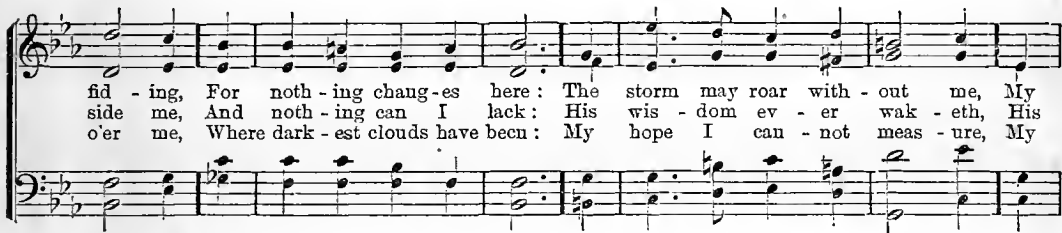
23

ANNA L. WARING, 1850.

HUBERT P. MAIN, (1839—), 1877.



1. In heav - en - ly love a - bid - ing, No change my heart shall fear, And safe is such con -  
 2. Wher - ev - er He may guide me, No want shall turn me back; My Shepherd is be -  
 3. Green pas - tures are be - fore me, Which yet I have not seen; Bright skies will soon be



fid - ing, For noth - ing chang - es here: The storm may roar with - out me, My  
 side me, And noth - ing can I lack: His wis - dom ev - er wak - eth, His  
 o'er me, Where dark - est clouds have been: My hope I can - not meas - ure, My



heart may low be laid, But God is round a - bout me, And can I be dismayed?  
 sight is nev - er dim; He knows the way He tak - eth, And I will walk with Him.  
 path to life is free; My Sav - iour has my treas - ure, And He will walk with me.

*By permission.*

## WE MARCH TO VICTORY.

Rev. GERARD MOULTRIE, 1867.

JOSEPH BARNBY (1833—), 1869.

1. We march, we march to vic - to - ry, With the Cross of the Lord be - fore us, With His

lov - ing eye look - ing down from the sky, And His Ho - ly Arm spread o'er us, His

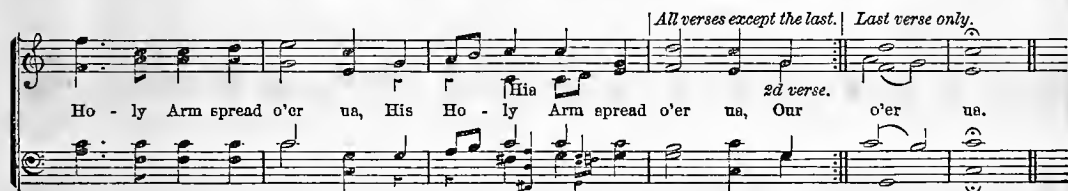
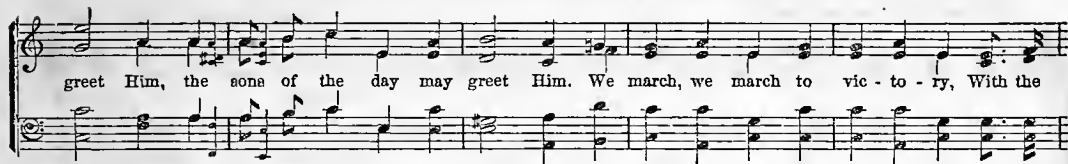
Ho - ly Arm spread o'er us. We come in the might of the Lord of Light, With ar - mor bright to  
His Arm

meet Him; And we pnt to flight the ar - mies of night, That the sons of the day may

*From NEW HYMNARY, by permission.*

# WE MARCH TO VICTORY. Concluded.

25



His Arm

2 Our Sword is the Spirit of God on High,  
 Our helmet His salvation;  
 Our banner the Cross of Calvary,  
 Our watchword—the Incarnation.  
 We march, we march, &c.

3 We tread in the might of the Lord of Hosts,  
 And we fear not man nor devil:  
 For our Captain Himself guards well our coasts,  
 To defend His Church from evil.  
 We march, we march, &c.

4 And the choir of angels with song awaits  
 Our march to the golden Sion;  
 For our Captain has broken the brazen gates,  
 And burst the bars of iron.  
 We march, we march, &c.

5 Then onward we march, our arms to prove,  
 With the banner of Christ before us,  
 With his eye of love looking down from above,  
 And His Holy Arm spread o'er us.  
 We march, we march, &c.

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## O JESUS, THOU ART STANDING.

Rev. WILLIAM WALSHAM HOW (1823—), 1854.

Sir ARTHUR SEYMOUR SULLIVAN (1842—), 1872.

1. O Je - sus, Thou art stand - ing Out - side the fast-closed door, In  
 2. O Je - sus, Thou art knock - ing; And lo! that Hand is scarred, And

low - ly pa-tience wait-ing To pass the threshold o'er. Shame on us, Chris-tian  
 thorns Thy Brow en - cir - cle, And tears Thy Face have marred. Oh, love that pass - eth

breth - ren, His Name and sign who bear, Oh, shame, thrice shame up - on us,  
 knowl-edge, So pa - tient - ly to wait! Oh, sin that hath no e - qual,

From NEW HYMNARY, by permission.

To keep Him stand-ing there.  
So fast to bar the gate! A - men.

- 3 O Jesus, Thou art pleading  
In accents meek and low—  
“I died for you, my children,  
And will ye treat Me so?”  
O Lord, with shame and sorrow,  
We open now the door,  
Dear Saviour, enter, enter,  
And leave us nevermore. Amen.

## DAY BY DAY WE MAGNIFY THEE.

ANON.

REV. E. S. CARTER.

1. Day by day we mag-ni-fy Thee, Not in words of praise a-lone; Truth-ful lips and

meek o-be-dience Show Thy glory in Thine own. A - men.

- 2 Day by day we magnify Thee,  
When, for Jesus' sake we try  
Every wrong to bear with patience,  
Every sin to mortify.

- 3 Day by day we magnify Thee,  
Till our days on earth shall cease,  
Till we rest from these our labors,  
Waiting for Thy day in peace.  
Amen.

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Rev. CHARLES WESLEY, (1708—1788), 1740, ab.

Ad. from JACQUES BLUMENTHAL, (1829—), 1847.

1. Depth of mer-cy, can there be Mer-cy still re-served for me? Can my God His  
 2. Kin-dled, His re-lent-ings are; Me, He now de-lights to spare; Cries, how shall I

wrath for-bear? Me, the chief of sin-ners, spare? I have long withstood His grace, Long pro-  
 give thee up?— Let the lift-ed thun-der drop. There for me the Sav-iour stands; Shows His

voked Him to His face, Would not hearken to His calls, Grieved Him by a thou-sand falls.  
 wounds, and spreads His hands; God is love! I know, I feel; Je-sus weeps, but loves me still.

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# SHOUT THE GLAD TIDINGS.

29

WM. AUGUSTUS MUHLENBERG, D. D., (1796—1877), 1823.  
CHORUS.

CHARLES AVISON, (1710—1770), arr. H. FINR.

Shout the glad ti - dings, ex - ult - ing - ly sing;..... Je - ru - sa - lem tri - umphs, Mes - si - ah is King!

## SEMI-CHORUS.

1. Zi - on, the marvellous sto - ry be telling, The Son of the Highest, how lowly His birth, The brightest archangel in  
2. Tell how He cometh, from nation to nation, The heart-cheering news let the carth echo round, How free to the faithful He  
3. Mortals, your homage be gratefully bringing, And sweet let the glad some hosanna a - rise; Ye angels, the full hal - le -

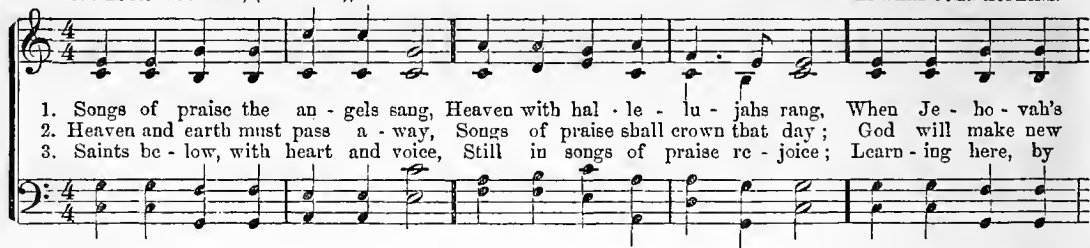
D. C. for CHORUS. | After 3d verse, let Chorus end with this line.

glo - ry ex - celling, He stoops to redeem thee, He reigns upon earth. Mes - si - ah is King, Mes - si - ah is King.  
of - fers sal - vation,—His people with joy ev - er - lasting are crowned.  
lu - jah be singing, One horns resound thro' the earth and the skies.

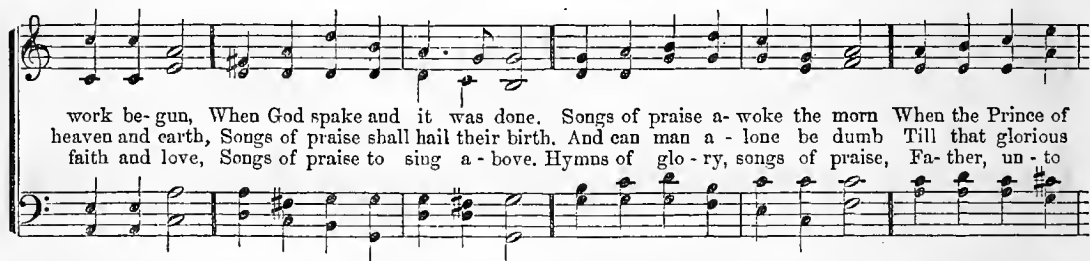
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JAMES MONTGOMERY, (1771—1854), 1819.

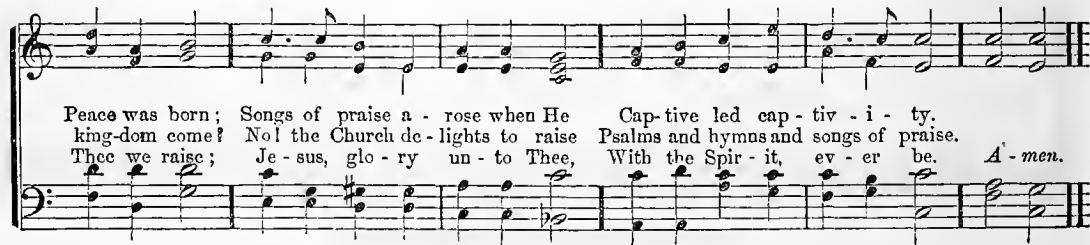
EDWARD JOHN HOPKINS.



1. Songs of praise the an - gels sang, Heaven with hal - le - lu - jahs rang, When Je - ho - vah's  
 2. Heaven and earth must pass a - way, Songs of praise shall crown that day; God will make new  
 3. Saints be - low, with heart and voice, Still in songs of praise re - joice; Learn - ing here, by



work be - gun, When God spake and it was done. Songs of praise a - woke the morn When the Prince of  
 heaven and earth, Songs of praise shall hail their birth. And can man a - lone be dumb Till that glorious  
 faith and love, Songs of praise to sing a - bove. Hymns of glo - ry, songs of praise, Fa - ther, un - to



Peace was born; Songs of praise a - rose when He Cap - tive led cap - tiv - i - ty.  
 king - dom come? No! the Church de - lights to raise Psalms and hymns and songs of praise.  
 Thee we raise; Je - sus, glo - ry un - to Thee, With the Spir - it, ev - er be. A - men.

From NEW HYMNARY, by permission.

# BEGIN, MY SOUL, TH' EXALTED LAY.

31

JOHN OGILVIE, D. D., (1733—1814), 1749.

Rev. CHARLES BEECHER, (1819—), 1854.

1. Be - gin, my soul, th' exalt-ed lay; Let each enraptured thought o-bey, And praise th' Almighty name;  
2. Ye angels! catch the thrilling sound, While all th' adoring thrones around, His boundless mercy sing:

To swell.....

Lo! heaven, and earth, and seas, and skies, In one me-lo-dious con-cert rise, To swell th'in-  
Let ev-ery listening saint a - bove Wake all the tuneful soul of love, And touch the

th'in - spir - - - ing theme.

spir - ing theme, 'To swell th' inspir - ing theme.  
sweet-est string, And touch the sweet-est string.


3.  
Let man by nobler passions swayed,  
The feeling heart, the judging head,  
In heavenly praise employ;  
Spread His tremendous name around  
Till heaven's broad arch rings back the sound,  
The general burst of joy.

From PLYMOUTH COLLECTION, by permission.

## JESUS, TEACH ME HOW TO PRAY.

ANON.

JNO. HENRI CORNELL.



1. Je - sus, teach me how to pray, Suf - fer not my thoughts to stray, Send distractions  
2. When I work or when I play, Be Thon with me through the day; Teach me what to



far a - way, O Son of God! Let me not be rude or wild, Make me humble  
do and say, O Son of God! Make me love my Sav - iour blest, Safe beneath His



meek and mild, Pure as an - gels un - de - filed, O Son of God.  
care to rest, As a bird with - in its nest, O Son of God. A - men.

*From THE HYMNARY, by permission.*

# CHRIST THE SAVIOUR BORN.

33

FANNY J. CROSBY.

HUBERT P. MAIN, (1839—), 1872.

1. Strike your harps, ye saints in glory, Shout aloud the wondrous story, Christ the Saviour born; Born, his  
2. Clasp your hands, ye floods of ocean, Sing, ye hills, with pure devotion, Christ the Saviour horn; Wake, O

peo-ple to de-liv - er, Born, to reign our King for-ev - er; Tell it by the crystal riv - er, Christ the  
earth! the song repeating, Wake! thy own Mes-si-ah greeting; Hearts with holy rap-ture beating, Hail a

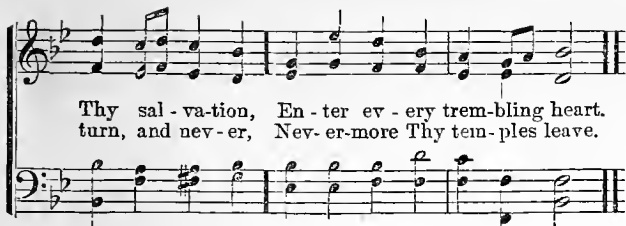
3. Hark! the mighty anthem ringing,  
Multitudes of angels singing,  
Christ the Saviour born;  
Saviour born; Tell it by the crystal riv-er, Christ the Saviour born. Opened now the gates of glory,  
Saviour born; Hearts with holy rapture beating, Hail a Saviour born. Man redeemed, O wondrous story!  
Glory in the highest, glory!  
Christ the Saviour born;  
Glory in the highest, glory!  
Christ the Saviour born.

From ROYAL DIADEM, by permission.

1. Love di - vine, all love ex - cell - ing, Joy of heaven and earth come down! Fix in  
 2. Breathe, O breathe Thy lov - ing Spir - it In - to ev - ery troub - led breast! Let us

us Thy hum - ble dwell - ing, All Thy faith - ful mer - cies crown. Je - sus, Thou art  
 all in Thee in - her - it, Let us find Thy prom - ised rest. Come, Al-might - y

all com - pas - sion, Pure, un-bound - ed love Thou art; Vis - it us with  
 to de - liv - er, Let us all Thy grace re - ceive; Sud - den - ly re -



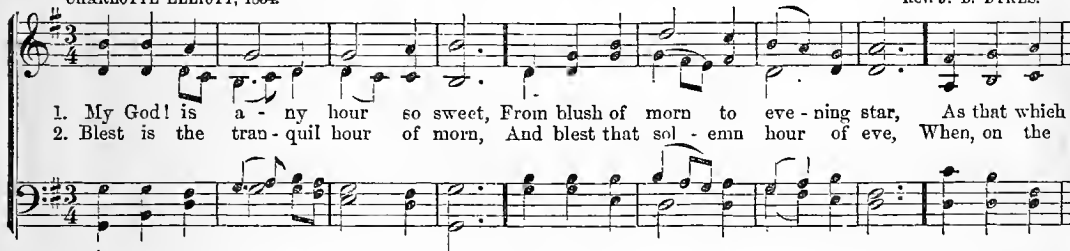
Thy sal - va - tion, En - ter ev - ery trem - bling heart.  
turn, and nev - er, Nev - er - more Thy ten - ples leave.

3 Finish then Thy new creation,  
Pure and spotless may we be ;  
Let us see Thy whole salvation  
Perfectly secured by Thee.  
Changed from glory into glory,  
Till in heaven we take our place ;  
Till we cast our crowns before Thee,  
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

# THE HOUR OF PRAYER.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT, 1834.

Rev. J. B. DYKES.



1. My God! is a - ny hour so sweet, From blush of morn to eve - ning star, As that which  
2. Blest is the tran - quil hour of morn, And blest that sol - emn hour of eve, When, on the



calls me to Thy feet— The hour of prayer?  
wings of prayer up - borne, The world I leave.

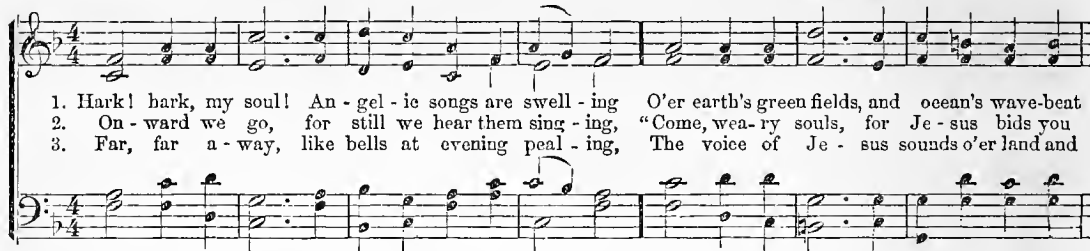
3 Then is my strength by Thee renewed;  
Then are my sins by Thee forgiven;  
Then dost Thou cheer my solitude  
With hopes of heaven.

4 Lord! till I reach that blissful shore,  
No privilege so dear shall be  
As thus my inmost soul to pour  
In prayer to Thee.

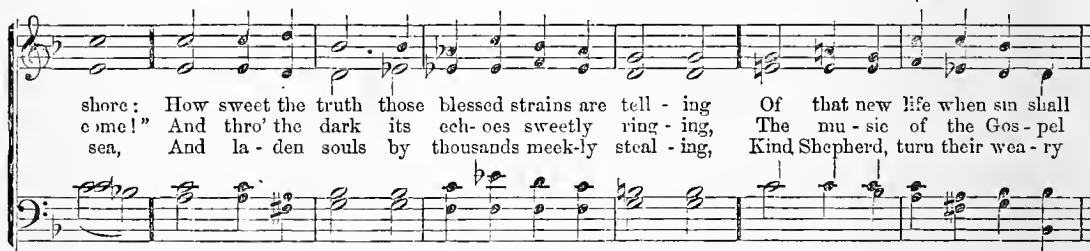
## HARK! HARK, MY SOUL!

Rev. FREDERICK W. FABER, D. D., (1814—1863), 1862.

Rev. JOHN BACHUS DYKES, M. A. Mus. Doc., (1823—1876), 1874.



1. Hark! hark, my soul! An - gel - ie songs are swell - ing O'er earth's green fields, and ocean's wave-beat  
 2. On - ward we go, for still we hear them sing - ing, "Come, wea - ry souls, for Je - sus bids you  
 3. Far, far a - way, like bells at evening peal - ing, The voice of Je - sus sounds o'er land and



shore: How sweet the truth those blessed strains are tell - ing Of that new life when sin shall  
 come!" And thro' the dark its ech - oes sweetly ring - ing, The mu - sic of the Gos - pel  
 sea, And la - den souls by thousands meek - ly steal - ing, Kind Shepherd, turn their wea - ry



be no more. An - gels of Je - sus, An - gels of light, Sing - ing to wel - come the  
 leads us home, An - gels of Je - sus, &c.  
 steps to Thee. An - gels of Je - sus, &c.





pilgrims of the night, Sing - ing to wel - come the pilgrims, the pil - grims of the night.

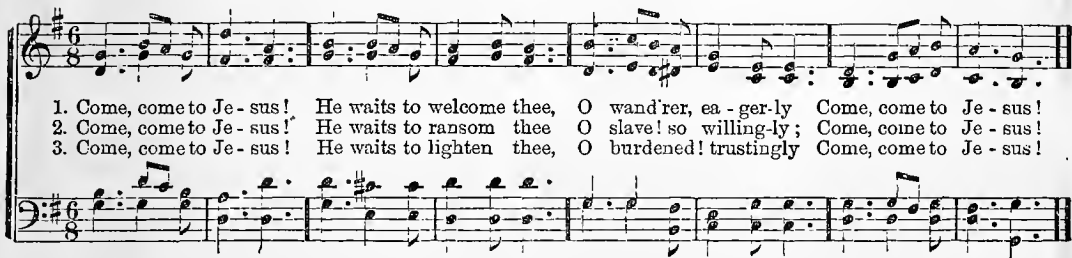
4 Rest comes at length, though life be long and dreary,  
The day must dawn, and darksome night be past;  
Faith's journey ends in welcome to the weary,  
And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last.  
Angels of Jesus, &c.

5 Angels, sing on! your faithful watches keeping;  
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above  
Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping,  
And life's long shadows break in cloudless love.  
Angels of Jesus, &c.

## COME, COME TO JESUS!

Rev. GEO. B. PECK, 1864.

HUBERT P. MAIN, (1839—), 1864.



1. Come, come to Je - sus! He waits to welcome thee, O wand'rer, ea - ger-ly Come, come to Je - sus!  
2. Come, come to Je - sus! He waits to ransom thee O slave! so willing-ly; Come, come to Je - sus!  
3. Come, come to Je - sus! He waits to lighten thee, O burdened! trustingly Come, come to Je - sus!

4 Come, come to Jesus!  
He waits to give to thee,  
O blind! a vision free;  
Come, come to Jesus!

5 Come, come to Jesus!  
He waits to shelter thee,  
O weary! blessedly  
Come, come to Jesus!

6 Come, come to Jesus!  
He waits to carry thee,  
O lamb! so lovingly,  
Come, come to Jesus!

*By permission.*

## GATHER THEM IN.

WM. B. BRADBURY, 1860.

1. Gather them in, gather them in, Gather the children in; { Gather them in from the broad highway,  
Gather them in, the poor and sad,

Gath-er them in, gather them in; Gather them in, in this gos - pel day, Gath-er, gather them in; }  
Gath-er them in, gather them in; Gather them in, to make them glad, Gath-er, gather them in. }

## CHORUS.

Gath-er them in, let the house be full, Gath-er them in to the Sun - day - school:

## FULL CHORUS.

Gather them in, gath-er them in, Gather the chil-dren in.

- 2 Gather them in, gather them in,  
Gather the children in;  
Gather them out from all the land,  
Gather them in, gather them in;  
Gather them under God's right hand,  
Gather, gather them in;  
Gather them in with a Christian love,  
Gather them in, gather them in;  
Gather them in for the Church above,  
Gather, gather them in.

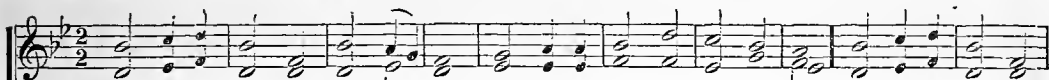
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# SUN OF MY SOUL.

39

Rev. JOHN KEBLE, (1792—1866), 1827.

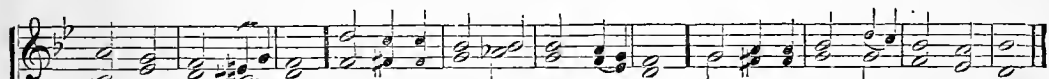
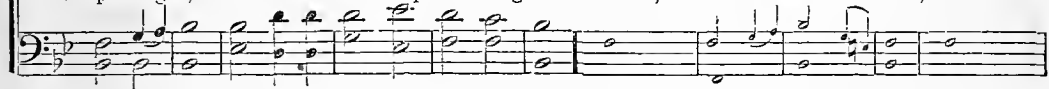
WILLIAM FISK SHERWIN, (1826—1871).



1. Sun of my soul, my Sav-iourdear, It is not night if thou be near; Oh, let no earth-born
2. A-bide with me from morn till eve, For without Thee I can-not live; A-bide with me when
3. Watch by the sick, en-rich the poor With blessings from Thy boundless store; Be every mourner's



cloud a-rise, To hide Thee from thy servant's eyes. When the soft dews of kindly sleep My wearied night is nigh, For without Thee I dare not die. If some poor wandering child of Thine, Has spurned this sleep-to-night, Like infant's slumbers, pure and light. Come near, and bless us when we wake, Ere thro' the



eye-lids gent-ly steep, Be my last tho't, how sweet to rest For ev-er on my Saviour's breast. day the voice di-vine, Now, Lord, the gracious work be-gin, Let him no more lie down in sin. world our way we take, Till in the o-cean of Thy love, We rest ourselves in Heaven above.



From CHRISTIAN SONGS, by permission.

FANNY VAN ALSTYNE, 1870.

THOMAS JEFFERSON COOK, (1826—1872), 1871.

1. Joy-ful the mes-sage of gos-pel grace, Call-ing ev-ery na-tion, Come to the Sav-iour and seek His face,  
 2. God is the re-fuge and strength of all, He a sure foun-da-tion, They that will trust Him shall never fall.  
 3. Hap-py the peo-ple that know the Lord, In His truth con-fid-ing, Hap-py the peo-ple that love His word,

Here's a full sal-va-tion; Be-hold the way that leads from sin, Bright-ly, bright-ly shin-ing, And  
 He's our great sal-va-tion; O, come, and be for-ev-er blest, Seek, and ye shall find Him. There's  
 In His law a hid-ing; The Lord, our buck-ler and our shield, Giv-eth grace and glo-ry, And

## REFRAIN.

He that be-liev-eth shall walk there-in, And dwell in the beau-ti-ful land. Come, O come ye,  
 rest for the wea-ry, e-ter-nal rest, A home in the beau-ti-ful land.  
 He will no good thing from them withhold, Who walk in the light of His love.

come ye to the wa-ters! Ho! ev-ery one that thirst-eth, O come with-out mon-ey and buy!

From PURE GOLD, by permission.

# GOD'S LOVE TO ME.

41

W. F. S.

W. F. SHERWIN, 1872.

1. Grander than o - cean's sto - ry Or songs of for - est trees— Pnr - er than breath of  
 2. Dear - er than a - ny lov - ings The tru - est friends be - stow— Stronger than all the  
 3. Rich - er than all earth's treasure, The wealth my soul re - ceives; Bright - er than roy - al

morn - ing Or even - ing's gen - tle breeze— Clear - er than monntain ech - oes Ring ont from  
 yearn - ings A mother's heart can know— Deep - er than earth's foun - da - tions, And far a -  
 jew - els, The crown that Je - sus gives; Wondrous the con - de - scen - sion, And grace be -

peaks a - bove— Rolls on the glo - rious an - them Of God's e - ter - nal love.  
 bove all thought— Broader than heav'n's high arch - es, The love that Christ has brought.  
 yond de - gree! I would be ev - er sing - ing The love of Christ to me.

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## PRAISES TO JESUS, THE ROYAL AND MIGHTY.

"LOBE DEN HERRN, DEN MÄCHTIGEN."

From JOACHIM NEANDER, (1640—1680). Trans. by M. W. S.

Württemberg Gesangbuch.

1. { Prais-es to Je - sus, the Roy - al and might-y we're bring - - ing; } Gath-er - ing  
 { O my soul, ren - der your voice to the heav - en - ly sing - - ing! }

2. { Prais-es to Je - sus, my soul, for Thy won - der - ful sav - - ing; } He is Thy  
 { His be the glo - ry from A - bra - ham's seed and all liv - - ing; }

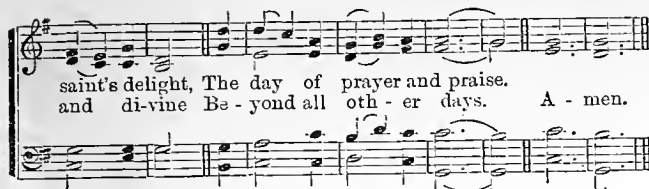
crowd; Psalt-ry and harp a - wake loud; Cho - ral of wor - ship out - ring - - ing!  
 light: My soul, re - mem - ber His right: A - men shall close the thanksgiv - - ing.

## BLEST DAY OF GOD! MOST CALM, MOST BRIGHT.

Rev. JOHN MASON, (—1694), 1683.

Italian.

1. Blest day of God! most calm, most bright, The first, the best of days; The laborer's rest, the  
 2. My Saviour's face made thee to shine; His ris - ing thee did raise, And made thee heavenly



- 3 The first fruits oft a blessing prove  
To all the sheaves behind;  
And they the day of Christ who love,  
A happy week shall find.
- 4 This day I must with God appear;  
For Lord, the day is Thine;  
Help me to spend it in Thy fear,  
And thus to make it mine. Amen.

## WEARY OF EARTH, AND LADEN WITH MY SIN.

Rev. SAMUEL JOHN STONE, M. A. (1839—), 1865.

JAMES LANGRAN, (1835—), 1863.



1. Wea-ry of earth, and la-den with my sin, I look at heav'n, and long to en-ter in,  
But there no e-vil thing may find a home: And yet I hear a voice that bids me "Come." A-men.
- 2 So vile I am, how dare I hope to stand  
In the pure glory of that holy land?  
Before the whiteness of that throne appear?  
Yet there are hands stretch'd out to draw me near.
- 3 It is the voice of Jesu that I hear.  
His are the hands stretched out to draw me near,  
And His the blood that can for all atone.  
And set me faultless there before the throne.

- 4 'Twas He who found me on the deathly wild.  
And made me heir of heaven, the Father's child,  
And day by day, whereby my soul may live,  
Gives me His grace of pardon, and will give.
- 5 Yea, Thou wilt answer for me, righteous Lord:  
Thine all the merits, mine the great reward;  
Thine the sharp thorns, and mine the golden crown,  
Mine the life won, and Thine the life laid down. Amen.

## THOUGH SORROWS RISE.

ANON.

JOSEPH EMERSON SWEETSER, (1825—1873), 1871.

1. Tho' sorrows rise and dangers roll In waves of darkness o'er my soul; Tho' friends are false and love de-  
 2. Tho' Sinai's curse, in thunder dread, Peals o'er my un-protect-ed head, And memory points, with busy  
 3. Oh, by the pangs Thyself hast borne, The ruffian's blow, the tyrant's scorn, By Sinai's curse, whose dreadful

cays, And few and e-vil are my days; Tho' conscience, fiercest of my foes, Swells with re-  
 pain, To grace and mercy given in vain; Till na-ture, shrinking in the strife, Would fly to  
 doom Was bur-ied in Thy guiltless tomb; By these my pangs, whose healing smart Thy grace has

membered guilt my woes; Yet ev'n in nature's ut-most ill. I love Thee, Lord! I love Thee still!  
 hell to 'scape from life; Tho' every thought has power to kill, I love Thee, Lord! I love Thee still!  
 plant-ed in my heart—I know, I feel Thy bounteous will, Thou lov'st me, Lord! Thou lov'st me still!

From *PILGRIM'S MELODIES*, by permission.



# ALL WILL BE WELL.

45

Mrs. MARY BOWLY PETERS, (—1856), 1846.

(May be sung as a Chorus throughout.)

Welsh Air.

*p*

1. Thro' the love of God, our Saviour, All will be well: Free and changeless is His fa - vor ;  
 2. Though we pass thro' trib - u - la - tion, All will be well: Ours is such a full sal - va - tion ;

*p*

All, all is well; Precious is the blood that healed us, Perfect is the grace that sealed us,  
 All, all is well; Happy, still in God con - fiding, Fruitful, if in Christ a - bid - ing,

*mf*

Strong the hand outstretched to shield us; All must be well.  
 Ho - ly, through the Spir-it's guiding, All must be well.

3.  
 We expect a bright to-morrow ;  
 All will be well;  
 Faith can sing thro' days of sorrow,  
 All, all is well.  
 On our Father's love relying,  
 Jesus every need supplying,  
 Or in living, or in dying,  
 All must be well.

By permission.

Mrs. M. A. KIDDER, 1867.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. A - bove the waves of earth - ly strife, Above the ills.. and cares of life, Where all is  
 2. Where liv - ing foun - tains sweet - ly flow. Where buds and flowers im - mortal grow, Where trees their

CHORUS.

peace - ful, bright, and fair; My home is there, My home is there. My beau - ti - ful  
 fruits ee - les - tial bear; My home is there, My home is there. My beau - ti - ful

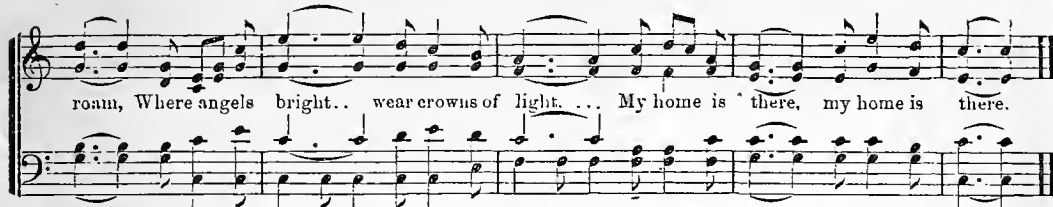
My

home..... My beau - ti - ful home,.... In the land where the glo - ri - fied ev - er shall

beau - ti - ful home,....

My beau - ti - ful home. In the land where the glo - ri - fied ev - er shall

*From FRESH LAURELS, by permission.*



roam, Where angels, angels bright, wear crowns, wear crowns of light, My home is there, my home is there.

3 Away from sorrow, doubt and pain,  
Away from worldly loss and gain,  
From all temptation, tears and care;

My home is there, my home is there. *Cho.*

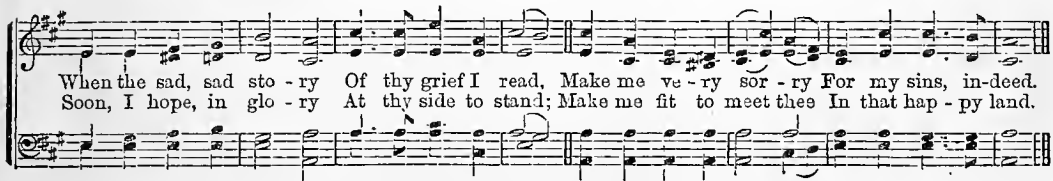
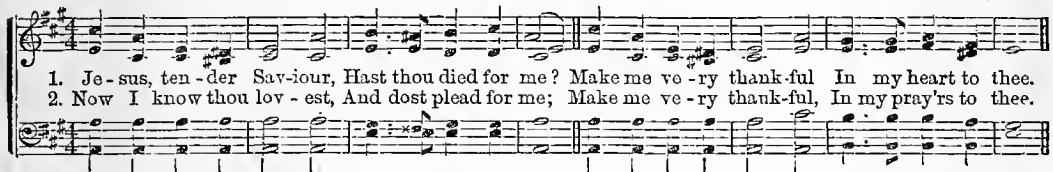
4 Beyond the bright and pearly gates,  
Where Jesus, loving Saviour, waits,  
Where all is peaceful, bright, and fair;

My home is there, my home is there. *Cho.*

LUELLA.

ANON.

HENRY N. WHITNEY, by per.



From CHRISTIAN SONGS, by permission.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

HUBERT P. MAIN, 1874.

1. Car-ol, car-ol joy-ful-ly; Glo-ry in the highest! Hail our Saviour born to day; Glory in the highest!  
 2. Car-ol, car-ol grate-ful-ly; Glo-ry in the highest! Mer-ry, merry christmas day; Glory in the highest!  
 3. Car-ol, car-ol lov-ing-ly; Glo-ry in the highest! Je-sus hears our song to-day; Glory in the highest!

Heaven prolongs the glad acclaim, Earth takes up the mighty strain Echo'd first on Judea's plain: Glory in the highest!  
 Waving boughs and branches green, Crown our happy, festive scene With a holy light serene; Glory in the highest!  
 Gathered at the mercy seat, Joyful, bending at His feet, Still our hearts and tongues repeat, Glory in the highest!

Glory in the highest! Glory in the highest! Glory in the high-est!

- 4 Glory be to God on high;  
 Glory in the highest!  
 Hallelujahs rend the sky;  
 Glory in the highest!  
 Oh, the blessed christmas time!  
 Silver bells in chorus chime,  
 Peace, good will to every clime;  
 Glory in the highest!

# JESUS, THE HELP OF HIS PEOPLE.

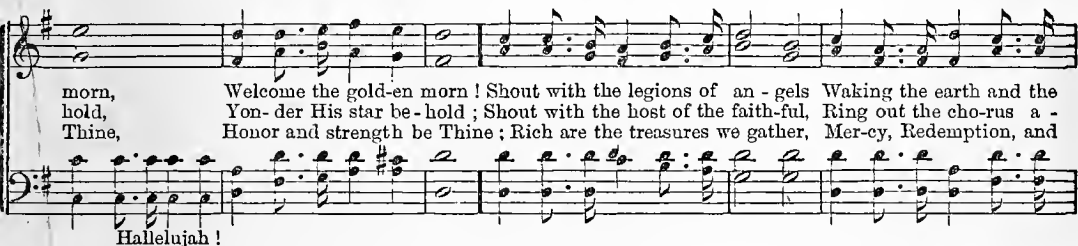
49

FANNY J. CROSBY.

Rev. ROBERT LOWRY, 1874.



1. Je - sus, the help of His peo - ple, Je - sus, the Sav-iour, is born—Halle - lu - jah! Welcome the golden  
 2. Worship the Babe in the man - ger, Seen by the prophets of old—Halle - lu - jah! Yon-der His star be -  
 3. Je - sus, our great Me-di - a - tor, Prophet and Monarch di-vine—Halle - lu - jah! Honor and strength be



morn, Welcome the gold-en morn! Shout with the legions of an - gels Waking the earth and the  
 hold, Yon-der His star be-hold; Shout with the host of the faith-ful, Ring out the cho-rus a -  
 Thine, Honor and strength be Thine; Rich are the treasures we gather, Mer-cy, Redemption, and

Hallelujah!



sky—Hal - le - lu - jah! "Glo - ry to God, Glo - ry to God, Glo - ry to God on high!"  
 gain—Hal - le - lu - jah! "Glo - ry to God, Glo - ry to God, Glo - ry to God!" A - men.  
 Love—Hal - le - lu - jah! "Glo - ry to God, Glo - ry to God, Glo - ry to God" a - bove!

From CHRISTMAS ANNUAL, No. 5, by permission.

## BEAUTIFUL MORNING STAR.

Rev. A. A. G.

Rev. ALFRED ARTHUR GRALEY. (1813—), 1874.

1. Beau-ti - ful morn-ing star, Beau-ti - ful morn-ing star, Be-fore thy fires The night retires,  
 2. Beau-ti - ful morn-ing star, Beau-ti - ful morn-ing star, Thy glories shine, O Christ divine,  
 3. Beau-ti - ful morn-ing star, Beau-ti - ful morn-ing star, When fears control My trembling soul,  
 4. Beau-ti - ful morn-ing star, Beau-ti - ful morn-ing star, Thy glo-ry bright Shall fill with light

CHORUS. *Ritard.*

And gates of morn un-bar. Beau-ti - ful morn-ing star, Beau-ti - ful morn-ing star;  
 Like yon bright orb a - far.  
 Thy beams my com-fort are.  
 The shin-ing laud a - far.

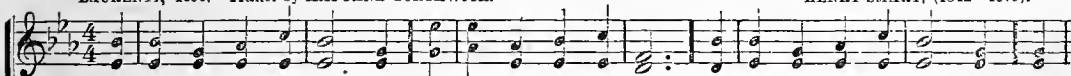
The prophets of old Thy ris-ing fore-told, Beau-ti - ful morn-ing star.

# REJOICE, BELIEVERS!

31

LAURENTI, 1690. Trans. by Miss JANE BORTHWICK.

HENRY SMART, (1812—1879).



1. Re-joyce, re-joyce, be - liev - ers! And let your lights ap-pear; The shades of eve are thick'ning, And
2. See that your lamps are burn-ing, Re - plen-ish them with oil; Look now for your sal - va - tion The
3. O wise and 'ho - ly vir - gins, Now raise your voices higher, Till, in your ju - bi - la - tions, Ye



- dark - er night is near; The Bridegroom is a - ris - ing, And soon He will draw nigh: Up!  
 end of sin and toil. The watch-ers on the moun - tains Proclaim the Bridegroom near, Go,  
 meet the an - gel - choir. The mar-riage-feast is wait - ing, The gates wide o - pen stand; Up,



- pray, and watch, and wres - tle! At midnight comes the cry.  
 meet Him, as He com - eth, With hal - le - lu - jabs clear.  
 up, ye heirs of glo - ry! The Bridegroom is at hand.

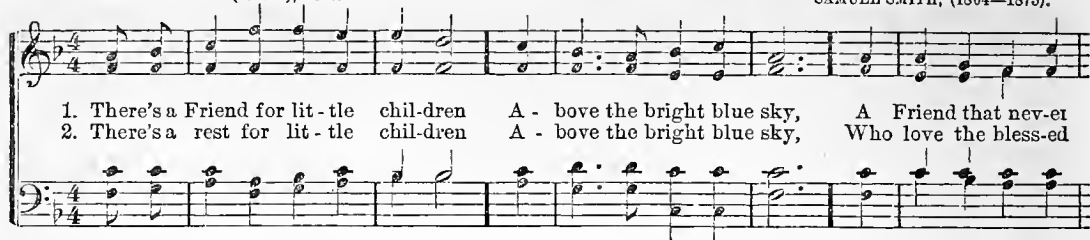


- 4 Our Hope and Expectation,  
 O Jesus, now appear!  
 Arise, Thou Sun so longed for,  
 O'er this beclouded sphere!  
 With hearts and hands uplifted,  
 We plead, O Lord, to see  
 The day of earth's redemption,  
 And ever be with Thee.


# 52 THERE'S A FRIEND FOR LITTLE CHILDREN.

ALBERT MIDLANE (1825—), 1860.

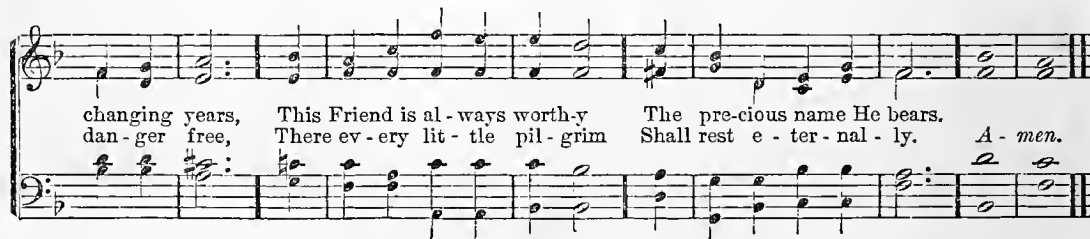
SAMUEL SMITH, (1804—1873).



1. There's a Friend for lit - tle chil - dren A - bove the bright blue sky, A Friend that nev - er  
 2. There's a rest for lit - tle chil - dren A - bove the bright blue sky, Who love the bless - ed



changes, Whose love will nev - er die : Un - like our friends by na - ture, Who change with  
 Sav - iour And to His Fa - ther cry, — A rest from ev - ery trouble, From sin and



changing years, This Friend is al - ways worth - y The pre - cious name He bears.  
 dan - ger free, There ev - ery lit - tle pil - grim Shall rest e - ter - nal - ly. A - men.



- |   |   |   |
|---|---|---|
| <p>3 There's a home for little children<br/>Above the bright blue sky,<br/>Where Jesus reigns in glory,<br/>A home of peace and joy ;<br/>No home on earth is like it,<br/>Nor can with it compare,<br/>For every one is happy,<br/>Nor can be happier there.</p> | <p>4 There are crowns for little children<br/>Above the bright blue sky,<br/>And all who look to Jesus,<br/>Shall wear them by-and-by.<br/>Yea, crowns of brightest glory,<br/>Which He shall sure bestow<br/>On all who love the Saviour,<br/>And walk with Him below.</p> | <p>5 There are songs for little children<br/>Above the bright blue sky,<br/>And harps of sweetest music,<br/>For their hymn of victory :<br/>And all above is pleasure,<br/>And found in Christ alone :<br/>Oh come, dear little children,<br/>That all may be your own !<br/>Amen.</p> |
|---|---|---|

## FROM THE FIRST DAWN.

ANON.

Rev. J. B. DYKES.

1. From the first dawn of in - fant life Thy goodness we have shared, And still we live to  
2. To seek Thy grace, to do Thy will, O Lord, our hearts in - cline; And o'er the paths of

sing Thy praise, By sov'reign mer - cy spared!  
fu - ture life Command Thy light to shine.

- 3 While taught to read the word of truth,  
May we that word receive;  
And when we hear of Jesus' name,  
In that blest name believe.
- 4 Let not our feet incline to tread  
Sin's broad destructive road;  
But trace those holy paths which lead  
To glory and to God.

From NEW HYMNARY, by permission.

## NOTHING BUT LEAVES.

Mrs. LUCY EVELINA AKERMAN, (1816—1874), 1858.

ALONZO JUDSON ABBEY. (1825—), 1859.

1. Nothing-but leaves; the spir-it grieves O - ver a wasted life, O'ersin committed while conscience slept,  
 2. Nothing but leaves: no ripened sheaves Garner'd of life's fair grain: We sow our seed—lo, tares and weeds,  
 3. Nothing but leaves; and memory weaves No veil to hide the past; And as we trace our weary way  
 4. And shall we meet the Master so, Bearing our withered leaves? The Saviour looks for perfect fruit;

Promis - es made but nev - er kept, Fol - ly and shame and strife. Nothing but leaves, Nothing but leaves.  
 Words, i - dle words for earnest deeds, Reaping, we find with pain. Nothing but leaves, Nothing but leaves.  
 Counting each lost and misspent day, Sad - ly we find at last Nothing but leaves, Nothing but leaves.  
 Stand we be - fore Him sad and mute, Waiting the word He breathes, "Nothing but leaves, Nothing but leaves!"

*From MORNING STAR, by permission.*

## MOZART.

CHARLES WESLEY, 1739.

From J. C. WOLFGANG AMADEUS MOZART, (1756—1791).

1. Hark! the her - ald an - gels sing,—“Glo - ry to the new - born King! Peace on  
 2. Joy - ful, all ye na - tions! rise, Join the tri - umph of the skies; U - ni -  
 3. Hail the heavenly Prince of peace, Hail the Sun of right - eous-ness! Light and  
 4. Hark! the her - ald an - gels sing,—“Glo - ry to the new - born King! Peace on



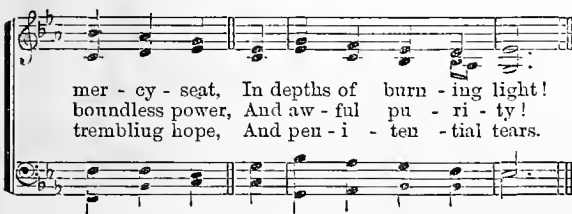
earth, and mer - cy mild, God and sin - ners rec - on - ciled! God and sin - ners rec - on - ciled!"  
 ver - sal na - ture! say,—"Christ, the Lord, is born to - day! Christ, the Lord, is born to - day!"  
 life to all He brings, Risen with heal - ing in His wings, Risen with heal - ing in His wings.  
 earth, and mer - cy mild, God and sin - ners rec - on - ciled! God and sin - ners rec - on - ciled!"

## ST. PETER.

FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER, D. D., (1815—1863), 1849.

ALEXANDER ROBERT REINAGLE, (1799—1877), 1840.

1. My God! how won - der-ful Thou art! Thy maj - es - ty how bright! How beau - ti - ful Thy  
 2. How beau-ti - ful, how beau-ti - ful, The sight of Thee must be, Thine end-les; wis - dom,  
 3. Oh! how I fear Thee, liv - ing God! With deep-est, tenderest fears, And wor - ship Thee with



mer - cy - seat, In depths of burn - ing light!  
 boundless power, And aw - ful pu - ri - ty!  
 tremblng hope, And pen - i - ten - tial tears.

- 4 Yet I may love Thee too, O Lord!  
 Almighty as Thou art,  
 For Thou hast stooped to ask of me  
 The love of this poor heart.
- 5 No earthly father loves like Thee,  
 No mother, half so mild,  
 Bears and forbears as Thou hast done  
 With me, Thy sinful child.

FANNY J. CROSBY, 1864.

WM. B. BRADBURY, 1864.

1. { There's a cry from Ma-ce-do-nia - Come and help us; The light of the gos-pel bring, O come!  
 { O ye her-alds of the cross be up and do-ing, Re-mem-ber the great com-mand, A-way!  
 2. { O how beau-ti-ful their feet up-on the mountains, The ti-dings of peace from God who bring,  
 { Then ye her-alds of the cross be up and do-ing. Go work in your Mas-ter's field, A-way!

FINE.

Let us hear the joy-ful ti-dings of sal-va-tion, We thirst for the liv-ing spring.  
 Go ye forth and preach the word to ev-ery crea-ture, Proclaim it in ev-ery land.  
 To the na-tions of the earth who sit in dark-ness, And tell them of Zi-on's king:  
 Sound the trum-pet, sound the trum-pet of sal-va-tion. The Lord is your strength and shield.

CHORUS.

They shall gath-er from the East, They shall gather from the West, With the pa-tri-archs of old,  
 Let the dis-tant Isles be glad, Let them hail the Savionr's birth, And the news of par-don free,

From GOLDEN CENSER, by permission.

D. C. in full Chorus.

And the ransom'd shall re-turn To the kingdoms of the blest, With their harps and crowns of gold.  
Till the knowledge of the truth, Shall ex-tend to all the earth, As the wa - ters o'er the sea.

## WE ARE LITTLE TRAVELERS.

WILLIAM STEVENSON, (1830—), 1873.

Rev. ROBERT LOWRY.

1. We are lit-tle trav'lers, Marching, marching, We are lit-tle trav'lers, Marching on; Walking in the  
2. We are lit-tle la-b'rrers, Working, working, We are lit-tle la-b'rrers, Working on; Nev-er i-dling  
3. We are lit-tle soldiers, Fighting, fighting, We are lit-tle soldiers, Fighting on; Warring 'gainst the  
4. We are lit-tle pilgrims, Hop-ing, hop-ing, We are lit-tle pilgrims, Hop-ing on; For a coun-try

nar-row way, Shunning paths that lead a-stray, We are lit-tle trav'lers, Marching on.  
thine a-way, Bus-y work-ing ev-ery day, We are lit-tle la-b'rrers, Work-ing on.  
pow'r of sin, Foes with-out and foes with-in, We are lit-tle sol-diers, Fight-ing on.  
bet-ter far, Where our crown and kingdom are, We are lit-tle pil-grims, Hop-ing on.

From ROYAL DIADEM, by permission.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE, (1831—), 1873.

1. Rise in thy glo - ry, O thou star of the morning, If on the des-ert wild my pathway may be ;  
 2. Rise in thy glo - ry, O thou star of the morning: Come, for my weeping eyes are longing for thee ;  
 3. Where is the narrow way that leads to my Fa-ther? Here must I linger till thy dawning I see ;  
 4. Lo! from the pearly gates of E - den descending, Star of the morning fair, thy beauty I see ;

Break o'er my vis-ion thro' the night clouds above me ; Star of my on - ly hope, shine for me.  
 Light from the summer land of a - ges e - ter - nal, Star of my on - ly hope, shine for me.  
 O that my tir - ed heart could rest on his bosom ! Star of my on - ly hope, shine for me.  
 Now to my Fa-ther's house thy beams will direct me ; Je - sus, my Guiding Star, praise to thee.

## REFRAIN.

Millions thou hast lighted to the crimson fountain's side ; Millions thou hast guided o'er the

From *ROYAL DIADEM*, by permission.

deep and swelling tide; Millions are re-joice-ing where the silver waters glide; Hast thou no light for me?

## THINE FOR EVER.

Mrs. MARY PAWLER MAUDE. 1948.

CHARLES THIRTLE, (1839—1873.)

1. Thine for ev - er! God of love! Hear us from Thy throne a-bove; Thou the Life, the  
2. Thine for ev - er! oh, how blest They who find in Thee their rest; Sav - iour, Guardian,

Truth, the Way, Guide us to the realms of day.  
Heavenly Friend, O de - fend us to the end. A - men.

- 3 Thine for ever! Saviour keep  
Us, Thy frail and trembling sheep,  
Safe alone beneath Thy care,  
Let us all Thy goodness share.
- 4 Thine for ever! Thou our Guide,  
All our wants by Thee supplied;  
All our sins by Thee forgiven,  
Lead us, Lord, from earth to heaven.  
Amen.

## GOD, MY SALVATION.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, (1771-1854), 1822.

Rev. TIMOTHY RICHARD MATTHEWS, B. A., (1826-).

1. God is my strong sal - va - tion; What foe have I to fear? In dark - ness and temp -  
 2. Place on the Lord re - li - anee; My soul! with cou - rage wait; His truth be thine af -

ta - tion, My Light, my Help is near: Though hosts en - camp a - round me, Firm  
 fi - anee When faint and des - o - late; His might thy heart shall strength - en, His

to the fight I stand; What ter - ror can con - found me With God at my right hand?  
 love thy joy in - crease; Mer - cy thy days shall length - en; The Lord will give thee peace.



# THE NAME OF OUR SALVATION.

61

Trans. by JOHN MASON NEALE, D. D., 1851.


JNO. HENRY CORNELL.



1. To the Name of our Sal - va - tion Laud and hon - or let us pay; Which, for  
 2. Je - sus is the Name we treas - ure; Name be - yond what words can tell; Name of  
 3. Therefore we, in love re - ver - ing, Ho - ly Je - sus! Thee im - plore So to



many a gen - e - ra - tion Hid in God's foreknowledge lay, But with ho - ly ex - ult -  
 glad-ness, Name of pleas-ure, Ear and heart de - light-ing well; Name of sweet-ness, pass-ing  
 write Thy Name en - dear-ing In our hearts for-ev - er - more, That at length in heav'n ap -



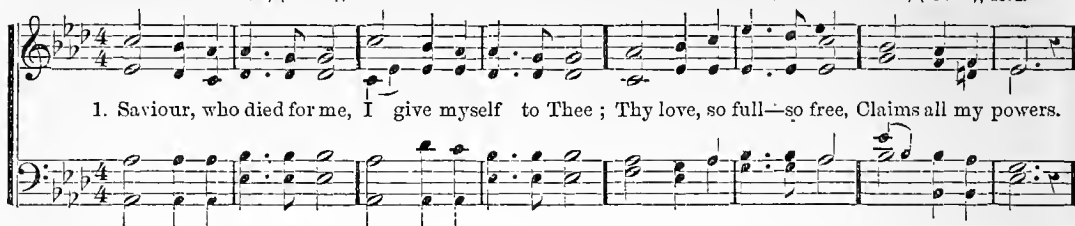
a - tion We may sing a - loud to - day, We may sing a - loud to - day.  
 meas - ure, Sav - ing us from sin and hell, Sav - ing us from sin and hell.  
 pear - ing, We with an - gels may a - dore, We with an - gels may a - dore.

From THE HYMNARY, by permission.

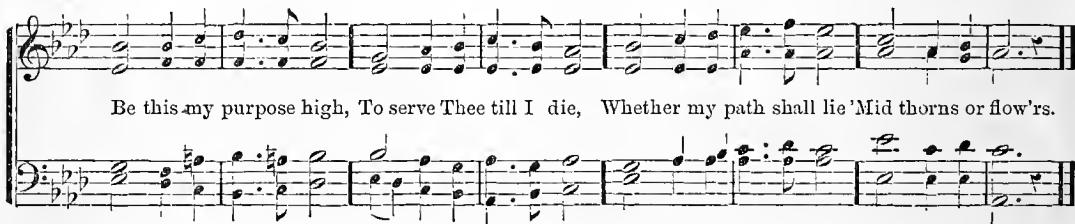
## SAVIOUR, WHO DIED FOR ME.

Miss MARY JANE MASON, (1822—), 1871.

WM. FISK SHERWIN, (1826—), 1871.



1. Saviour, who died for me, I give myself to Thee ; Thy love, so full—so free, Claims all my powers.



Be this my purpose high, To serve Thee till I die, Whether my path shall lie 'Mid thorns or flow'rs.

2 But, Lord, the flesh is weak,  
Thy gracious aid I seek ;  
For Thou the word must speak,  
That makes me strong.  
Then let me hear Thy voice,  
Thou art my only choice ;  
Oh, bid my heart rejoice,  
Be Thou my song.

3 May it be joy to me  
To follow only Thee,—  
Thy faithful servant be  
Thine to the end.

For Thee, I'll do and dare ;  
For Thee, the cross I'll bear,  
Th' Thee direct my prayer,  
On Thee depend.

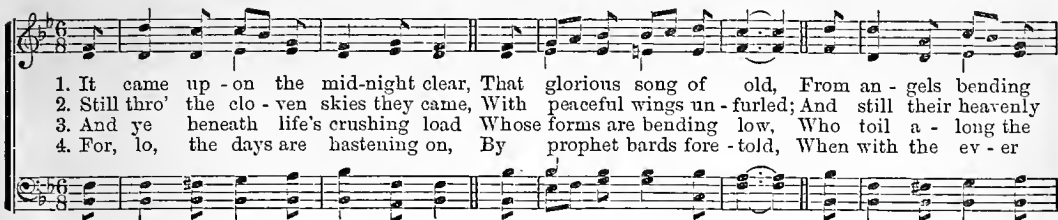
4 Saviour, with me abide ;  
Be ever near my side,  
Support, defend and guide,  
I look to Thee.  
I lay my hand in Thine,  
And fleeting joys resign,  
If I may call Thee mine  
Eternally.

# IT CAME UPON THE MIDNIGHT CLEAR.

63

EDMUND HAMILTON SEARS, D. D., (1810—1876), 1850.

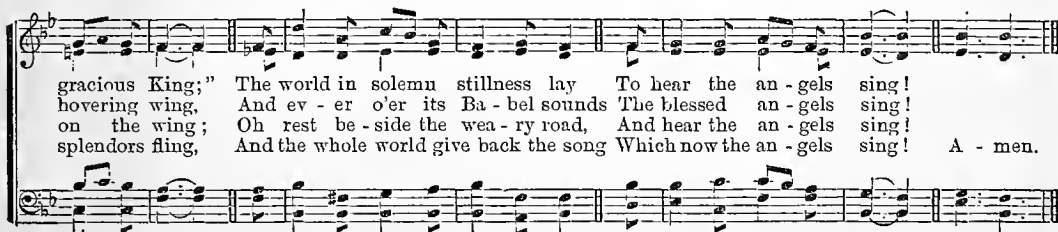
RICHARD STORRS WILLIS, (1819—), 1860.



1. It came up - on the mid - night clear, That glorious song of old, From an - gels bending  
 2. Still thro' the clo - ven skies they came, With peaceful wings un - furled; And still their heavenly  
 3. And ye beneath life's crushing load Whose forms are bending low, Who toil a - long the  
 4. For, lo, the days are hastening on, By prophet bards fore - told, When with the ev - er



near the earth, To touch their harps of gold: "Peace on the earth, good-will to men, From Heaven's all-  
 mu - sic floats O'er all the wea - ry world; A - bove its sad and low - ly plains They bend on  
 climbing way With painful steps and slow, — Look now; for glad and gold - en hours Come swift - ly  
 circling years Come round the age of gold; When Peace shall o - ver all the earth Its an - cient



gracious King;" The world in solemn stillness lay To hear the an - gels sing!  
 hovering wing, And ev - er o'er its Ba - bel sounds 'The blessed an - gels sing!  
 on the wing; Oh rest be - side the wea - ry road, And hear the an - gels sing!  
 splendors fling, And the whole world give back the song Which now the an - gels sing! A - men.

*From BOOK OF PRAISE, by permission.*

Rev. JOHN MASON NEALE, 1851.

CHARLES GOUNOD (1818—), 1872.

1. Draw nigh, draw nigh, Im-man - u - el,      And ran - som cap - tive Is - ra - el,      That  
 2. Draw nigh, O Jes - se's Rod, draw nigh,      To free us from the en - e - my;      From  
 3. Draw nigh, draw nigh, O Morn-ing Star,      And bring us com - fort from a - far;      And

mourns in lone - ly ex - ile here,      Un - til the Son of God ap - pear.      Re - joice! re -  
 hell's a - byss Thy peo - ple save,      And give us vic - t'ry o'er the grave.      Re - joice! etc.  
 ban - ish far from us the gloom      Of sin - ful night and end - less doom.      Re - joice! etc.

joice! Im - man - u - el      Shall come to thee, O Is - ra - el!....      A - men.

4 Draw nigh, draw nigh, O David's Key,  
The heavenly gate unfolds to Thee ;  
Make safe the way that leads on high,  
And close the path to misery.  
Rejoice ! rejoice ! Immanuel  
Shall come to thee, O Israel !

5 Draw nigh, draw nigh, O Lord of Might,  
Who once from Sinai's flaming height  
Didst give the trembling tribes Thy Law,  
In cloud, and majesty, and awe.  
Rejoice ! rejoice ! Immanuel  
Shall come to thee, O Israel ! Amen.

# JESUS ! THE VERY THOUGHT IS SWEET.

Tr. by Rev. JOHN MASON NEALE.

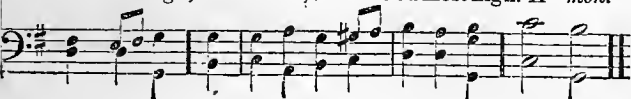
ROBERT SCHUMANN (1810—1856).



1. Je-sus!—the ve-ry thought is sweet ; In that dear name all heart-joys meet ; But sweeter than sweet  
2. No word is sung more sweet than this: No name is heard more full of bliss: No thought brings sweeter



hon-ey far The glimpses of His Presence are.  
com-fort nigh, Than Jesus, Son of God most high. A - men.



- 3 I seek for Jesus in repose,  
When round my heart its chambers close :  
Abroad, and when I shut the door,  
I long for Jesus evermore.

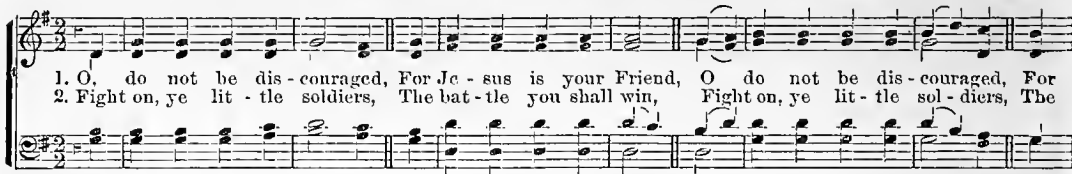
- 4 We follow Jesus now, and raise  
The voice of prayer, the hymn of praise,  
That He at last may make us meet  
With Him to gain the heavenly seat.

Amen.

## O, DO NOT BE DISCOURAGED.

Rev. JOHN A. GRANADE, (1770—1806), 1803.

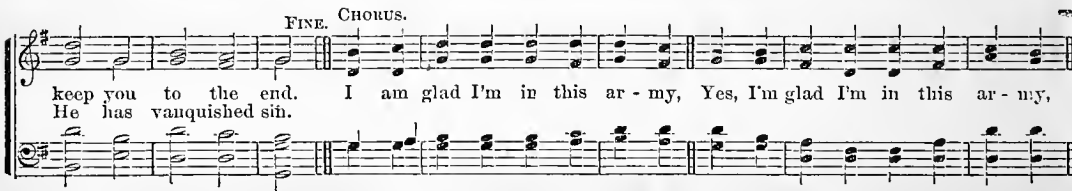
Arr. by HUBERT P. MAIN, 1880.



1. O, do not be dis-couraged, For Je-sus is your Friend, O do not be dis-couraged, For  
2. Fight on, ye lit-tle soldiers, The bat-tle you shall win, Fight on, ye lit-tle sol-diers, The



Je-sus is your Friend: He will give you grace to conquer, He will give you grace to conquer, And  
bat-tle you shall win; For the Saviour is your Captain, For the Saviour is your Captain, And



keep you to the end. I am glad I'm in this ar-my, Yes, I'm glad I'm in this ar-my,  
He has vanquished sin.



Yes, I'm glad I'm in this at-my, And I'll bat-tle for the school.

3 And when the conflict's over,  
Before Him you shall stand;  
And when the conflict's over,  
Before Him you shall stand:  
You shall sing His praise forever,  
You shall sing His praise forever,  
In Canaan's happy land.  
I am glad, &c.

# THE GOLDEN SHORE.

67

Rev. CHARLES DUNBAR, 1853.

WM. B. BRADBURY, (1816-1868), 1859.

1. We are out on the o - cean sail - ing, Homeward bound we sweetly glide; We are out on the o - cean sail - ing,  
 2. Millions now are safely land - ed, O - ver ou the gold-en shore: Millions more are on their journey,

CHORUS. Cres.

To a home be-yond the tide. All the storms will soon be o - ver, Then we'll an-chor in the harbor,  
 Yet there's room for millions more.

1st. 2d.

{ We are out on the o - cean sail - ing, To a home be-yond the tide, }  
 { We are out ou the o - cean sail - iug, (Omit.....) } To a home be-yond the tide.

From GOLDEN CHAIN, by permission.

## O JESUS, I HAVE PROMISED. (Aurelia.)

Rev. JOHN ERNEST DODE, A. M. (1816—1847), 1860.

SAMUEL SEBASTIAN WESLEY, Mus. Doc. (1810—1876), 1864.

1. O Je - sus, I have promised To serve Thee to - the end; Be Thou for ev - er  
 2. Oh! let me feel Thee near me—The world is ev - er near; I see the sights that  
 3. O Je - sus Thou hast promised To all that fol - low Thee, That where Thou art in

near me, My Mas - ter and my Friend! I shall not fear the bat - tle If Thou art  
 daz - zle, The tempting sounds I hear. My foes are ev - er near me, A - round me  
 glo - ry There shall Thy serv - ant be; And, Je - sus, I have promised To serve Thee

by my side, Nor wan - der from the path - way If Thou wilt be my Guide.  
 and with - in: But, Je - sus, draw Thou near - er. And shield my soul from sin.  
 to the end: Oh, give me grace to fol - low My Mas - ter and my Friend. A-men.



# SOUND THE BATTLE-CRY!

69

WM. F. SHERWIN.

*Vigourously, in march time.*

WM. F. SHERWIN, 1869.

1. Sound the battle cry! See! the foe is nigh: Raise the standard high For the Lord: Gird your armor on.
2. Strong to meet the foe, Marching on we go, While our cause we know Must prevail; Shield and banner bright,

CHORUS. *ff*

Stand firm ev - ery one: Rest your cause up - on His ho - ly word. Rouse then, soldiers!  
Gleaming in the light; Battling for the right We ne'er can fail.

ral - ly round the ban - ner! Ready, steady, pass the word a - long: Onward, forward,

shout a loud Hosannah! Christ is Captain of the mighty throng.

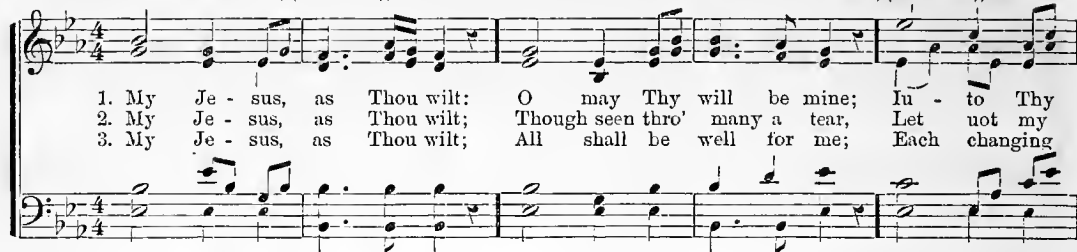
- 3 Oh! Thou God of all,  
Hear us when we call;  
Help us one and all  
By Thy grace;  
When the battle's done,  
And the vict'ry won,  
May we wear the crown  
Before Thy face.

*From BRIGHT JEWELS, by permission.*

## MY JESUS, AS THOU WILT.

Tr. from BENJ. SCHMOLKE, (1672—1737), 1716.

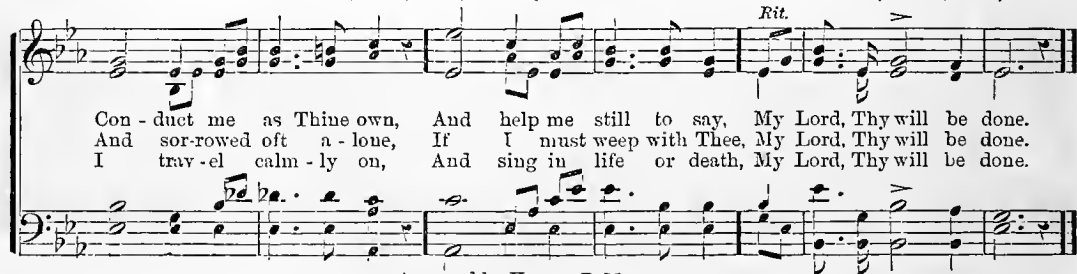
CARL MARIA von WEBER, (1786—1826), 1820.



1. My Je - sus, as Thou wilt; O may Thy will be mine; Iu - to Thy  
 2. My Je - sus, as Thou wilt; Though seen thro' many a tear, Let not my  
 3. My Je - sus, as Thou wilt; All shall be well for me; Each changing



hand of love I would my all re - sign. Through sor - row or through joy.  
 star of hope Grow dim or dis - ap - pear. Since Thou on earth hast wept,  
 fu - ture scene I glad - ly trust with Thee. Straight to my home a - bove.



Con - duct me as Thine own, And help me still to say, My Lord, Thy will be done.  
 And sor-rowed oft a - lone, If I must weep with Thee, My Lord, Thy will be done.  
 I trav-el calm - ly on, And sing in life or death, My Lord, Thy will be done.

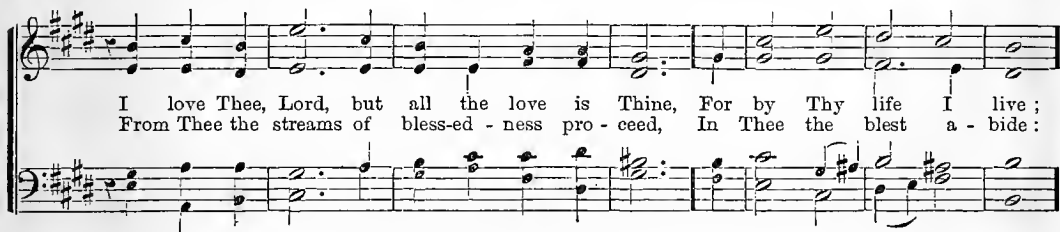
# I LOVE MY GOD, BUT WITH NO LOVE OF MINE. 71

JEANNE BOUVIER De La MOTTE GUYON, (1648—1717), 1722.

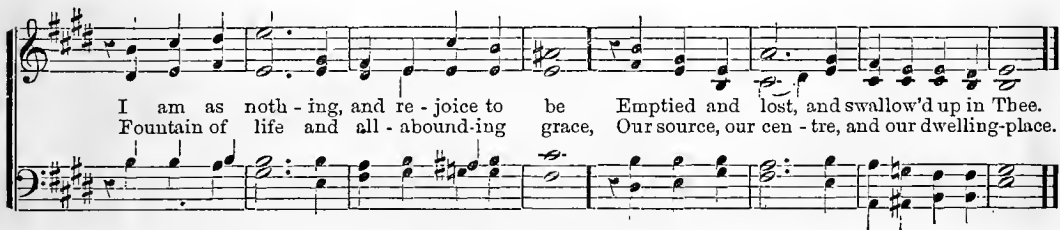
WILLIAM HENRY WALTER, Mus. Doc. (1825—), 1872.



1. I love my God, but with no love of mine, For I have none to give;  
2. Thou, Lord, a - lone art all Thy child - ren need, And there is none be - side;



I love Thee, Lord, but all the love is Thine, For by Thy life I live;  
From Thee the streams of bless - ed - ness pro - ceed, In Thee the blest a - bide:



I am as noth - ing, and re - joice to be Emptied and lost, and swallow'd up in Thee.  
Fountain of life and all - abound - ing grace, Our source, our cen - tre, and our dwelling-place.

*From HYMNAL WITH TUNES, by permission.*

## THE WATER OF LIFE.

FANNY J. CROSBY, 1867.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

## CHORUS.

1. Je-sus, the water of life will give Free-ly, free-ly, free - ly, Je-sus, the water of life will give  
 2. Je-sus has promised a home in heav'n, Freely, freely, free - ly, Jesus has promised a home in heav'n,  
 3. Je-sus has promised a robe of white, Freely, freely, free - ly, Jesus has promised a robe of white,

## CHORUS.

Free-ly to those who love Him. Come to that fountain, O drink and live, Freely, free-ly, free - ly,  
 Free-ly to those who love Him. Treasures unfading will there be given, Freely, free-ly, free - ly,  
 Free-ly to those that love Him. Kingdoms of glory and crowns of light, Freely, free-ly, free - ly,

## DUET.

Come to that fountain, O drink and live, Flowing for those that love Him. The Spirit and the Bride say, come  
 Treasures unfading will there be given, Freely to those that love Him. The Spirit and the Bride say, etc.  
 Kingdoms of glory and crowns of light, Freely to those that love Him. The Spirit and the Bride say, etc.

From *FRESH LAURELS*, by permission.

# THE WATER OF LIFE. Concluded.

73

CHORUS.

DUET.

CHORUS.

Free-ly, free-ly. free - ly, And he that is thirst-y let him come And drink of the wa-ter of life.

FULL CHORUS.

The fountain of life is flow-ing, Flow-ing, freely flow-ing. The fountain of life is flow-ing, Is flow-ing for you and for me.

## HELP AND RELIEVE.

CHAS. E. POND.

HUBERT P. MAIN, 1873.

1. O God! temptation's nigh; Sin clouds the azure sky; To Thee for aid I fly; Help and re-lieve.  
2. Hear, Saviour! hear my cry; And if I live or die, Do Thou be ev-er nigh; Help and re-lieve, Amen.

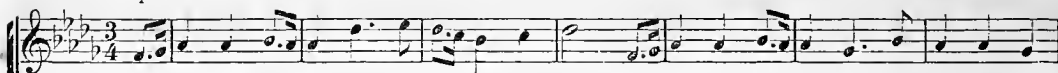
*From NEW HYMNARY, by permission.*

## I'M WEARY, I'M FAINTING.

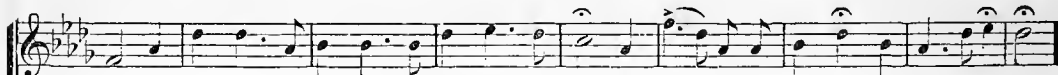
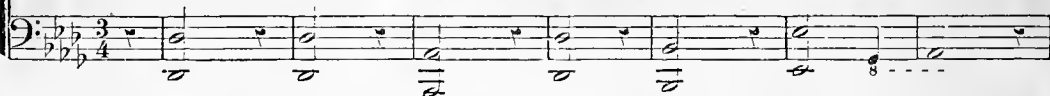
Mrs. LYDIA BAXTER, (1809—1874), 1873.

[SOLO AND QUARTET.]

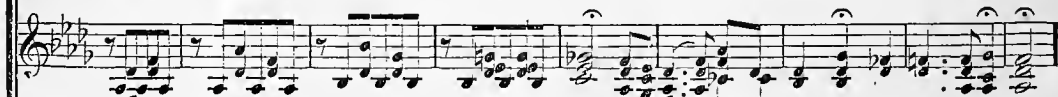
HUBERT P. MAIN, (1839—), 1873.

*With expression.*

1. I'm wea - ry, I'm fainting, my day's work is done; I'm watching and waiting for life's setting
2. The cold surging billows that break at my feet, Have lost all their ter - ror, their mu - sic is
3. Come, loving Redeem - er, and take to thy breast The heart that is pant - ing and sigh - ing for
4. I'll lay my life's burden, O Lord, at thy feet, For loved ones are watching my spir - it to



sun: The shadows are stretching a - far o'er the lea; Then oh! let me anchor beyond the dark sea.  
 sweet: My Saviour is still - ing the tempest for me; Then oh! let me anchor beyond the dark sea.  
 rest: My Saviour, I'm waiting, I'm waiting for thee; Then oh! let me anchor beyond the dark sea.  
 greet: The portals of glo - ry are o - pen for me; Then oh! let me anchor beyond the dark sea.

*From ROYAL DIADEM, by permission.*

QUARTET. *Andante con espressione.*

The shadows are stretching a - far o'er the lea, Then oh, let me an-chor be-yond the dark sea!

TIMOTHY DWIGHT, D. D., 1800.

## IN ZION'S SACRED GATES.

From BEETHOVEN.

1. In Zi - on's sa - cred gates. Let hymns of praise begin, While acts of faith and love In ceaseless beauty  
2. The promis - es I sing, Which sov'reign love hath spoke; Nor will our heav'nly King His words of grace re-  
3. The mountains melt a-way, When once the Judge appears; And sun and moon decay, That measure mortal  
4. Rejoice! our Lord is King! Our God and King a - dore; Yea, all give thanks and sing, And triumph ev - er -

shine; In mer - cy there, While God is known, Be-fore His throne With songs ap - pear.  
voke; They stand se - cure, And stead-fast still, Nor Zi - on's hill A - bides so sure.  
years; But still the same, In ra - diant lines, Thy promise shines, Tho' all the flame.  
more; Lift up the heart, Lift up the voice, Re-joice a - loud. Let all re - joice.

From BOOK OF PRAISE, by permission.

## I WILL GO AND BE FORGIVEN.

FANNY J. CROSBY, 1873.

WM. H. DOANE.

1. I will go and tell my Sav - iour How I long His child to be ; At the cross I'll seek and find Him ;  
 2. I will tell Him I have wandered From the path that leads to heav'n ; With a contrite, broken spir - it,  
 3. I will tell Him all my sto - ry, With His mercy all my plea ; At the cross I'll seek and find Him ;

CHORUS.  
 He's waiting there for me. I will car - ry all my sins to Je - sus, Tho' I've nothing but my  
 I'll go and be for - given.  
 He's waiting there for me.

heart to give Him ; I will go and lay my burden at the Fountain ; I'll go and be for - given.

From ROYAL DIADEM, by permission.

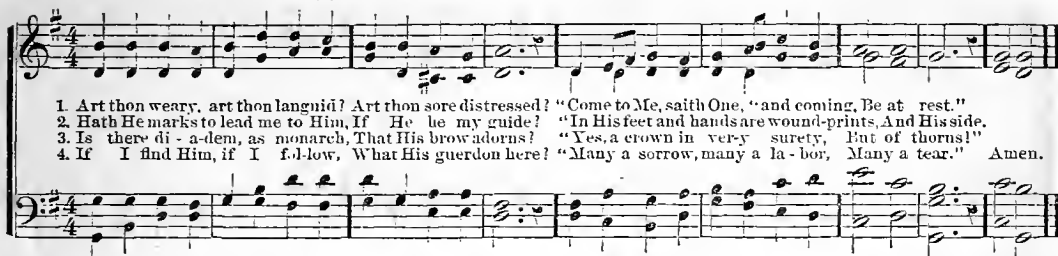


# ART THOU WEARY?

77

Rev. JOHN MASON NEALE, D. D., (1818—1866), 1851.

Sir HENRY WILLIAMS BAKER, (1821—1877), 1861, arr. H.



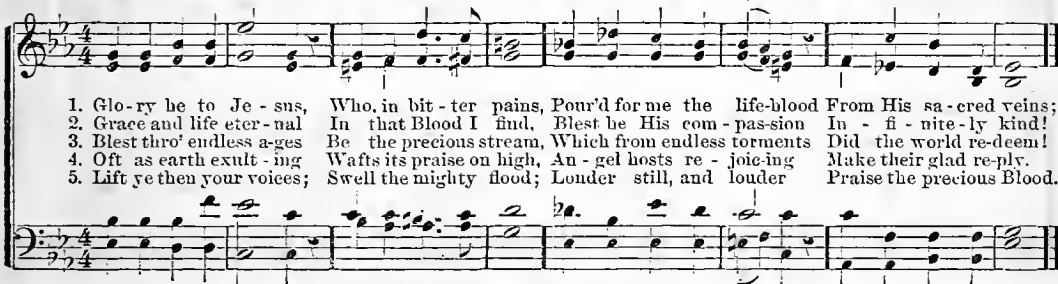
1. Art thou weary, art thou languid? Art thou sore distressed? "Come to Me, saith One, "and coming, Be at rest."  
 2. Hath He marks to lead me to Him, If He be my guide? "In His feet and hands are wound-prints, And His side."  
 3. Is there di - a - dem, as monarch, That His brow adorns? "Yes, a crown in very surety, But of thorns!"  
 4. If I find Him, if I find low, What His guerdon here? "Many a sorrow, many a la - bor, Many a tear." Amen.

- 5 If I still hold closely to Him, | 6 If I ask Him to receive me, | 7 Finding, following, keeping, strug-  
 What hath He at last? | Will He say me nay? | Is He sure to bless? [gling,  
 "Sorrow vanquished, labor ended, | "Not till earth and not till heaven, | "Saints, apostles, prophets, martyrs,  
 Jordan past." | Pass away," | Answer, Yes."

# GLORY BE TO JESUS.

Trans. by EDWARD CASWALL, (1814—1878), 1858.

JOHN HENRY CORNELL, (1828—), 1865.



1. Glo - ry be to Je - sus, Who, in bit - ter pains, Pour'd for me the life-blood From His sa - cred veins;  
 2. Grace and life eter - nal In that Blood I find, Blest be His com - pas - sion In - fi - nite - ly kind!  
 3. Blest thro' end - less a - ges Be the precious stream, Which from endless torments Did the world re - deem!  
 4. Oft as earth exult - ing Wafts its praise on high, An - gel hosts re - joice - ing Make their glad re - ply.  
 5. Lift ye then your voices; Swell the mighty flood; Louder still, and louder Praise the precious Blood.

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## JESUS, I MY CROSS HAVE TAKEN.

Rev. HENRY FRANCIS LYTE, (1793—1847), 1825.

MOZART, arr. by HUBERT P. MAIN, 1873.

1. Je - sus, I my cross have tak - en, All to leave and fol - low Thee; Nak - ed, poor, des -  
D. S.—Yet how rich is  
2. Let the world des-pise and leave me, They have left my Sav - iour, too; Hu - man hearts and  
D. S.—Foes may hate, and

FINE.

pired, for - sak - en, Thou, from hence, my all shalt be: Per - ish ev - ery fond am - bi - tion, All I've  
my con - di - tion! God and heaven are still my own.  
looks de - ceive me; Thou art not, like them, un - true; And while Thou shalt smile upen me, God of  
friends may scorn me; Show Thy face and all is bright.

D. S.

sought, or hoped, or known;  
wis - dom, love, and might,

3.  
Go, then, earthly fame and treasure!  
Come, disaster, scorn, and pain!  
In Thy service pain is pleasure;  
With Thy favor, loss is gain:  
I have called Thee, "Abba, Father;"  
I have stayed my heart on Thee:  
Storms may howl, and clouds may gather,  
All must work for good to me.

4.  
Man may trouble and distress me,  
'Twill but drive me to Thy breast;  
Life with trials hard may press me,  
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.  
Oh! 'tis not in grief to harm me  
While Thy love is left to me,  
Oh! 'twere in not in joy to charm me,  
Were that joy unmix'd with Thee.

# KNOW, MY SOUL!

79

Rev. HENRY FRANCIS LYTE, (1793—1847), 1825.

HUBERT P. MAIN, (1839—), 1875.

1. Know, my soul! thy full sal - va - tion; Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care; Joy to find in ev - ery  
2. Haste, then, on from grace to glo - ry, Armed by faith, and winged by prayer! Heaven's eternal day's be -

sta - tion, Something still to do or bear: Think what Spirit dwells within thee; What a Father's  
fore thee, God's own hand shall guide thee there: Soon shall close thy earthly mission, Swift shall pass thy

smile is thine: What a Sav - iour died to win thee! Child of heaven! shouldst thou repine?  
pilgrim days, Hope shall change to glad fru - ition, Faith to sight, and prayer to praise. A - men.

*From BRIGHTEST & BEST, by permission.*

## FAIR SHINES THE MORNING STAR!

MONTGOMERY &amp; WESLEY.

JOHN ZUNDEL, (1815—), 1854.

1. Fair shines the morn-ing star, The sil-ver trum-pets sound, Their notes re-echo-ing far,  
 2. Blow ye the trumpet,—blow!—The glad-ly sol-emn sound; Let all the na-tions know,  
 3. Ex-tol the Lamb of God,—The all-a-ton-ing Lamb, Re-demption in His blood,

While dawns the day a-round: Joy to the slave; the slave is free; It is the year of  
 To earth's re-mot-est bound,—The year of ju-bi-lee is come; Re-turn, ye ransomed  
 Throughout the world, pro-claim; The year of ju-bi-lee is come; Re-turn, ye ransomed

ju-bi-lee, It is the year of ju-bi-lee,  
 sin-ners! home, Re-turn, ye ran-somed sin-ners! home.  
 sin-ners! home, Re-turn, ye ran-somed sin-ners! home.

4.

Ye, who have sold for naught  
 Your heritage above!  
 Shall have it back unbought,  
 The gift of Jesus' love;  
 The year of jubilee is come;  
 Return, ye ransomed sinners! home.

WM. B. BRADBURY, 1861.

CHORUS.

1. { Boys. Whither, pilgrims, are you go - ing, Go - ing each with staff in hand? }  
 { Girls. We are go - ing on a journey, Go - ing at our Kings command; } O - ver hills, and plains, and  
 2. { Boys. Tell me pilgrims, what you hope for In that far - off bet - ter land? }  
 { Girls. Spotless robes and crowns of glory From a Saviour's lov - ing hand; } We shall drink of life's clear

val - leys, We are go - ing to His pal - ace, We are go - ing to His pal - ace, Go - ing  
 riv - er, We shall dwell with God for - ev - er, We shall dwell with God for - ev - er, In that

to the bet - ter land; We are go - ing to His pal - ace, Going to the bet - ter land.  
 bright, that better land; We shall dwell with God for - ev - er In that bright, that bet - ter land.

From GOLDEN CHAIN, by permission.

## CHRIST THE LORD IS RISEN AGAIN.

Trans. by Miss CATHERINE WINCKWORTH, (1829—), 1858.

HENRY CAREY, (1685—1743), "Lyra Davidica," 1708.

1. Christ the Lord is ris'n a - gain, Hal - le - lu - jah! Christ hath brok - en  
ev - 'ry chain; Hal - le - lu - jah! Hark, an - gel - ie voi - ces cry,  
Hal - le - lu - jah! Sing - ing ev - er - more on high, Hal - le - lu - jah!

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of three systems of music. Each system has a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment line (bass clef). The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are printed below the vocal line. The first system ends with a double bar line. The second system ends with a double bar line. The third system ends with a double bar line.

*From NEW HYMNARY, by permission.*

2 He who bore all pain and loss, Hallelujah!  
Comfortless upon the cross, Hallelujah!  
Lives in glory now on high, Hallelujah!  
Pleads for us and hears our cry: Hallelujah!

3 He who slumber'd in the grave, Hallelujah!  
Is exalted now to save; Hallelujah!  
Now through Christendom it rings, Hallelujah!  
That the Lamb is King of kings: Hallelujah!

4 Now He bids us tell abroad, Hallelujah!  
How the lost may be restored, Hallelujah!  
How the penitent forgiven, Hallelujah!  
How we too may enter heaven: Hallelujah!

5 Thou, our Paschal Lamb indeed, Hallelujah!  
Christ, Thy ransomed people feed! Hallelujah!  
Take our sins and guilt away, Hallelujah!  
That we all may sing for aye, Hallelujah!

## RIDE ON IN MAJESTY!

Rev. HENRY HART MILMAN, D.D. (1791—1863), 1827.

Rev. JOHN BACCHUS DYKES, M. A., Mns. Doc., (1823—1876).

1. Ride on! ride on in ma - jes - ty! Hark! all the tribes Ho - san - na cry; O Saviour meek, pur-  
2. Ride on! ride on in ma - jes - ty! In low - ly pomp, ride on to die: O Christ, Thy triumphs

sue Thy road With palms and scatter'd garments strow'd.  
now be - gin O'er cap - tive death and con-quer'd sin.

3 Ride on! ride on in majesty!  
The angel armies of the sky  
Look down with sad and wond'ring eyes  
To see th' approaching Sacrifice.

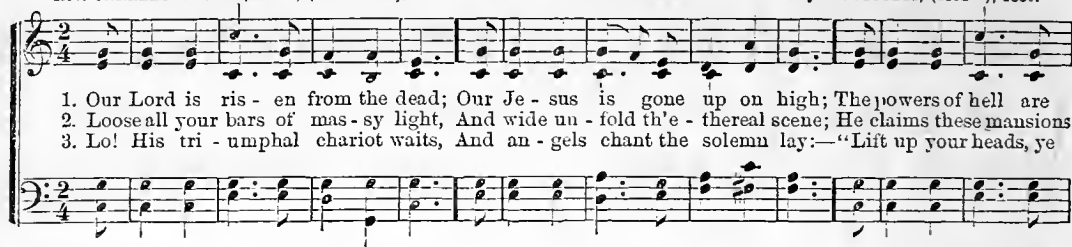
4 Ride on! ride on in majesty!  
The last and fiercest strife is nigh:  
The Father on His sapphire Throne  
Awaits His own anointed Son.

5 Ride on! ride on in majesty!  
In lowly pomp, ride on to die;  
Bow Thy meek Head to mortal pain,  
Then take, O God, Thy pow'r. and reign.

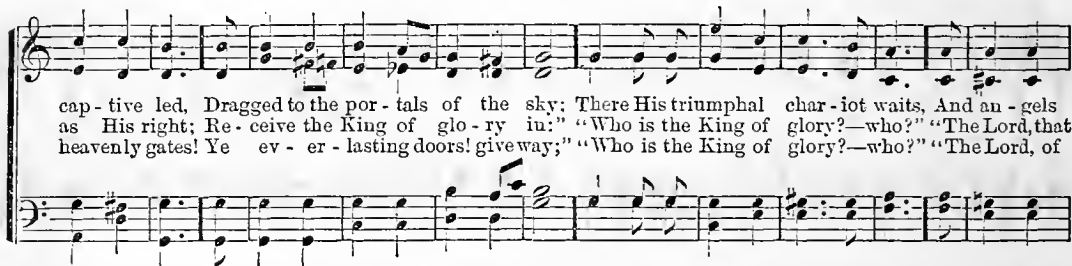
## OUR LORD IS RISEN FROM THE DEAD.

Rev. CHARLES WESLEY, M. A., (1708—1788), 1743.

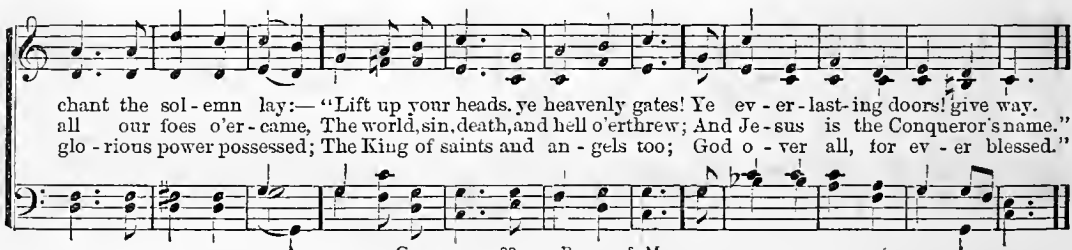
Written for this work by MAX PIUTTI, (1852—), 1880.



1. Our Lord is ris - en from the dead; Our Je - sus is gone up on high; The powers of hell are  
 2. Loose all your bars of mas - sy light, And wide un - fold th'e - thereal scene; He claims these mansions  
 3. Lo! His tri - umphal chariot waits, And an - gels chant the solemn lay:—"Lift up your heads, ye



cap - tive led, Dragged to the por - tals of the sky; There His triumphal char - iot waits, And an - gels  
 as His right; Re - ceive the King of glo - ry in:" "Who is the King of glory?—who?" "The Lord, that  
 heavenly gates! Ye ev - er - lasting doors! give way;" "Who is the King of glory?—who?" "The Lord, of



chant the sol - emn lay:—"Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates! Ye ev - er - last - ing doors! give way.  
 all our foes o'er - came, The world, sin, death, and hell o'erthrew; And Je - sus is the Conqueror's name."  
 glo - rious power possessed; The King of saints and an - gels too; God o - ver all, for ev - er blessed."

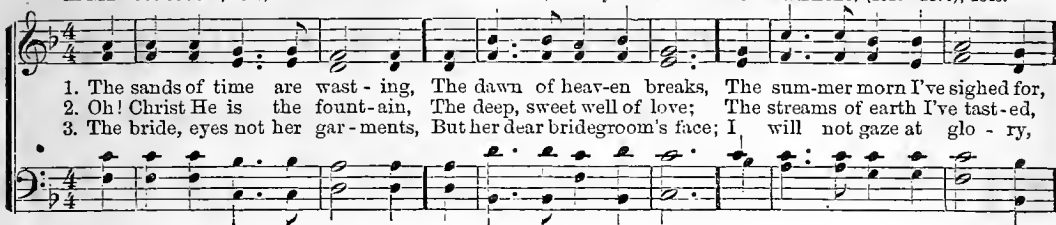


# THE SANDS OF TIME ARE WASTING.

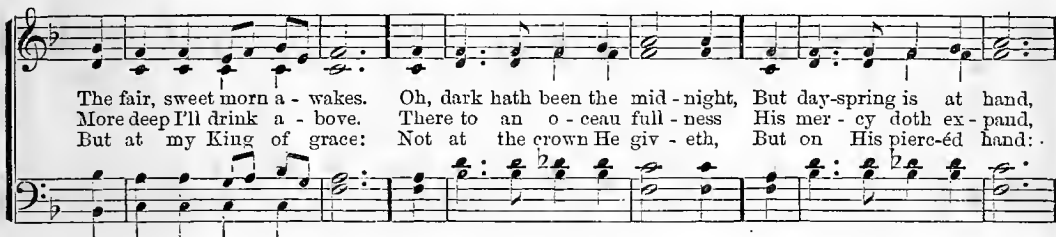
85

ANNIE ROSS COUSIN, 1857, ab.

CHARLES D'URHAN, har. by EDWARD FRANCIS RIMBAULT, (1816-1876), 1845.



1. The sands of time are wast - ing, The dawn of heav-en breaks, The sum-mer morn I've sighed for,  
 2. Oh! Christ He is the fount-ain, The deep, sweet well of love; The streams of earth I've tast-ed,  
 3. The bride, eyes not her gar - ments, But her dear bridegroom's face; I will not gaze at glo - ry,



The fair, sweet morn a - wakes. Oh, dark hath been the mid - night, But day-spring is at hand,  
 More deep I'll drink a - bove. There to an o - ceau full - ness His mer - cy doth ex - pand,  
 But at my King of grace: Not at the crown He giv - eth, But on His pierc-ed hand:.



And glo-ry, glo-ry dwell-eth In Imman-uel's land.  
 And glo-ry, glo-ry dwell-eth In Imman-uel's land.  
 The Lamb is all the glo - ry Of Imman-uel's land. A - men.

4.  
 Oh! I am my my Belovèd's  
 And my Belovèd's mine,  
 He brings a poor, vile sinner,  
 Into His house divine.  
 Upon the Rock of Ages  
 My soul redeemed shall stand,  
 Where glory, glory dwelleth  
 In Immanuel's land.  
 Amen.

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## HARK! THE HERALD-ANGELS SING.

CHARLES WESLEY, 1739.

FELIX MENDELSSOHN BARTHOLODY, (1809—1847), 1846.

1. Hark! the her - ald - an - gels sing, Glo - ry to the new - born King; Peace on earth, and  
 2. Christ, by high - est heaven a - dored, Christ, the Ev - er - last - ing Lord; Late in time be -  
 3. Hail, the heaven-born Prince of Peace! Hail, the Sun of Righteous - ness! Light and Life to

mer - cy mild, God and sin - ners re - con - ciled! Joy - ful, all ye na - tions, rise,  
 hold Him come, Off - spring of a Vir - gin's womb. Veiled in flesh the God - head see;  
 all He brings, Risen with heal - ing in His wings. Mild He lays His glo - ry by,

Join the tri - umph of the skies; With the an - gel - host pro - claim, Christ is born in  
 Hail! th'In - car - nate De - i - ty! Pleased as Man with man to dwell, Je - sus, our Em -  
 Born that man no more may die, Born to raise the sons of earth, Born to give them



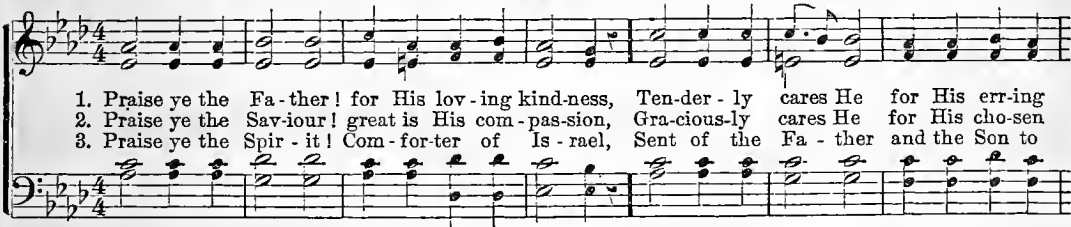
Beth - le - hem! Hark! the her - ald - an - gels sing Glo - ry to the new - born King!  
 man - u - el. Hark! etc.  
 sec - ond birth. Hark! etc.

Org.

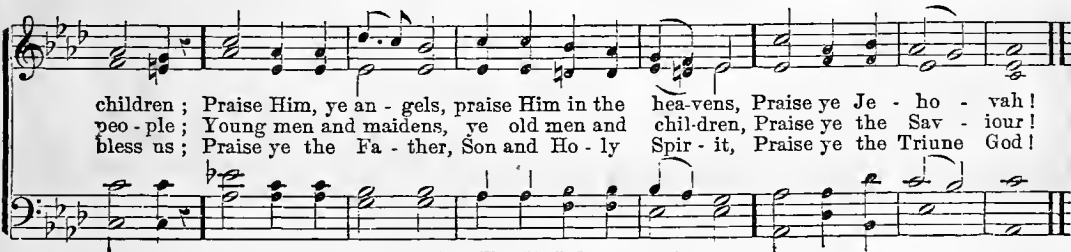
# PRAISE YE THE FATHER.

Mrs. ELIZABETH CHARLES (1818—).

FRIEDRICH FERDINAND FLEMMING, Med. D. (1778—1813), 1810.



1. Praise ye the Fa - ther! for His lov - ing kind - ness, Ten - der - ly cares He for His err - ing  
 2. Praise ye the Sav - iour! great is His com - pas - sion, Gra - cious - ly cares He for His cho - sen  
 3. Praise ye the Spir - it! Com - for - ter of Is - rael, Sent of the Fa - ther and the Son to

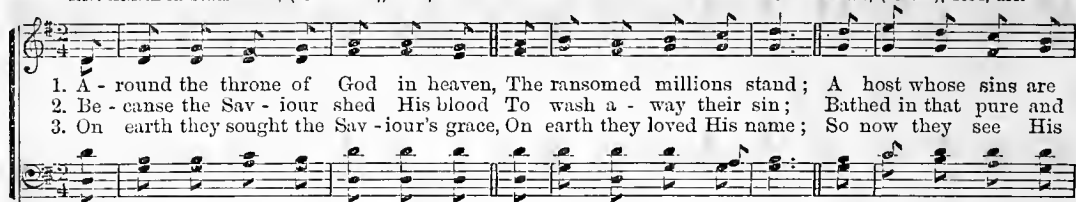


children; Praise Him, ye an - gels, praise Him in the hea - vens, Praise ye Je - ho - vah!  
 peo - ple; Young men and maidens, ye old men and chil - dren, Praise ye the Sav - iour!  
 bless us; Praise ye the Fa - ther, Son and Ho - ly Spir - it, Praise ye the Triune God!

## CHILDREN IN HEAVEN.

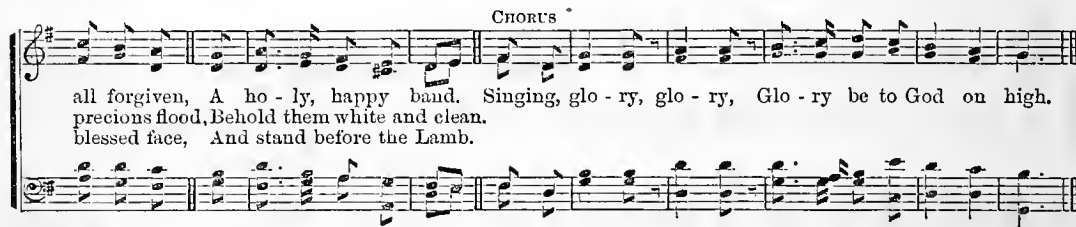
Mrs. ANNIE H. SHEPHERD, (1809—1857.), 1841,

HENRY E. MATHEWS, (1820—), 1854, arr.



1. A - round the throne of God in heaven, The ransomed millions stand; A host whose sins are  
 2. Be - cause the Sav - iour shed His blood To wash a - way their sin; Bathed in that pure and  
 3. On earth they sought the Sav - iour's grace, On earth they loved His name; So now they see His

CHORUS

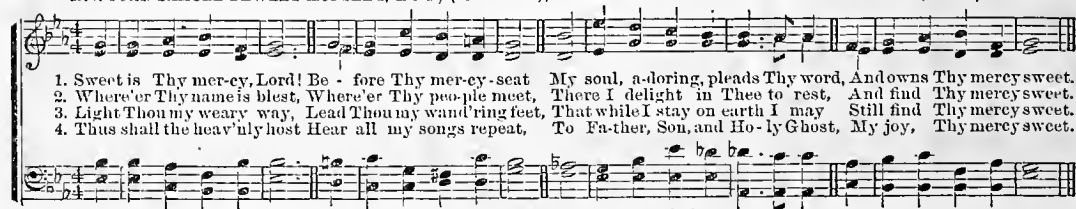


all forgiven, A ho - ly, happy band. Singing, glo - ry, glo - ry, Glo - ry be to God on high.  
 precious flood, Behold them white and clean.  
 blessed face, And stand before the Lamb.

## SWEET IS THY MERCY, LORD.

Rev. JOHN SAMUEL BEWLEY MONSELL, LL.D., (1811—1875), 1862.

JOSEPH BARNBY, (1838—), 1866.



1. Sweet is Thy mer-cy, Lord! Be - fore Thy mer-cy-seat My soul, a-doring, pleads Thy word, And owns Thy mercys sweet.  
 2. Where'er Thy name is blest, Where'er Thy peo-ple meet, There I delight in Thee to rest, And find Thy mercys sweet.  
 3. Light Thou my weary way, Lead Thou my wand'ring feet, That while I stay on earth I may Still find Thy mercys sweet.  
 4. Thus shall the heav'nly host Hear all my songs repeat, To Fa-ther, Son, and Ho-ly Ghost, My joy, Thy mercys sweet.

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# LORD, THY GLORY FILLS THE HEAVEN.

89

RICHARD MANT, D. D., (1776-1848), 1837.

FRANZ SCHUBERT, (1797-1828), H.

1. Lord, Thy glo-ry fills the heaven; Earth is with its full-ness stor'd; Un - to Thee be glo-ry giv-en.  
 2. Ev - er thus in God's high praises, Brethren, let our tongues unite, While our tho'ts His greatness raises,  
 3. Lord, Thy glo-ry fills the heaven; Earth is with its full-ness stor'd; Un - to Thee be glo-ry giv-en,

Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly Lord! Heaven is still with anthems ring - ing; Earth takes up the angels' cry,  
 And our love His gifts ex-cite: With His ser - aph train be - fore Him, With His ho - ly church below,  
 Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly Lord! Thus Thy glo-rious name cou-fess - ing, We a - dopt the an-gels' cry,

Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, singing, Lord of hosts, Thou Lord most high, Lord of hosts, Thou Lord most high.  
 Thus u - nite we to a - dore Him, Bid we thus our an-them flow, Bid we thus our an-them flow.  
 Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, blessing Thee, the Lord our God most high! Thee, the Lord our God most high!

## NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE.

SARAH FULLER ADAMS. (1805—1848), 1840.

JOHN R. THOMAS.

1. Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee! E'en tho' it be a cross That rais-eth me;  
 2. Tho' like the wan-der-er, The sun gone down, Darkness be o - ver me, My rest a stone;  
 3. Or if on joy-ful wing, Cleav-ing the sky, Sun, moon, and stars forgot, Up - wards I fly,

Still all my song shall be, Near-er, my God, to Thee Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee.  
 Yet in my dreams I'd be, Near-er, &c.  
 Still all my song shall be, Near-er, &c.

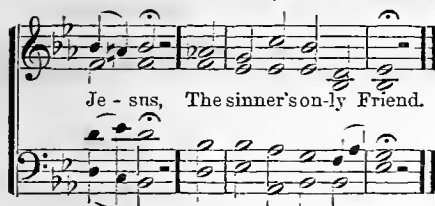
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## COME, LET US SING OF JESUS.

GEO. W. BETHUNE, D. D., (1805—1862), 1850.

"Württemberg Gesangbuch."

1. Come, let us sing of Je - sus, While hearts and ac - cents blend; Come, let us sing of



2 We love to sing of Jesus,  
Who wept our path along;  
We love to sing of Jesus,  
The tempted and the strong.

We love to sing of Jesus,  
Triumphant o'er the grave.

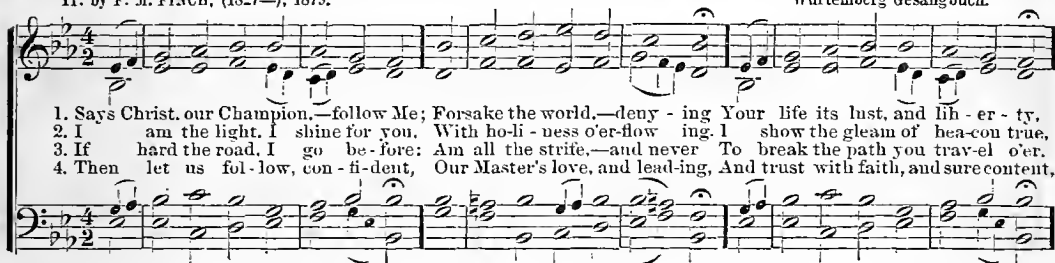
3 We love to sing of Jesus,  
Who died our souls to save;

4 Then let sing of Jesus,  
While yet on earth we stay,  
And hope to sing of Jesus  
Throughout eternal day.

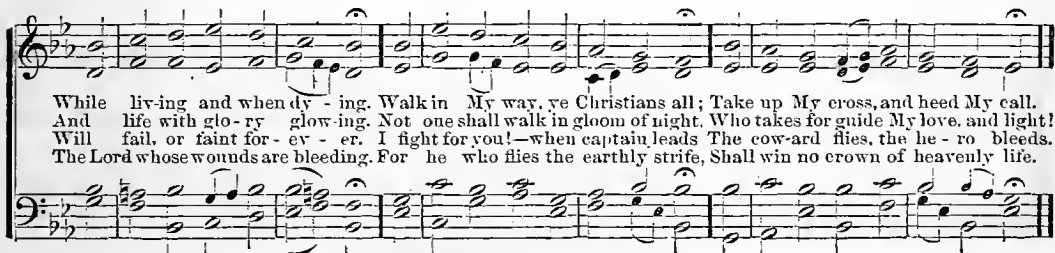
## SAYS CHRIST, OUR CHAMPION, FOLLOW ME.

Tr. by F. M. FINCH, (1827—), 1879.

"Württemberg Gesangbuch."



1. Says Christ, our Champion,—follow Me; Forsake the world,—deny - ing Your life its lust, and lib - er - ty.  
2. I am the light, I shine for you, With ho - li - ness o'er - flow - ing, I show the gleam of' bea - con true,  
3. If hard the road, I go be - fore; Am all the strife,—and never To break the path you trav - el o'er,  
4. Then let us fol - low, con - fi - dent, Our Master's love, and lead - ing, And trust with faith, and sure content,



While liv - ing and when dy - ing, Walk in My way, ye Christians all; Take up My cross, and heed My call.  
And life with glo - ry glow - ing, Not one shall walk in gloom of night, Who takes for guide My love, and light!  
Will fail, or faint for - ev - er, I fight for you!—when cap - tain leads The cow - ard flies, the he - ro bleeds.  
The Lord whose wounds are bleeding, For he who flies the earthly strife, Shall win no crown of heavenly life.

By permission.

## WHO IS THIS THAT COMES FROM EDOM!

Rev. THOMAS KELLY, 1839.

JOHN R. THOMAS.

1. Who is this that comes from E-dom, All His garments stained with blood, To the captive speaking  
 2. 'Tis the Saviour, now vic-tor-ious, Traveling on-ward in His might! 'Tis the Saviour! Oh! how  
 3. Mighty Vic-tor! reign for-ev-er; Wear the crown so dear-ly won; Nev-er shall Thy peo-ple,  
 freedom, Bringing and be-stow-ing good: Glorious in the garb He wears, Glorious in the spoil He bears.  
 glorious To His peo-ple is the sight! Mighty to redeem the slave, Je-sus now is strong to save.  
 nev-er, Cease to sing what Thou hast done; Thou hast fought Thy people's foes; Thou wilt heal Thy people's woes.

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## FATHER OF ALL, FROM LAND AND SEA.

CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH, D. D. (1807—), 1865.

HENRY JOHN GAUNTLETT, Mus. Doc. (1806—1876).

1. Father of all, from land and sea The nations sing, "Thine Lord are we;" Countless in number, but in Thee  
 2 O Son of God, whose love so free For men, did make Thee man to be,— Dwell ever in our hearts; like Thee  
 May we be one. Amen. United to our God in Thee May we be one.  
 3 O Trinity in Unity, One only God, in Persons Three,  
 4 So when the world shall pass away, May we awake with joy and say,  
 "Now in the bliss of endless day, We all are one."

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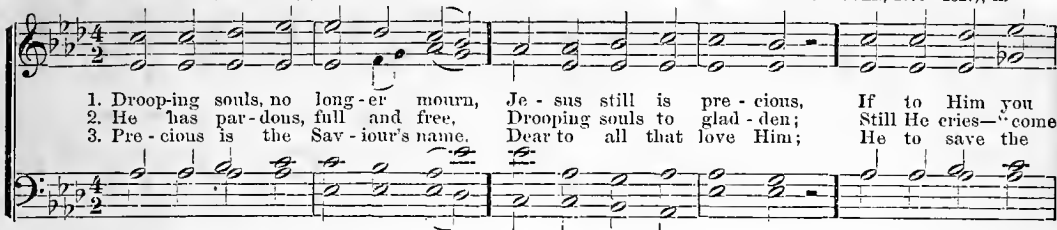


# DROOPING SOULS NO LONGER MOURN.

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THOMAS HASTINGS, Mus. Doc., (1784—1872), 1831.

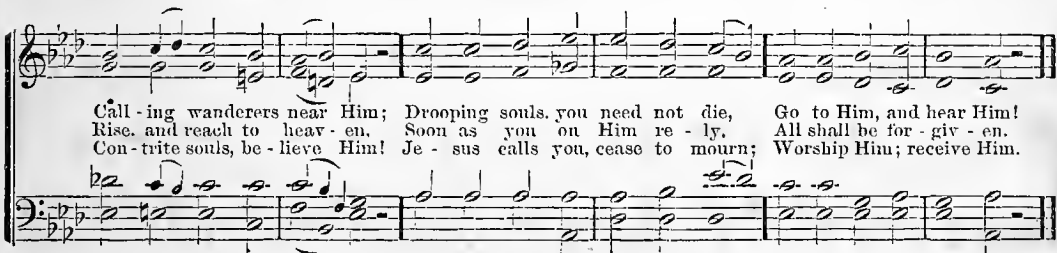
LUDWIG van BEETHOVEN, 1770—1827), H.



1. Droop-ing souls, no long-er mourn, Je - sus still is pre - cious, If to Him you  
2. He has par-dous, full and free, Drooping souls to glad-den; Still He cries—"come  
3. Pre-cious is the Sav-iour's name. Dear to all that love Him; He to save the



now re - turn, Heaven will be pro - pi - tious; Je - sus now is pass-ing by,  
un - to Me, Wea - ry, heav - y - la - den!" Tho' your sins like mountains high,  
dy - ing, came;— Go to Him and prove Him! Wandering sin-ners, now re - turn;



Call-ing wanderers near Him; Drooping souls, you need not die, Go to Him, and hear Him!  
Rise, and reach to heav-en; Soon as you on Him re - ly. All shall be for - giv - en.  
Con-trite souls, be - lieve Him! Je - sus calls you, cease to mourn; Worship Him; receive Him.

*By permission.*

## DAY BY DAY THE MANNA FELL.

Rev. JOSIAH CONDER, (1789—1855), 1837.

LOUIS MOREAU GOTTSCHALK, (1829—1869), 1856. Arr. by H. P. M., 1865.

1. Day by day the man - na fell; Oh, to learn this les - son well! Still by constant  
 2. "Day by day," the promise reads, Dai - ly strength for dai - ly needs; Cast fore - bod - ing

mer - cy fed, Give us, Lord, our dai - ly bread.  
 fears a - way, Take the man - na of to - day.

3 Lord, our times are in Thy hand;  
 All our sanguine hopes have planu'd  
 To Thy wisdom we resign,  
 And would mould our wills to Thine.

4 Thou our daily task shalt give;  
 Day by day to Thee we live;  
 So shall added years fulfil  
 Not our own, our Father's will.

*By permission, O. DITSON & CO*

## AS PANTS THE HART.

TATE AND BRADY, 1696.

LOUIS SPÖHR, Mus. Doc. (1784—1859).

1. As pants the hart for cool - ing streams When heart - ed in the chase, So pants my

soul, O God, for Thee And Thy re - fresh - ing grace.

2 For Thee my God, the living God,  
My thirsty soul doth pine;  
Oh, when shall I behold Thy face,  
Thou Majesty Divine?

3 Why restless, why cast down, my soul?  
Hope still, and thou shalt sing  
The praise of Him who is Thy God,  
Thy health's eternal Spring.

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## COMFORT IN SORROW.

HENRY HART MILMAN, D. D. (1791—1868), 1827.

RICHARD REDHEAD, (1821—).

1. When our heads are bowed with woe, When our bit - ter tears o'er-flow, When we  
2. Thou our throb - bing flesh hast worn; Thou our mor - tal griefs hast borne; Thou hast  
3. When the sol - emn death - bell tolls For our own de - part - ing souls, When our

mourn the lost, the dear, Je - sus, Son of Ma - ry, hear!  
shed the hu - man tear; Je - sus, Son of Ma - ry, hear!  
fi - nal doom is near, Je - sus, Son of Ma - ry, hear! A - men.

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## SING OF JESUS, SING FOREVER.

THOMAS KELLY, 1815.

German Melody.

1. Sing of Je - sus, sing for - ev - er, Of the love that changes nev - er, Who or what from

Him can sev - er, Those He makes His own?

2 With His blood the Lord has bought them;  
When they knew Him not, He sought them,  
And from all their wanderings brought them;  
His the praise alone.

3 Saints in glory, we together  
Know the song that ceases never;  
Song of Songs Thou art, O Saviour,  
All that endless day.

## MY GOD, ACCEPT MY HEART.

MATTHEW BRIDGES, (1800—), 1843.

UZZIAH CHRISTOPHER BURNAP, (1834—), 1869.

1. My God! ac - cept my heart this day, And make it al - ways Thine, That I from Thee no  
2. Be - fore the cross of Him who died, Be - hold I pros - trate fall; Let ev - ery sin be

From HYMNS &amp; SONGS OF PRAISE, by permission.



3 May the dear blood, once shed for me,  
My blest atonement prove,  
That I, from first to last, may be  
The purchase of Thy love.

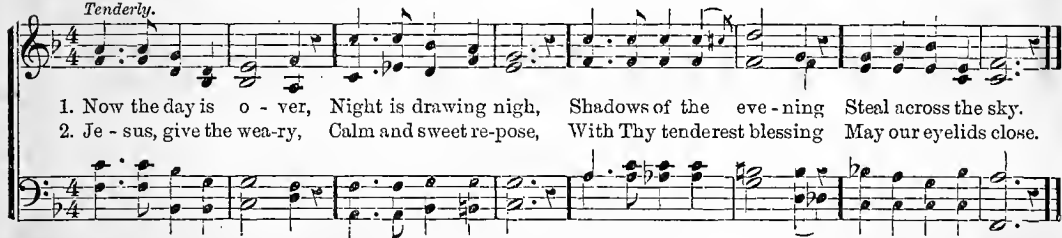
4 Let every thought, and work, and word,  
To Thee be ever given;  
Then life shall be Thy service, Lord!  
And death the gate of heaven.

NOW THE DAY IS OVER.

Rev. SABINE BARING-GOULD, M. A., (1834—), 1865.

HUBERT P. MAIN, (1839—), 1877.

*Tenderly.*



1. Now the day is o - ver, Night is drawing nigh, Shadows of the eve - ning Steal across the sky.  
2. Je - sus, give the wea - ry, Calm and sweet re - pose, With Thy tenderest blessing May our eyelids close.

3.  
Grant to little children  
Visions bright of Thee,  
Guard the sailors tossing  
On the deep blue sea.

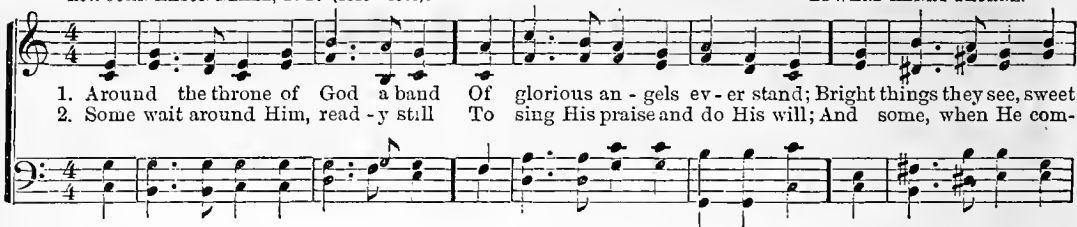
4.  
Through the long night-watches  
May Thine angels spread  
Their white wing above me,  
Watching round my bed.

5.  
When the morning wakens,  
Then may I arise  
Pure, and fresh, and sinless,  
In Thy Holy Eyes.

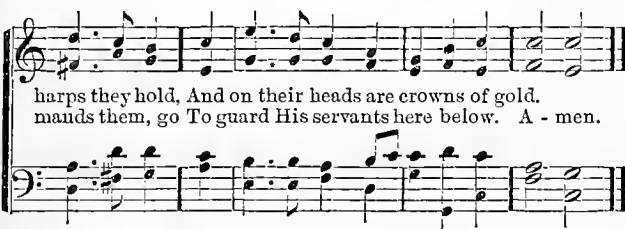
From WELCOME TIDINGS, by permission.

Rev. JOHN MASON NEALE, D. D. (1818—1866).

EDWARD HENRY THORNE.



1. Around the throne of God a band Of glorious an - gels ev - er stand; Bright things they see, sweet  
2. Some wait around Him, read - y still To sing His praise and do His will; And some, when He com -



harps they hold, And on their heads are crowns of gold.  
mands them, go To guard His servants here below. A - men.

3 Lord, give Thy Angels every day  
Command to guide us on our way;  
And bid them every evening keep  
Their watch around us while we sleep.

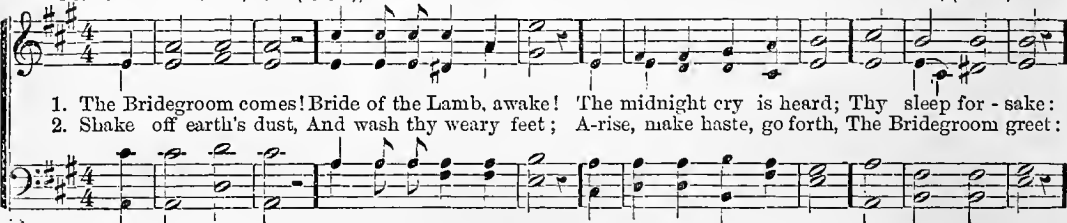
4 So shall no wicked thing draw near,  
To do us harm or cause us fear;  
And we shall dwell, when life is past,  
With Angels round Thy throne at last.

Amen.

## THE BRIDGROOM COMES!

Rev. HORATIUS BONAR, D. D. (1808—), 1857.

JOHN BAPTISTE CALKIN, (1827—).



1. The Bridgroom comes! Bride of the Lamb, awake! The midnight cry is heard; Thy sleep for - sake:  
2. Shake off earth's dust, And wash thy weary feet; A - rise, make haste, go forth, The Bridgroom greet:

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Lift up thy head, The marriage day has come, Put up thy bridal robe, The feast is spread.  
Sing the new song! Thy triumph has be-gun; Thy tears are wiped away, Thy night is done! A - men.

## SUMMER SUNS ARE GLOWING.

WILLIAM WALSHAM HOW, 1823—, 1871.

SAMUEL SMITH, (1804—1873).

1. Summer suns are glowing O - ver land and sea, Hap - py light is flow - ing Boun - ti - ful and free:

Ev - erything re - joi - ces In the mellow rays, All earth's thousand voices Swell the psalm of praise. Amen.

2 God's free mercy streameth  
Over all the world,  
And His banner gleameth  
Everywhere unfurled:  
Broad and deep and glorious,  
As the heaven above,  
Shines in might victorious  
His eternal Love.

3 Lord, upon our blindness,  
Thy pure radiaunce pour;  
For Thy loving-kindness  
Makes us love Thee more:  
And when clouds are drifting  
Dark across the sky,  
Theu, the veil uplifting,  
Father, be Thou nigh.

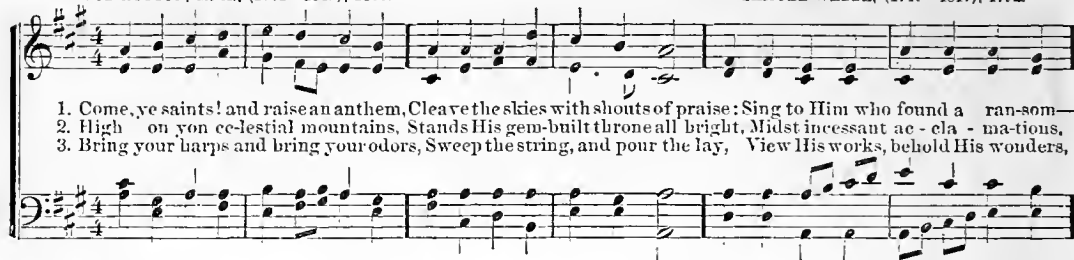
4 We will never doubt Thee,  
Though Thou veil Thy light:  
Life is dark without Thee;  
Death with Thee is bright:  
Light of light! shine o'er us  
On our pilgrim way,  
Go Thou still before us  
To the endless day. Amen.

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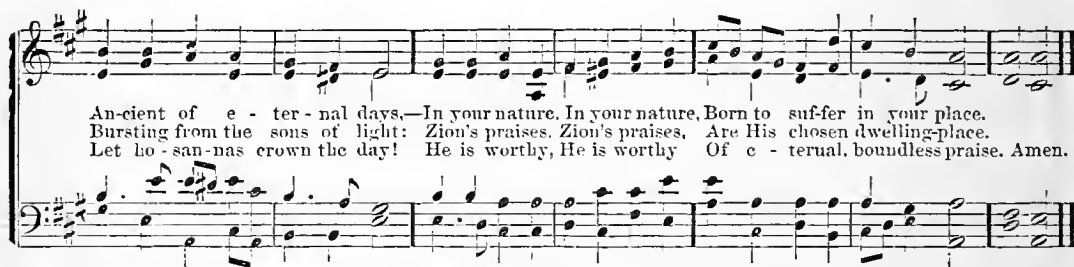
## COME, YE SAINTS! AND RAISE AN ANTHEM.

JOB HUPTON, M. A., (1762—1849), 1806.

SAMUEL WEBBE, (1740—1817), 1792.

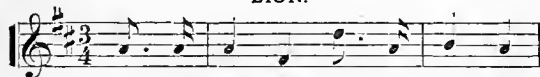


1. Come, ye saints! and raise an anthem, Cleave the skies with shouts of praise: Sing to Him who found a ran-som—  
 2. High on yon ce-lestial mountains, Stands His gem-built throne all bright, Midst incessant ac - cla - ma-tions,  
 3. Bring your harps and bring your odors, Sweep the string, and pour the lay, View His works, behold His wonders,



An-cient of e - ter - nal days,—In your nature. In your nature, Born to suf-fer in your place.  
 Bursting from the sons of light: Zion's praises. Zion's praises, Are His chosen dwelling-place.  
 Let ho-san-nas crown the day! He is worthy, He is worthy Of c - ter-nal, boundless praise. Amen.

ZION.

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- 1 Thou hast promised by the prophets,  
 Glorious light in latter days;  
 Come, and bless bewildered nations;  
 Change our prayers and tears to praise.  
 ||: Promised Spirit!  
 Round the world diffuse Thy rays. :||

- 2 All our hopes, and prayers, and labors,  
 Must be vain without Thine aid;  
 But Thou wilt not disappoint us;  
 All is true that Thou hast said:  
 ||: Gracious Spirit!  
 O'er the world Thine influence shed. :||

"Eriphas, 1821.

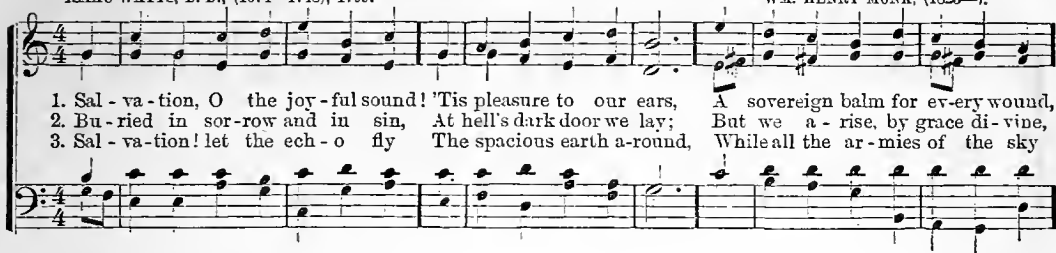


# SALVATION, O THE JOYFUL SOUND!

101

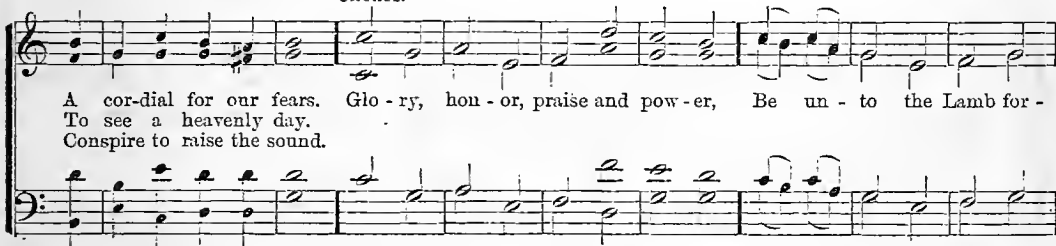
ISAAC WATTS, D. D., (1674—1748), 1709.

WM. HENRY MONK, (1823—).

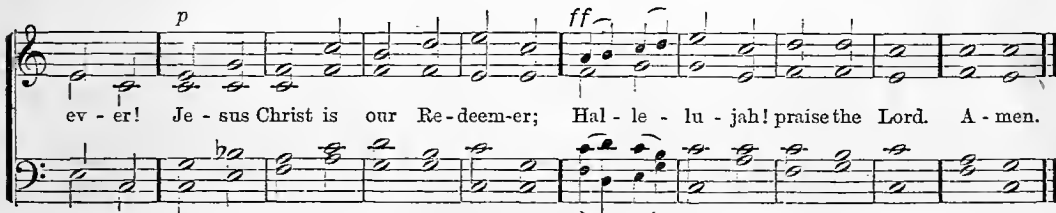


1. Sal - va - tion, O the joy - ful sound! 'Tis pleasure to our ears, A sovereign balm for ev - ery wound,  
 2. Bu - ried in sor - row and in sin, At hell's dark door we lay; But we a - rise, by grace di - vine,  
 3. Sal - va - tion! let the ech - o fly The spacious earth a - round, While all the ar - mies of the sky

## CHORUS.



A cor - dial for our fears. Glo - ry, hon - or, praise and pow - er, Be un - to the Lamb for -  
 To see a heavenly day.  
 Conspire to raise the sound.



ev - er! Je - sus Christ is our Re - deem - er; Hal - le - lu - jah! praise the Lord. A - men.

From HYMNAL WITH TUNES, by permission.

## JESUS HELP ME, I AM WEARY.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

HENRY TUCKER, 1826—), 1866.

*Moderato.*

FINE.

1. Je - sus, help me, I am wea - ry, Let me hold Thy hand in mine ; For the stream of  
D. C.—Fold me in Thy arms of mer - cy, Keep me from the tempt - er's power.

2. Je - sus, help me, I am fainting 'Neath the desert's burn - ing sky ; Lead to pastures  
D. C.—Thou canst whisper words of comfort, Thou canst dry the fall - ing tear.

liv - ing wa - ter, In a thirs - ty land I pine ; O my Fa - ther, do not  
cool and fra - grant, There my ev - ery want sup - ply ; Shade me with Thy wings e -

D. C.

3.

leave me, In this dark and dread - ful hour ;  
ter - nal, Let me feel Thee ev - er near ;

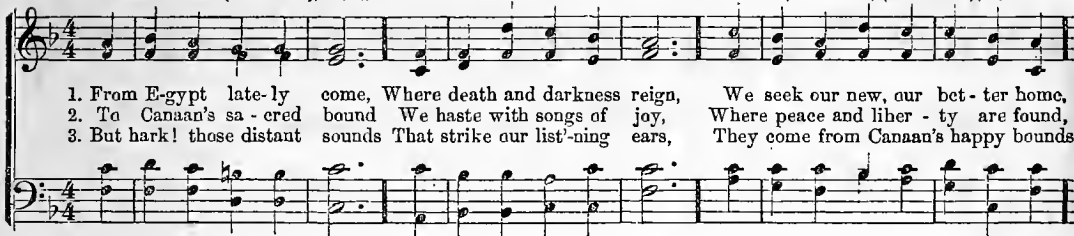
Jesus, help me, I am sinking  
In the cold and chilly wave ;  
Give me strength, my faith increasing,  
Thou alone hast power to save ;  
Let my soul be filled with rapture,  
Let my hope be stayed in Thee,  
Let me bear my cross with patience,  
Till I sleep and wake with Thee.

# ON OUR WAY TO GOD.

103

Rev. THOS. KELLY (1769—1855), 1802.

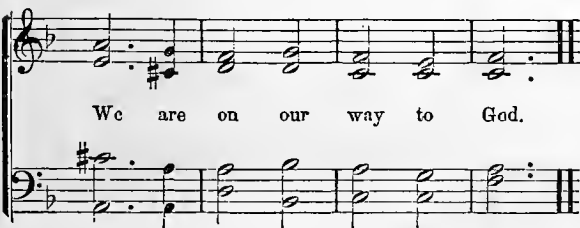
SAMUEL SEBASTIAN WESLEY, Mus. Doc., (1810—1876), 1863.



1. From E-gypt late-ly come, Where death and darkness reign, We seek our new, our bet-ter home,  
 2. To Canaan's sa-cred bound We haste with songs of joy, Where peace and liber-ty are found,  
 3. But hark! those distant sounds That strike our list-n'ing ears, They come from Canaan's happy bounds



Where we our rest shall gain, Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah!  
 And sweets that nev-er clay, Hal - le - lu - jah! etc.  
 Where God, our King, ap-pears, Hal - le - lu - jah! etc.



We are on our way to God.

- 4 There, in celestial strains,  
 Enraptur'd myriads sing;  
 There love in every bosom reigns,  
 For God Himself is King.  
 Hallelujah! etc.
- 5 We soon shall gain the throng,  
 Their pleasure we shall share,  
 And sing the everlasting song,  
 With all the ransomed there.  
 Hallelujah! etc.

Rev. FRANCIS POTT (1825—), 1861.

Sir ARTHUR SEYMOUR SULLIVAN (1842—), 1872.

1. An - gel voi - ces, ev - er sing - ing Round Thy throne of light— An - gel harps, for—  
 2. Thou, who art be - yond the far - thest Men - tal eye can scan, Can it be that

ev - er ring - ing, Rest not day nor night; Thou - sands on - ly live to bless Thee,  
 Thou re - gard - est, Songs of sin - ful man? Can we feel that Thou art near us,

And con - fess Thee, Lord of might!  
 And wilt hear us? Yea, we can. A - men.

3 Here, great God, to-day we offer  
 Of Thine own to Thee;  
 And for Thine acceptance proffer,  
 All unworthily,  
 Hearts and minds, and hands and voices,  
 In our choicest  
 Melody. Amen.

# TEN THOUSAND TIMES TEN THOUSAND.

103

Rev. HENRY ALFORD (1810—1871), 1866, alt.

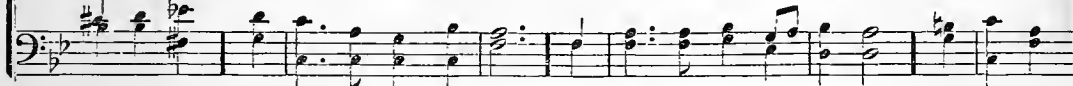
Rev. JOHN BACCHUS DYKES, Mus. Doc. (1823—1876).



1. Ten thou-sand times ten thou-sand In spark-ling rai-ment bright, The ar-mies of the  
2. What rush of Hal-le-lu-jahs Fills all the earth and sky; What ring-ing of a  
3. O then what rap-tured greet-ings On Ca-naan's happy shore; What knit-ting sev-ered



ransomed saints Throng up the steeps of light: 'Tis fin-ished, all is fin-ished, Their fight with  
thousand harps Be-speaks the tri-umph nigh. O day, for which cre-a-tion And all its  
friendships up, Where partings are no more. Then eyes with joy shall sparkle, That brimmed with



death and sin; Fling o-pen wide the gold-en gates, And let the vic-tors in.  
tribes were made; O joy, for all its for-mer woes A thousand fold re-paid.  
tears of late: Or-phans no long-er fa-ther-less, Nor wid-ows des-o-late. A-men.



From NEW HYMNARY, by permission.

MARY LESLIE.

OREN RIPLEY BARROWS, (1823—), 1875.

1. Gath-er-ing homeward from every land, Gathering one by one ; Pilgrims are joining the heavenly band,  
 2. Loved ones have gone to that distant shore, Gathering one by one ; Oth-ers are go-ing for - ev - er - more,  
 3. We, too, shall come to the riv-er-side, Gathering one by one ; Near-er its wa-ters each e-ven-tide,  
 4. Je-sus, Redeemer, be thou our stay! Gathering one by one ; Cross the dark riv-er with us, we pray,

Gathering one by one ; Each brow is enclosed in a golden crown, Their travel-stained robes are all laid down,  
 Gathering one by one ; Our sisters so gentle, our brothers so brave, The beau-ti-ful children o'er the wave,  
 Gathering one by one ; O Jesus, our fainting strength uphold, The waves of that river are dark and cold ;  
 Gathering one by one ; Then boldly we'll come to Jordan's side, And fear-lessly breast its swelling tide,

Gathering homeward from every land, Gathering one by one. Home, home,  
 Gathering homeward from every land, Gathering one by one. Gathering, gathering, gathering home,  
 Gathering homeward from every land, Gathering one by one.  
 Gathering homeward from every land, Gathering one by one.

REFRAIN.

From *BRIGHTEST AND BEST*, by permission.

*Rit.* Repeat ad lib. pp 2d ending.

sweet, sweet home, Home, home, sweet, sweet home.  
 Gathering homeward one by one; Gathering, gathering, gathering home, sweet, sweet home.

## ONWARD, CHRISTIAN!

HENRY KIRKE WHITE, (1785—1806), 1806, alt., 1825.

Arr. JOHN WILKES, 1861.

1. Oft in dan-ger, oft in woe, On-ward, Christian, on-ward go! Fight the fight, main-  
 2. On-ward, Christian, on-ward go! Join the war, and face the foe; Will you flee in

tain the strife, Strengthened with the bread of life.  
 dan-ger's hour? Know ye not your Cap-tain's power?

- 3 Let your drooping hearts be glad;  
 March, in heavenly armor clad;  
 Fight, nor think the battle long,  
 Vict'ry soon shall tune your song.
- 4 Onward, then, to battle move!  
 More than conq'rors you shall prove;  
 Though opposed by many a foe,  
 Christian soldiers, onward go!

From NEW HYMNARY, by permission.

## BURST, YE EMERALD GATES.

Adml. RICHARD KEMPENFELT, (1718—1782), 1777.

Unknown.

*FINE.*

1. { Burst, ye em'rald gates, and bring To my raptured vis - ion }  
 { All th' ec - stat - ic joys that spring Round the bright e - lys - ian. } Lo! we lift our longing eyes;  
 D. C. — Sun of righteousness, a - rise! Ope the gate of par-a - dise.

*D. C. 2*

break, ye in - ter - ven - ing skies!

2 Floods of everlasting light  
 Splendors pour before Him;  
 Myriads, with supreme delight,  
 Instantly adore Him;  
 Angel trumps resound His fame,  
 Lutes of lucid gold proclaim  
 All the music of His name,  
 Heaven echoing the theme.

3 High ascend the mingling throngs,  
 Filled with heavenly fire:  
 Raise, believers! raise your songs,  
 Join the sacred choir;  
 Soon in yonder faith-viewed plain,  
 Ye shall shout in rapturous strain,  
 Free from sin, and free from pain,  
 While eternal ages reign.

## LO! HE COMES.

Rev. CHARLES WESLEY, 1758.

JOSEPH EMERSON SWEETSER, (1825—1873), 1849.

1. Lo! He comes with clouds descending, Once for favored sin - ners slain: Thousand—thousand saints at -  
 2. Ev - ery eye shall now be - hold Him, Robed in dreadful maj - es - ty; Those who set at nought, and  
 3. Ev - every island, sea, and mountain, Heaven and earth shall flee a - way; All who hate Him, must, con -

From ROOT &amp; SWEETSER'S COLLECTION, by permission.



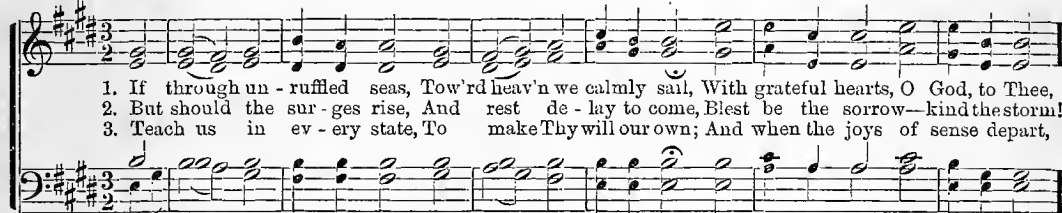


tend-ing, Swell the triumph of His train: Hal - le - lu - jah! Je - sus Christ shall ev - er reign!  
 sold Him, Pierc'd and nail'd Him to the tree, Deep - ly wail-ing, — Shall the great Mes - si - ah see.  
 found-ed, Hear the trump proclaim the day; Come to judg-ment:—Come to judg-ment,—come a-way.

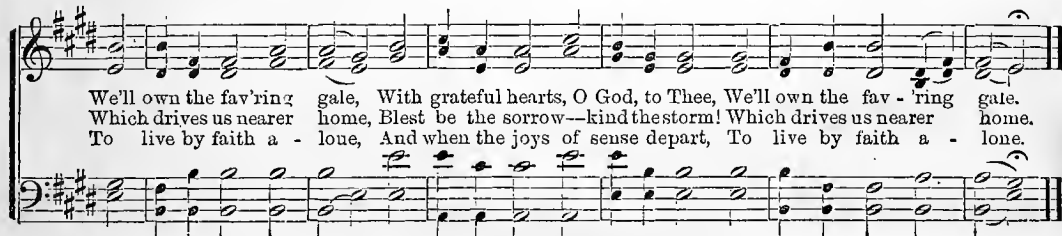
## IF THROUGH UNRUFFLED SEAS.

From Rev. AUGUSTUS MONTAGUE TOPLADY, (1740—1778), 1760.

Arr. by LOWELL MASON, Mus. Doc., (1792—1872), 1850.



1. If through un - ruffled seas, Tow'rd heav'n we calmly sail, With grateful hearts, O God, to Thee,  
 2. But should the sur - ges rise, And rest de - lay to come, Blest be the sorrow-kind the storm!  
 3. Teach us in ev - ery state, To make Thy will our own; And when the joys of sense depart,



We'll own the fav'ring gale, With grateful hearts, O God, to Thee, We'll own the fav - ring gale.  
 Which drives us nearer home, Blest be the sorrow—kind the storm! Which drives us nearer home.  
 To live by faith a - lone, And when the joys of sense depart, To live by faith a - lone.

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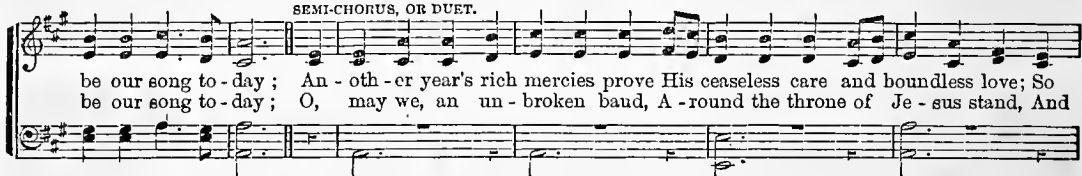
FANNY J. CROSBY. 1864.

FULL CHORUS. #



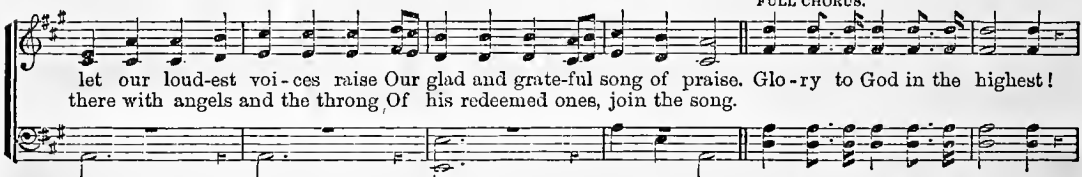
1. Glo-ry to God in the high-est! Glo-ry to God! Glo-ry to God! Glo-ry to God in the highest! Shall  
2. Glo-ry to God in the high-est! Glo-ry to God! Glo-ry to God! Glo-ry to God in the highest! Shall

SEMI-CHORUS, OR DUET.

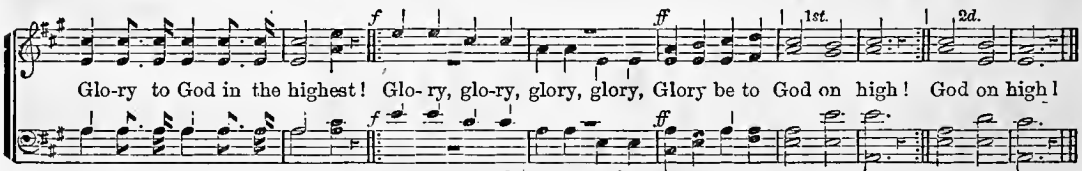


be our song to-day; An - oth - er year's rich mercies prove His ceaseless care and boundless love; So  
be our song to-day; O, may we, an un - broken baud, A - round the throne of Je - sus stand, And

FULL CHORUS.



let our loud-est voi-ces raise Our glad and grate-ful song of praise. Glo-ry to God in the highest!  
there with angels and the throng, Of his redeemed ones, join the song.



Glo-ry to God in the highest! Glo-ry, glo-ry, glory, glory, Glory be to God on high! God on high!

From NEW GOLDEN CENSER, by permission.

# HEAD OF THE CHURCH TRIUMPHANT.

111

CHARLES WESLEY, 1745.

From LUDWIG von BEETHOVEN.

1. Head of the Church tri-um - phant, We joy-ful - ly a - dore Thee; Till Thou ap-pear Thy
2. While in af - flic - tion's fur - nace, And pass-ing thro' the fire,.... Thy love we praise In
3. Thou dost con-duct Thy peo - ple Thro' tor-rents of temp - ta - tion; Nor will we fear, While
4. By faith we see the glo - ry To which Thou shalt re - store us; The world de-spise For

mem-bers here Shall sing like those in glo - ry: We lift our hearts and voi - ces With blest an-  
grate-ful lays, Which ev - er brings us nigh - er; We clap our hands ex - ult - ing In Thine al-  
Thou art near, The fire of trib - u - la - tion: The world, with sin and Sa - tan, In vain our  
that high prize Which Thou hast set be - fore us; And if Thou count us wor - thy, We each, as

ti - ci - pa - tion, And cry a-loud, And give to God The praise of our sal - va - tion.  
mighty fa - vor; Thy love di-vine That made us Thine Shall keep us Thine for - ev - er.  
march op-pos - es; By Thee we shall Break thro' them all Ere death our con-flict clos - es.  
dy-ing Ste - phen, Shall see Thee stand at God's right hand, To take us up to heav - en.

## TAKE UP THE CROSS.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

Rev. ROBERT LOWRY.

1. If my dis-ci - ple thou wouldst be, Take up the cross and follow me; Rough tho' the journey.  
 2. What if the world re-proach thy name? Take up the cross, despise the shame; Glo - ry in this, that  
 3. Bearing the cross in good or ill, Trusting the hand that guides thee still, Soon thou wilt reach the

strait the road, This is the way that leads to God; Free - ly I give myself for thee; Take up the  
 love di - vine Brings thee a ransom, makes thee mine; Think of the thorns I wore for thee; Take up the  
 gates of light, Soon will thy faith be chang'd to sight; There is a crown of life for thee; Take up the

## REFRAIN.

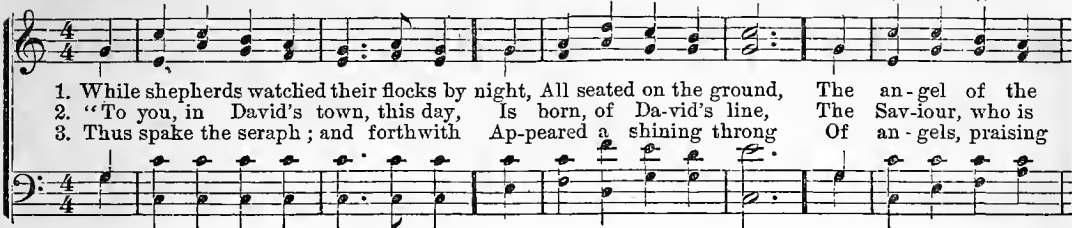
cross and fol - low me. Take up the cross, Take up the cross, Take up the cross and fol - low me.  
 cross and fol - low me.  
 cross and fol - low me.

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# WHILE SHEPHERDS WATCHED THEIR FLOCKS. 113

NAHUM TATE (1652—1715), 1700.

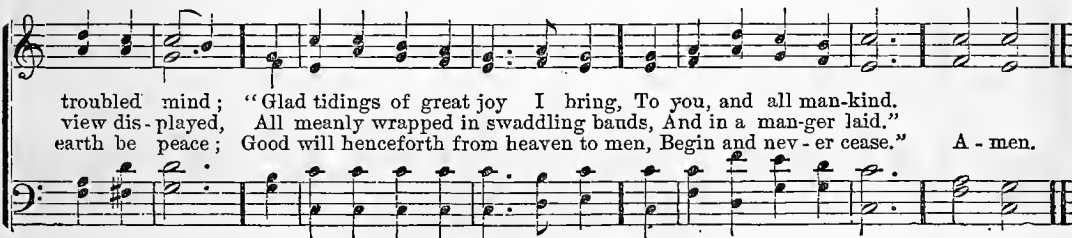
Arr. from ISAAC B. WOODBURY. (1819—1858), 1855.



1. While shepherds watched their flocks by night, All seated on the ground, The an-gel of the  
 2. "To you, in David's town, this day, Is born, of Da-vid's line, The Sav-iour, who is  
 3. Thus spake the seraph; and forthwith Ap-peared a shining throng Of an-gels, praising



Lord came down And glo-ry shone a-round. "Fear not," said he, for mighty dread Had seized their  
 Christ the Lord, And this shall be the sign: The heavenly babe you there shall find, To hu-man  
 God, and thus Addressed their joyful song: "All glo-ry be to God on high, And to the

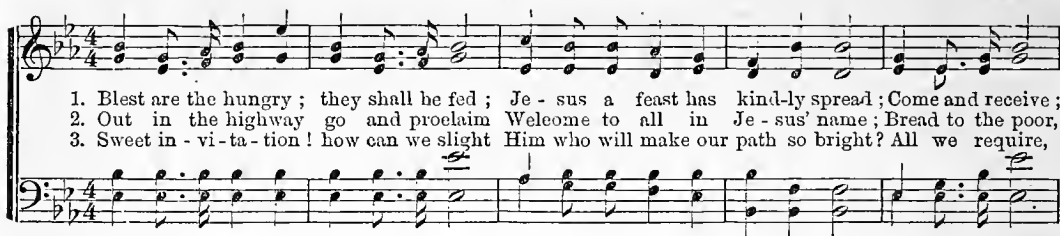


troubled mind; "Glad tidings of great joy I bring, To you, and all man-kind.  
 view dis-played, All meanly wrapped in swaddling bands, And in a man-ger laid."  
 earth be peace; Good will henceforth from heaven to men, Begin and nev-er cease." A-men.

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FANNY J. CROSBY, 1873.

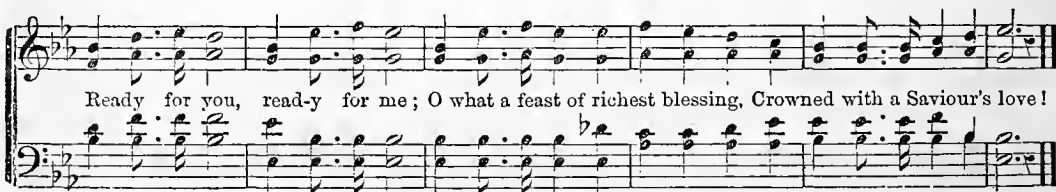
W. H. DOANE.



1. Blest are the hungry ; they shall be fed ; Je - sus a feast has kind-ly spread ; Come and receive ;  
 2. Out in the highway go and proclaim Welcome to all in Je - sus' name ; Bread to the poor,  
 3. Sweet in - vi - ta - tion ! how can we slight Him who will make our path so bright ? All we require,



REFRAIN.  
 on - ly believe ; Je - sus will free - ly, free-ly give. All things are ready ; come and see ;  
 bread ev - er more, Je - sus will free - ly, free-ly give.  
 all our de - sire, Je - sus will free - ly, free-ly give.



Ready for you, read-y for me ; O what a feast of richest blessing, Crowned with a Saviour's love !

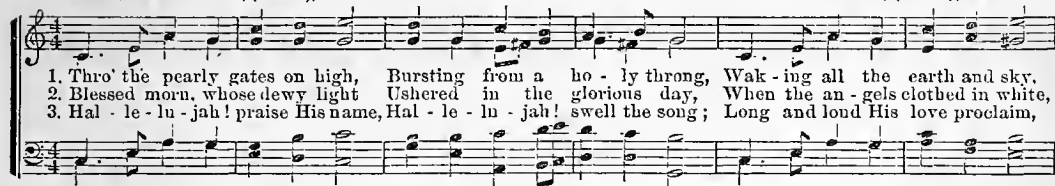
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# THROUGH THE PEARLY GATES ON HIGH.

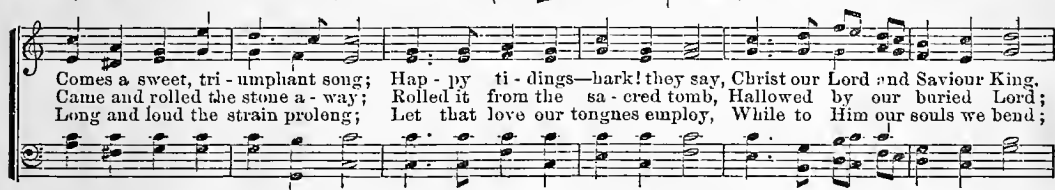
115

GRACE JANE FRANCES, (1823—), 1879.

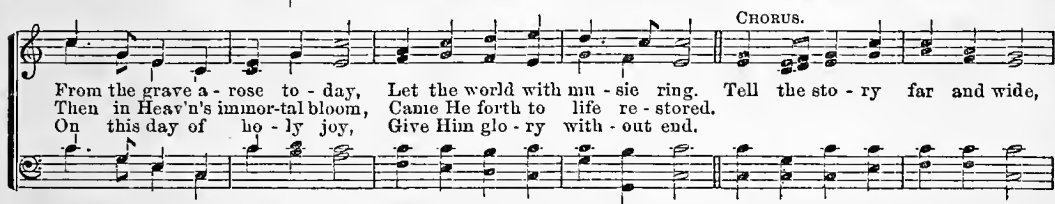
HUBERT P. MAIN, (1839—), 1880.



1. Thro' the pearly gates on high, Bursting from a ho - ly throng, Wak - ing all the earth and sky.  
 2. Blessed morn, whose dewy light Ushered in the glorious day, When the an - gels clothed in white,  
 3. Hal - le - lu - jah! praise His name, Hal - le - lu - jah! swell the song; Long and loud His love proclaim,

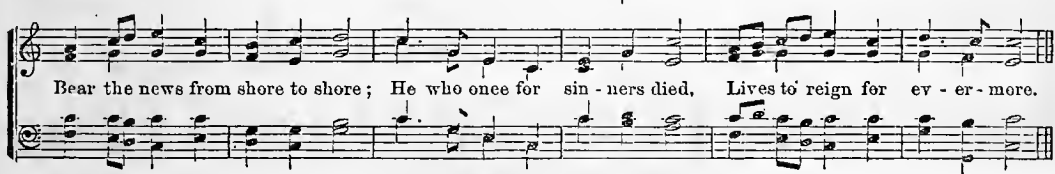


Comes a sweet, tri - umphant song; Hap - py ti - dings—hark! they say, Christ our Lord and Saviour King.  
 Came and rolled the stone a - way; Rolled it from the sa - cred tomb, Hallowed by our buried Lord;  
 Long and loud the strain prolong; Let that love our tongues employ, While to Him our souls we bend;



CHORUS.

From the grave a - rose to - day, Let the world with mu - sic ring. Tell the sto - ry far and wide,  
 Then in Heav'n's im - mor - tal bloom, Came He forth to life re - stored.  
 On this day of ho - ly joy, Give Him glo - ry with - out end.



Bear the news from shore to shore; He who once for sin - ners died, Lives to reign for ev - er - more.

From EASTER ANNUAL, No. 4, by permission.

ISAAC WATTS, 1719.

WM. B. BRADBURY, (1816-1868), 1858.

1. { Upward I lift mine eyes, From God is all my aid; }  
 { The God that built the skies, And earth and na - ture made: } God is the  
 tower to which I fly;..... His grace is nigh..... in ev - ery hour.

2 My feet shall never slide,  
 And fall in fatal snares,  
 Since God, my Guard and Guide,  
 Defends me from my fears.  
 Those wakeful eyes which never sleep,  
 Shall Israel keep when dangers rise.

3 Since Thon hast pledged Thy word  
 To save my soul from death,  
 Shall I not trust my Lord  
 To keep my mortal breath?  
 I'll go and come, nor fear to die,  
 Till from on high Thou call me home.

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JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER, (1808-).

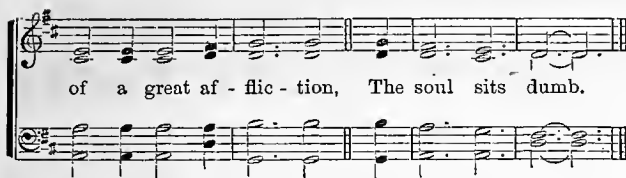
WHITTIER.

Unknown.

1. With si - lence on - ly as their ben - e - dic - tion, God's au - gels come, Where, in the sha - dow

*From PLYMOUTH COLLECTION, by permission.*



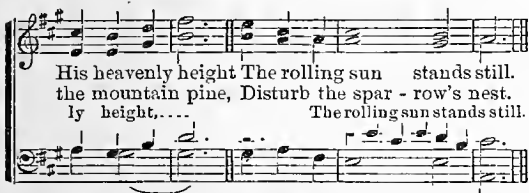
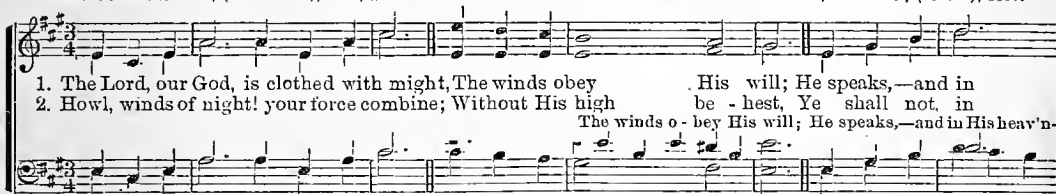


- 2 Yet would we say what every heart approveth  
Our Father's will,  
Calling to Him the dear ones whom He loveth,  
Is mercy still.
- 3 Not upon us or ours the solemn angel  
Hath evil wrought;  
The funeral anthem is a glad evangel;  
The good die not!

## THE LORD, OUR GOD.

HENRY KIRK WHITE, (1785—1806), 1806, alt.

GEORGE FREDERICK ROOT, Mus. Doc., (1820—), 1860.



- 3 His voice sublime is heard afar,  
In distant peals it dies;  
He yokes the whirlwind to His car,  
And sweeps the howling skies.
- 4 Ye nations! bend, in reverence bend;  
Ye monarchs! wait His nod,  
And bid the choral song ascend  
To celebrate our God.

## SPIRIT DIVINE.

- 1 Spirit Divine! attend our prayers,  
And make this house Thy home;  
Descend with all Thy gracious powers,  
Oh! come, great Spirit! come.
- 2 Come as the light; to us reveal  
Our emptiness and woe;  
And lead us in those paths of life  
Where all the righteous go.  
Come as the fire; and purge our hearts,  
Like sacrificial flame;  
Let our whole soul an offering be  
To our Redeemer's name.
- 4 Come as the dove; and spread Thy wings—  
The wings of peaceful love;  
And let Thy church on earth become  
Blest as the church above.

Rev. Andrew Reed, D. D. (1787—1862), 1829.

From THE DIAPASON, by permission.

# 118 GOD THAT MADEST EARTH AND HEAVEN.

HEBER & WHATELY.


EDWARD JOHN HOPKINS, (1818—), 1867.



1. God, that mad-est earth and heav-en, Dark-ness and light; Who the day for toil hast  
2. Guard us wak-ing, guard us sleep-ing, And when we die May we in Thy might-y



giv-en, For rest the night; May Thine An-gel-guards de-fend us, Slum-ber sweet Thy  
keep-ing All peace-ful lie. When the last dread call shall wake us, Do not Thou, our



mer-cy send us, Ho-ly dreams and hopes at-tend us, This live-long night.  
God, for-sake us, But to reigu in glo-ry take us, With Thee on high. A-men.

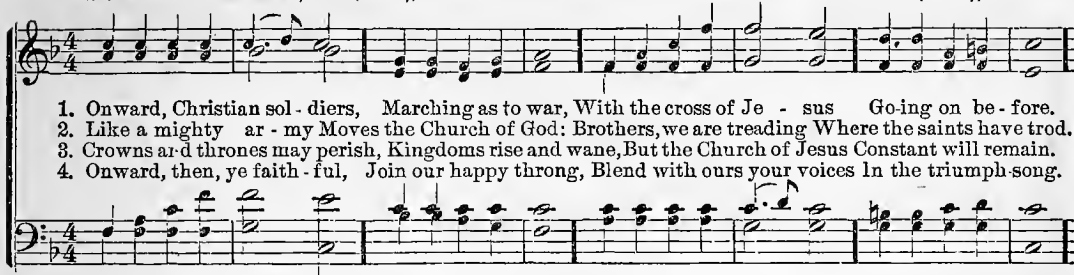
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# ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS.

119

Rev. SABINE BARING-GOULD, M.A. (1834—), 1865.

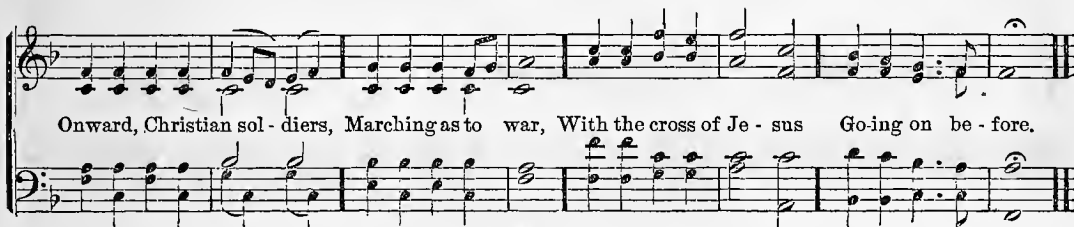
Sir ARTHUR SEYMOUR SULLIVAN (1842—), 1872.



1. Onward, Christian sol - diers, Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Going on be - fore.  
 2. Like a mighty ar - my Moves the Church of God: Brothers, we are treading Where the saints have trod.  
 3. Crowns and thrones may perish, Kingdoms rise and wane, But the Church of Jesus Constant will remain.  
 4. Onward, then, ye faith - ful, Join our happy throng, Blend with ours your voices In the triumph-song.



Christ, the Royal Mas - ter, Leads against the foe: Forward in - to bat - tle, See, His banners go.  
 We are not di - vid - ed, All one body we; One in hope, in doc - trine, One in char - i - ty.  
 Gates of hell can nev - er 'Gainst that Church prevail: We have Christ's own promise, And that cannot fail.  
 Glory, laud, and hon - or, Unto Christ the King: This, thro' countless a - ges, Men and Angels sing.



Onward, Christian sol - diers, Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Going on be - fore.

## I WAS A WANDERING SHEEP.

HORATIUS BONAR, D. D., (1808—), 1857.

THOMAS HASTINGS, Mus. Doc., (1784—1872), 1844.

1. I was a wandering sheep, I did not love the fold; I did not love my Shepherd's voice, I  
 2. I was a wayward child, I did not love my home; I did not love my Fa-ther's voice, I

would not be con-trolled, I would not be con-trolled.  
 loved a-far to roam. I loved a-far to roam.

3 Jesus my Shepherd is,—  
 'Twas He that loved my soul;  
 'Twas He that washed me in His blood,  
 'Twas He that made me whole:

4 'Twas He that sought the lost,  
 That found the wandering sheep:  
 'Twas He that brought me to the fold,  
 'Tis He that still doth keep.

SAMUEL STENNET, D. D., (1727—1795), 1787. 'TIS FINISHED!

VIRGIL CORYDON TAYLOR, (1817—), 1849.

1. "'Tis finished!"—so the Sav-our cried, And meekly bowed His head, and died; "'Tis finished!"—yes, the

race is run, The bat-tle fought, the vic-tory won.

2 "'Tis finished!" Heaven is reconciled,  
 And all the powers of darkness spoiled:  
 Peace, love, and happiness, again.  
 Return, and dwell with sinful men.

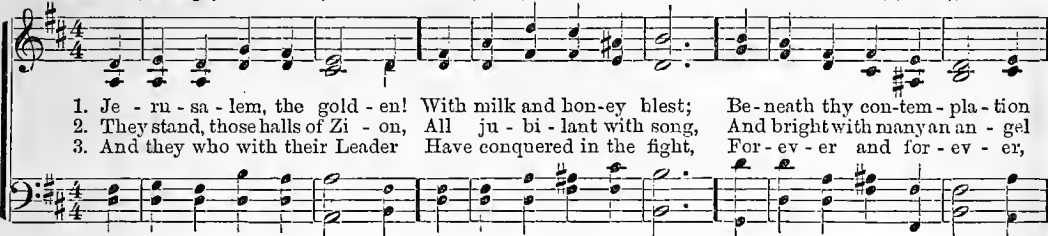
3 "'Tis finished!"—let the joyful sound  
 Be heard through all the nations round:  
 "'Tis finished!"—let the echo fly,  
 Thro' heaven and hell, thro' earth and sky.

# JERUSALEM, THE GOLDEN.

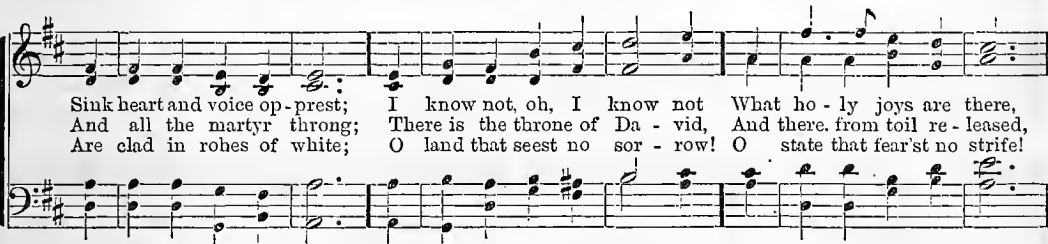
121

BERNARD, of Clugny, 1145. Tr. by Rev. J. M. NEALE, D. D., 1851.

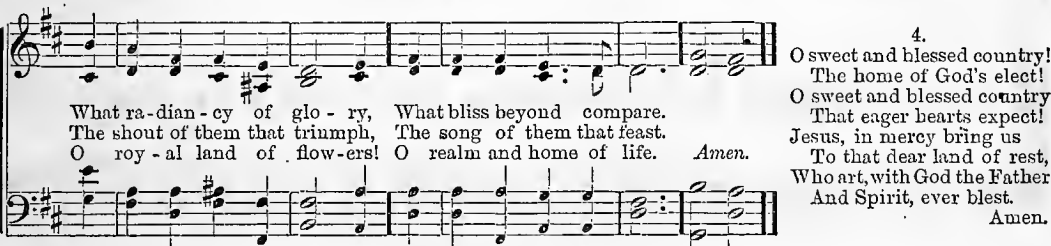
ALEXANDER EWING, (1830—), 1853.



1. Je - ru - sa - lem, the gold - en! With milk and hon - ey blest; Be - neath thy con - tem - pla - tion  
2. They stand, those halls of Zi - on, All ju - bi - lant with song, And bright with many an an - gel  
3. And they who with their Leader Have conquered in the fight, For - ev - er and for - ev - er,



Sink heart and voice op - prest; I know not, oh, I know not What ho - ly joys are there,  
And all the martyr throng; There is the throne of Da - vid, And there, from toil re - leased,  
Are clad in robes of white; O land that seest no sor - row! O state that fear'st no strife!



What ra - dian - cy of glo - ry, What bliss beyond compare.  
The shout of them that triumph, The song of them that feast.  
O roy - al land of flow - ers! O realm and home of life. Amen.

4.  
O sweet and blessed country!  
The home of God's elect!  
O sweet and blessed country  
That eager hearts expect!  
Jesus, in mercy bring us  
To that dear land of rest,  
Who art, with God the Father  
And Spirit, ever blest.  
Amen.

From NEW HYMNARY, by permission.

FANNY J. CROSBY, 1875.

Rev. ROBERT LOWRY.

1. So near to the kingdom! yet what dost thou lack? So near to the kingdom! what keepeth thee  
 2. So near that thou hearest the songs that re-sound From those who, be-liev-ing, a par-don have  
 3. O come, or thy sea-son of grace will be past, The door will be closed and this call be thy  
 4. To die with no hope! hast thou counted the cost? To die out of Christ, and thy soul to be

back? Renounce ev-ery i - dol, tho' dear it may be, And come to the Sav-iour now pleading with thee.  
 found! So near, yet un-will-ing to give up thy sin, When Je-sus is wait-ing to welcome thee in!  
 last; O where wouldst thou turn if the light should depart That comes from the Spirit, and shines on thy heart?  
 lost! So near to the kingdom! O come, we im-plore, While Jesus is pleading, come enter the door.

## REFRAIN.

Plead - - ing with thee,..... The Sav-iour is pleading, is pleading with thee.

Pleading with thee,

pleading with thee.

From BRIGHTEST AND BEST, by permission.

# STAR OF THE EAST.

123

Bishop REGINALD HEBER, (1783—1826), 1811.

WM. ALEXANDER BARRETT, Mus. Bac., Oxon.

1. Brightest and best of the sons of the morning, Dawn on our darkness, and lend us Thine aid !

Star of the East, the horizon a - dorn-ing, Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid. A - men.

2.

Cold on His cradle the dew-drops are shining  
Low lies His head with the beasts of the stall ;  
Angels adore Him, in slumber reclining,  
Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all.

3.

Say, shall we yield Him, in costly devotion,  
Odors of Edom, and offerings divine ?  
Gems from the mountain, and pearls from the ocean,  
Myrrh from the forest, or gold from the mine ?

4.

Vainly we offer each ample oblation,  
Vainly with gold would His favor secure :  
Richer, by far, is the heart's adoration ;  
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

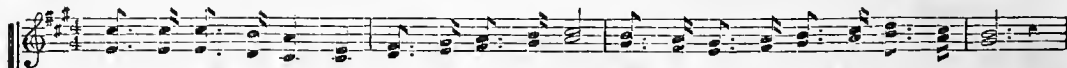
5.

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,  
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us Thine aid !  
Star of East, the horizon adorning,  
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.


*From NEW HYMNARY, by permission.*

FANNY J. CROSBY.

WM. B. BRADBURY, 1867.




1. Strike the harp of Zi - on, wake the tuneful lay; Bear the joy - ful tid - ings far a - way;  
 2. O - ver dis - tant re - gions veiled in error's night, See the ho - ly dawn of gos - pel light;  
 3. O, the joy - ful sto - ry, life to ev - ery soul! Like a mighty o - cean let it roll,




## CHORUS.



Lo! the morn is breaking, morn of purest love, Praise forev - er, praise to God above. Glory! glory!  
 See! the nations coming at the Saviour's call, Coming now to crown him Lord of all.  
 Bringing home the lost ones from the path of sin, Till the world shall all be gathered in.

hark! the angels sing, Glory! glory! hear the echo ring! Strike the harp of Zion, wake the tuneful lay;




Bear the joy - ful tid - ings far a - way. far a - way, Bear the joy - ful tid - ings far a - way.


From *BRIGHT JEWELS*, by permission.



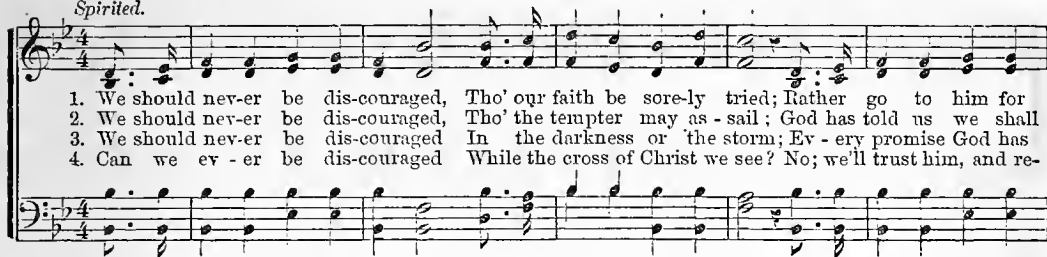
# WHEN WE ALL GET HOME TO GLORY.

125

FANNY. J. CROSBY, 1873.

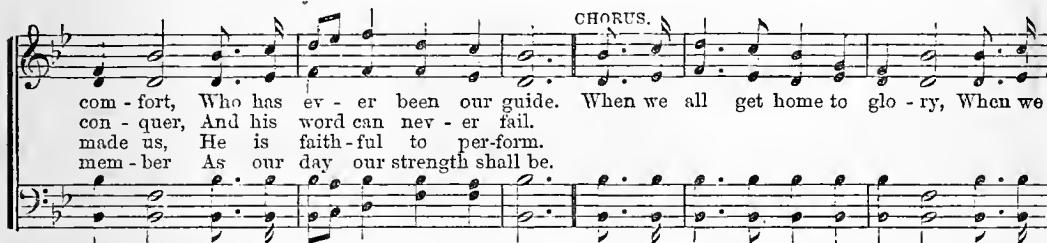
W. H. DOANE.

*Spirited.*

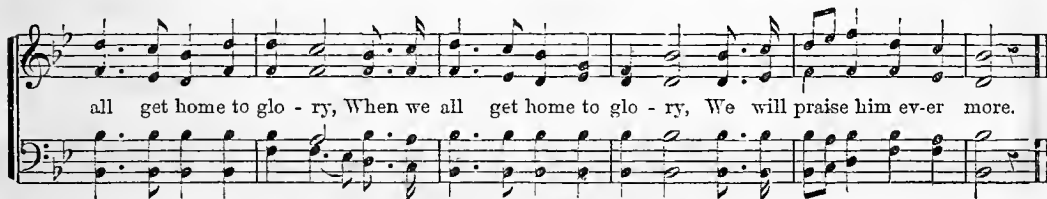


1. We should nev-er be dis-couraged, Tho' our faith be sore-ly tried; Rather go to him for  
 2. We should nev-er be dis-couraged, Tho' the tempter may as-sail; God has told us we shall  
 3. We should nev-er be dis-couraged In the darkness or the storm; Ev-ery promise God has  
 4. Can we ev-er be dis-couraged While the cross of Christ we see? No; we'll trust him, and re-

CHORUS.



com-fort, Who has ev-er been our guide. When we all get home to glo-ry, When we  
 con-quer, And his word can nev-er fail.  
 made us, He is faith-ful to per-form.  
 mem-ber As our day our strength shall be.



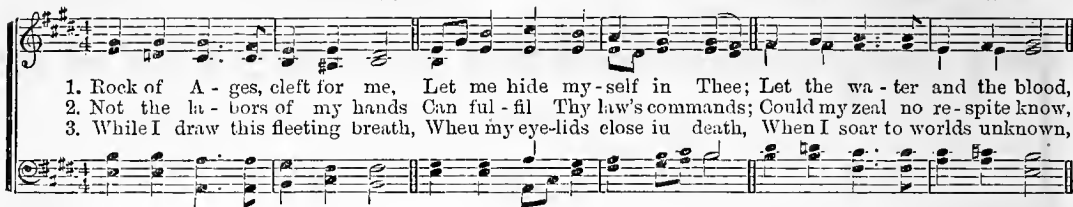
all get home to glo-ry, When we all get home to glo-ry, We will praise him ev-er more.

From ROYAL DIADEM, by permission.

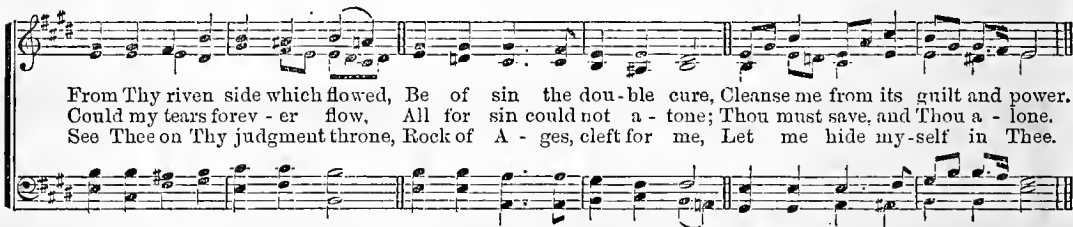
# ROCK OF AGES.

Rev. AUGUSTUS MONTAGUE TOPLADY, (1740—1778), 1776.

Rev. JOHN BACCHUS DYKES, Mus. Doc., (1823—1876), 1861.



1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in Thee; Let the wa - ter and the blood,  
 2. Not the lu - bors of my hands Can ful - fil Thy law's commands; Could my zeal no re - spite know,  
 3. While I draw this fleeting breath, When my eye-lids close in death, When I soar to worlds unknown,

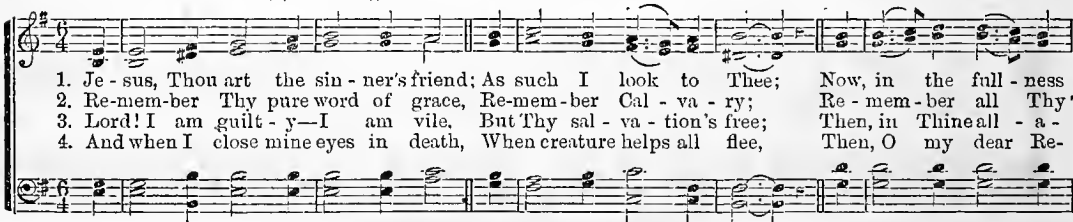


From Thy riven side which flowed, Be of sin the dou - ble cure, Cleanse me from its guilt and power.  
 Could my tears fore - er flow, All for sin could not a - tone; Thou must save, and Thou a - lone.  
 See Thee on Thy judgment throne, Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in Thee.

# TYNDAL.

Rev. RICHARD BURNHAM, (1749—1810), 1783.

Unknown.



1. Je - sus, Thou art the sin - ner's friend; As such I look to Thee; Now, in the full - ness  
 2. Re-mem - ber Thy pure word of grace, Re-mem - ber Cal - va - ry; Re - mem - ber all Thy  
 3. Lord! I am guilt - y—I am vile, But Thy sal - va - tion's free; Then, in Thine all - a -  
 4. And when I close mine eyes in death, When creature helps all flee, Then, O my dear Re-

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of Thy love, Now, in the full-ness of Thy love, O Lord! re-mem-ber me.  
dy-ing groans, Re-mem-ber all Thy dy-ing groans, And then re-mem-ber me.  
bounding grace, Then, in Thine all-a-bounding grace, Dear Lord, re-mem-ber me.  
deem-er God! Then, O my dear Re-deem-er God! I pray, re-mem-ber me.

GEER.

Rev. RAY PALMER, D. D., (1808—), 1858.

HENRY WELLINGTON GREATOREX, (1816—1858), 1849.



1. Je-sus! these eyes have nev-er seen That ra-diant form of Thine; The veil of sense hangs  
2. I see Thee not, I hear Thee not, Yet Thou art oft with me; And earth hath ne'er so



dark be-tween Thy bless-ed face and mine.  
dear a spot, As where I meet with Thee.

3 Yet, though I have not seen, and still  
Must rest in faith alone,  
I love Thee, dearest Lord!—and will,  
Unseen, but not unknown.

4 When death these mortal eyes shall seal,  
And still this throbbing heart,  
The rending veil shall Thee reveal,  
All-glorious as Thou art.

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ALBERT MIDLANE, (1825—), 1861.

WM. F. SHERWIN.

1. "Onward, upward, homeward!" hasti - ly I flee From this world of sorrow, with my Lord to be ;  
 2. "Onward, upward, homeward!" Here I find no rest; Treading o'er the desert which my Saviour pressed ;  
 3. "Onward, upward, homeward!" Come along with me ; Ye who love the Saviour, hear me company ;

Onward to the glo - ry, up-ward to the prize, Homeward to the mansions far a - bove the skies.  
 "Onward, upward, homeward!" I shall soon be there, Soon its joys and pleasures, I, thro' grace, shall share.  
 "Onward, upward, homeward!" press with vigor on ; Yet a lit - tle moment and the race is won.

REFRAIN.

Onward to the glo - ry, up-ward to the prize, Homeward to the mansions far a - bove the skies.

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# JESUS, MY SAVIOUR, ALL IN ALL.

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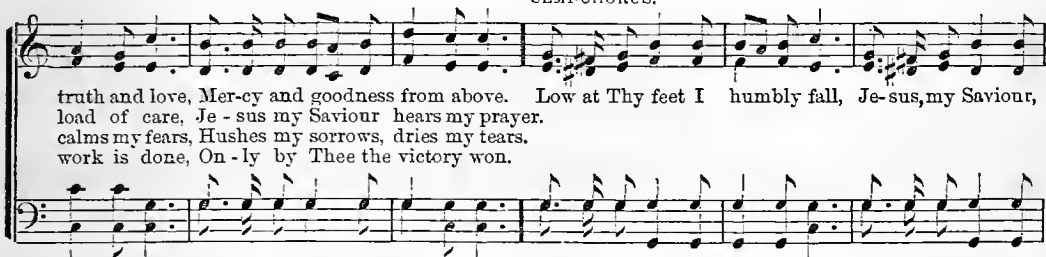
Rev. ALFRED TAYLOR.

Rev. ALFRED TAYLOR, (1831—).



1. Je - sus is all in all to me, Glo - ry and grace in Him I see; Wisdom and rich - es,  
 2. Je - sus is all in all to me, Un - to His arms of love I flee; Casting on Him my  
 3. Je - sus is all in all to me, Je - sus from sin can set me free; Je - sus it is who  
 4. Je - sus is all in all to me; Sav - iour, I look for life in Thee; On - ly by Thee the

## SEMI-CHORUS.



truth and love, Mer - cy and goodness from above. Low at Thy feet I humbly fall, Je - sus, my Saviour,  
 load of care, Je - sus my Saviour hears my prayer.  
 calms my fears, Hushes my sorrows, dries my tears.  
 work is done, On - ly by Thee the victory won.

## FULL CHORUS.



all in all. Glo - ry to Thee, O Lord of all, Je - sus, my Sav - iour, all in all.

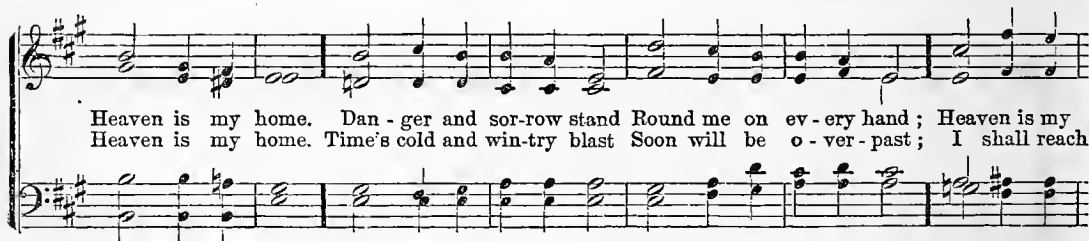
*From ROYAL DIADEM, by permission.*

Rev. THOS. RAWSON TAYLOR, alt. (1807-1835), 1835.

Sir ARTHUR SEYMOUR SULLIVAN (1842—), 1872.



1. I'm but a stran-ger here, Heaven is my home; Earth is a des-ert drear,  
2. What though the tem-pest rage, Heaven is my home; Short is my pil-grim-age,



Heaven is my home. Dan-ger and sor-row stand Round me on ev-ery hand; Heaven is my  
Heaven is my home. Time's cold and win-try blast Soon will be o-ver-past; I shall reach



fa-ther-land, Heaven is my home.  
home at last, Heaven is my home. A-men.

- 3 There at my Saviour's side,  
Heaven is my home;  
I shall be glorified,  
Heaven is my home.  
There are the good and blest,  
Those I loved most and best,  
There, too, I soon shall rest,  
Heaven is my home. Amen.

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# STRIKE! O STRIKE FOR VICTORY! W. H. DOANE. 131

Mrs. MARY ANN KIDDER, (1820—), 1868.

WILLIAM HOWARD DOANE, (1831—), 1868.

1. Strike! O strike for vic-t'ry Soldiers of the Lord, Hoping in His mer-cy, Trusting in His word;  
 2. Strike! O strike for vic-t'ry He-roles of the cross, Sac-ri-fic-ing pleasure, Glo-ry-ing in loss;  
 3. Hand to hand u-nit-ed, Heart to heart as one, Let us still keep marching Till our journey's done,

Lift the gos-pel bau-ner High a-bove the world; Let its folds of beau-ty Ev-er be un-furled.  
 Ev-er pressing on-ward, On-ward to the light, Till we reach the Jordan, With our home in sight.  
 Till we see the an-gels Come in glo-ry down, With the shining garments And the vic-tor's crown.

## CHORUS.

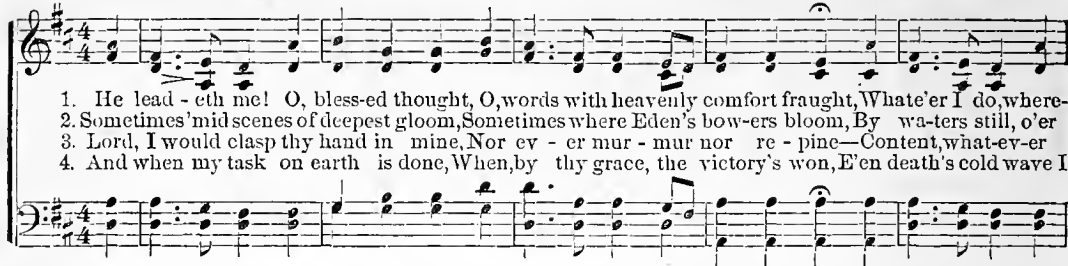
Strike! strike for Vic-t'ry, He-roles bold; Strike! till the Vic-t'ry You be-hold;

Strike! strike for Vic-t'ry, Ne'er give o'er; Rest then in glo-ry Ev-er more.

*From PURE GOLD, by permission.*

Prof. JOSEPH HENRY GILMORE, (1834—), 1861.

WM. B. BRADBURY, 1864.



1. He lead - eth me! O, bless-ed thought, O, words with heavenly comfort fraught, Whate'er I do, where-  
 2. Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom, Sometimes where Eden's bow-ers bloom, By wa-ters still, o'er  
 3. Lord, I would clasp thy hand in mine, Nor ev - er mur - mur nor re - pine—Content, what-ev-er  
 4. And when my task on earth is done, When, by thy grace, the victory's won, E'en death's cold wave I

## REFRAIN.



e'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that lead - eth me. He lead - eth me! He lead - eth me! By  
 troubled sea—Still 'tis his hand that lead - eth me.  
 lot I see, Since 'tis my God that lead - eth me.  
 will not flee, Since God thro' Jor - dan lead - eth me.



his own hand he lead-eth me; His faithful follower I would be, For by his hand he leadeth me.

From GOLDEN OENSER, by permission.



# GOD OF ETERNITY.

133

FANNY J. CROSBY.

Rev. ROBERT LOWRY.

*With dignity.*

1. God of E - ter - ni - ty, Au - thor of Time, Giv - er and Source of Life, Rul - er sub - lime, -  
 2. Wondrous in Maj - es - ty, Wis - dom and Might, Lo ! 'twas Thy voice that said, "Let there be light ;"  
 3. Thine is a per - fect law ; Thy word is pure ; Righteous are all Thy ways ; Thy judgments sure ;

Thou un - cre - at - ed Lord, Ancient of Days, Glorious in ho - li - ness, Fear - ful in praise, -  
 Vast realms and numberless, Lord, are Thy own ; Na - tions and scep - tered kings Bow at thy throne ;  
 Mer - cy and Truth a - bide Ev - er with Thee ; Love like a riv - er flows, Deep as the sea ;

High o - ver all Thy works, Blest ev - er - more, God of the U - niverse, Thee we a - dore.

From ROYAL DIADEM, by permission.

## MY TIMES ARE IN THY HAND.

WM. FREEMAN LLOYD, (1791-1853), 1835.

ALEXANDER ERNST FESCA, (1820-1849).

1. "My times are in Thy hand;" My God! I wish them there: My life, my soul, my  
 2. "My times are in Thy hand," What - ev - er they may be; Pleas - ing or pain - ful.

all, I leave En - tire - ly to Thy care.  
 dark or bright, As best may seem to Thee.

- 3 "My times are in Thy hand."  
 Why should I doubt or fear?  
 My Father's hand will never cause  
 His child a needless tear.
- 4 "My times are in Thy hand;"  
 I'll always trust in Thee;  
 Till I possess the promised land,  
 And all Thy glory see.

## SING ISRAEL! FOR THE LORD YOUR STRENGTH.

Rev. MELANCTHON WOOLSEY STRYKER, (1851-), 1878.

GEORGE KINGSLEY, (1811-), 1838.

1. Sing, Is - rael! for the Lord, your strength, Hath triumphed glo - rious - ly, Rid - er and

horse your fa - ther's God Hath thrown in - to the sea, Hath thrown in - to the sea.

- 2 The floods were parted at Thy word,  
The waters upright stood,  
And through those depths as by dry land,  
Thy ransomed millions trod.
- 3 Foes with hot haste, and clamored wrath,  
Outstretched their angry hands;  
But from His fists the watching God  
Flung forth the gathered winds.
- 4 The mighty waters came again,  
And down they sank as stone!  
Thou—holy, fearful, wondrous Lord—  
Art God!—and Thou alone.

- 5 Nations that hear shall fear and dread  
The greatness of Thine arm,  
And shall be still, till Israel pass  
Secure from threatened harm.
- 6 Till all Thy purchased people pass  
Up to Thy citadel,  
The sure inheritance, O Lord!  
Where saints in light shall dwell.
- 7 There as with voice of many seas,  
Shall Israel sing again,  
The Lord who triumphs gloriously,—  
Who evermore shall reign.

## THINE EARTHLY SABBATHS.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE, D. D. (1702—1751), 1755.

LOUIS SPOHR, (1784—1859).

1. Thine earth-ly Sabbaths, Lord, we love, But there's a no - bler rest a - bove;  
2. No more fa - tigue, no more dis-tress, Nor sin nor death shall reach the place;  
3. No rude a - larms of rag - ing foes; No cares to break the long re - pose;  
4. O long ex - pect - ed day be - gin! Dawn on this world of woe and sin;

To that our long - ing souls as - pire, With cheer - ful hope and strong de - sire.  
No groans shall min - gle with the songs Which war - ble from im - mor - tal tongues.  
No mid - night shade, no cloud - ed sun, But sa - cred, high, e - ter - nal noon.  
Fain would we leave this wea - ry road, To sleep in death, and rest in God.

J. HALL

WM. B. BRADBURY, 1861.

*With gentleness.*

1. A beau-ti-ful land by faith I see, A land of rest from sorrow free, The home of the ransomed,  
 2. That beau-ti-ful land, the City of Light, It ne'er has known the shades of night; The glory of God, the  
 3. In vi-sion I see its streets of gold, Its beau-ti-ful gates 1, too, behold The riv-er of life, the  
 4. The heav'nly throng array'd in white, In rapture range the plains of light; And in one har-mo-nious

CHORUS.

bright and fair, And beau-ti-ful an-gels too, are there. Will you go? Will you go?  
 light of day Hath driv-en the dark-ness far a-way. Will you go? etc.  
 crys-tal sea. The health-giving fruit of life's fair tree. Will you go? etc.  
 choir they praise Their glo-ri-ous Sav-iour's matchless grace. Will you go? etc.

Go to that beau-ti-ful land with me? Will you go? Will you go? Go to that beau-ti-ful land?

*From GOLDEN CHAIN, by permission.*

# HALLELUJAH!

137

Re-translated by Rev. Dr. HENRY ALFORD.

Arr. by J. BARNBY, 1869.

1. Let us all in ..... | con - cert sing Hal - le - lu - jah! Let the people..... |  
 2. Sing, ye choirs a - - | bove the skies, Hal - le - lu - jah! Harp, ye blessed.... |

echo - ing ring, Praising the E - - | ter - nal King, Hal - le - lu - jah! |  
 com - pa - nies, Through the fields of Pa - ra - dise, Hal - le - lu - jah! |

- 3 Sound, ye glittering | stars of light, Hallelujah!  
 Clouds in course, and | birds in flight,  
 Thunders deep, and | lightnings bright, Hallelujah!
- 4 Floods and billows, | snow and shower, Hallelujah!  
 Skies that glow, and | storms that lower,  
 Frost and sunbeam, | tree and flower, Hallelujah!
- 5 Beasts of earth, make | answer deep, Hallelujah!  
 Shout forth every | mountain steep,  
 And ye vales be- | neath that sleep, Hallelujah!
- 6 Cry, thou ocean, | jubilant, Hallelujah!  
 Every isle and | continent,  
 Echo onward | resonant, Hallelujah!

- 7 Let the sons of | men upraise, Hallelujah!  
 Joining with ex- | ultant lays,  
 In the great Cre- | ator's praise, Hallelujah!
- 8 This the strain the | Father loves, Hallelujah!  
 As its chorus | round Him moves,  
 This, which Christ Him- | self approves, Hallelujah!
- 9 Therefore, brethren, | sing with joy, Hallelujah!  
 Ever in your | glad employ,  
 Answer, every | maid and boy, Hallelujah!
- 10 Now by all be | honor done, Hallelujah!  
 To the Father | and the Son,  
 And the Spirit, | Three in One. Hallelujah!

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## FIERCE WAS THE BILLOW WILD.

A. NATOLIUS, tr. by J. M. NEALE, 1862.1862.

Arr. from G. ROSSINI, (1792—1868).

1. Fierce was the bil - low wild, Dark was the night, Oars labored heav - i - ly, Foam glimmered white;  
 2. Ridge of the mountain wave, Low - er thy crest! Wail of Eu - ro - cly-don, Be thou at rest!  
 3. Je - sus, De - liv - er - er, Come Thou to me: Soothe Thou my voyaging O - ver life's sea;

Trembled the mar - i - ners, Per - il was high; Then said the God of God, "Peace! it is I!"  
 Sor - row can nev - er be, Darkness must fly, Where saith the Light of Light, "Peace! it is I!"  
 Thou, when the storm of death Roars, sweeping by, Whisper, Thou Truth of Truth, "Peace! it is I!"

*Rall.*

## COME UNTO ME. Chant.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT, 1841.

WM. B. BRADBURY, 1853.

1. With tearful eyes I look around, Life seems a dark and | stormy | sea; || Yet 'midst the gloom I hear a sound, a heavenly | whisper, | Come to | Me.  
 2. It tells me of a place of rest—It tells me where my | soul may | flee; || Oh, to the weary, faint, opprest, how sweet the | bidding, | Come to | Me.  
 3. When nature shudders, loth to part From all I love, en- | joy, and | see, || When a faint chill steals o'er my heart, a sweet voice | utters, | Come to | Me.  
 4. Come, for all else must faint and die, Earth is no resting | place for | thee; || Heavenward direct thy weeping eye, I am thy | portion, | Come to | Me.  
 5. O voice of mercy! voice of love! In conflict, grief, and | ag-o- | ny, || Support me, cheer me from above! and gently | whisper, | Come to | Me.

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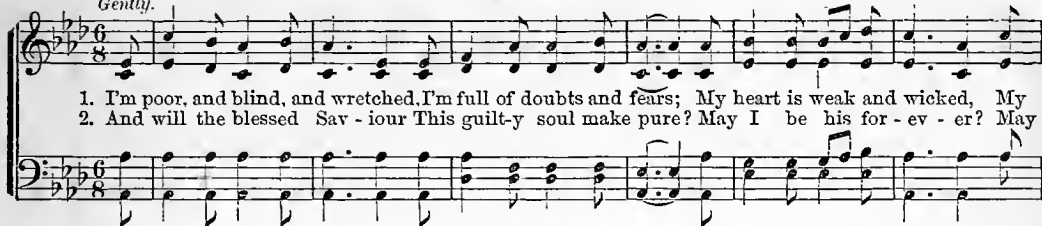
# OH, COME AT ONCE TO JESUS.

139

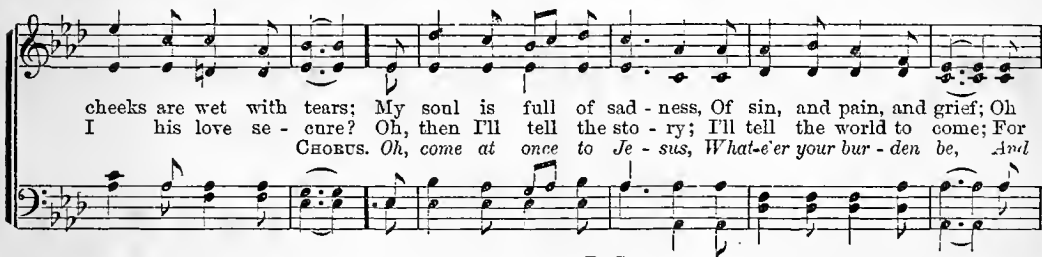
Rev. ARCHIBALD KENYON, (1813—), 1872.

Rev. ROBERT LOWRY.

*Gently.*

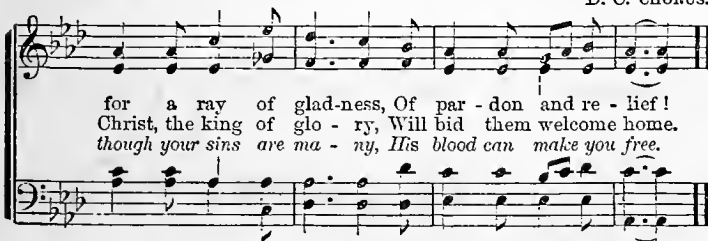


1. I'm poor, and blind, and wretched, I'm full of doubts and fears; My heart is weak and wicked, My  
2. And will the blessed Sav - iour This guilt-y soul make pure? May I be his for - ev - er? May



cheeks are wet with tears; My soul is full of sad - ness, Of sin, and pain, and grief; Oh  
I his love se - cure? Oh, then I'll tell the sto - ry; I'll tell the world to come; For  
CHORUS. Oh, come at once to Je - sus, What - e - er your bur - den be, And

D. C. CHORUS.



for a ray of glad - ness, Of par - don and re - lief!  
Christ, the king of glo - ry, Will bid them welcome home.  
though your sins are ma - ny, His blood can make you free.

DOXOLOGY.

To Father, Son, and Spirit,  
Eternal praise be given,  
By all that earth inherit,  
And all that dwell in heaven.  
Thou triune God! before thee  
Our inmost souls adore:  
For thou alone art worthy,  
And shall be ever more.

From ROYAL DIADEM, by permission.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.

1. We are hun - gry; Lord, behold us; Hear, O hear thy children cry; Give us bread our souls to  
 2. We are hun - gry; thou hast promised We shall ev - er more be fed; Thou dost say to those that  
 3. We are hun - gry; thou hast taught us If we ask it shall be given; Grant us bread that will not  
 4. We are hun - gry; yet in Je - sus We may find a plenteous store; Him, the bread of life e -

## REFRAIN.

nour - ish; Give us man - na from on high. Heavenly Bread, O Father, give us; Heav'nly  
 trust thee: I will give you Liv - ing Bread.  
 per - ish—Bread that com - eth down from heaven.  
 ter - nal, Give, O give us ev - er - more.

Bread—for this we pray—Heav'ly Bread our souls to nourish, Hour by hour and day by day.

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# JESUS' NAME.

141

FAUNY. J. CROSBY.

Rev. ROBERT LOWRY.

1. There is a Name of sweeter sound Than e'er in earth or heav'n is found. That spreads the balm of  
 2. In time of sickness, care, and woe, There is a Voice that whispers low, That bids our tears for -  
 3. There is a Hope se - rene-ly bright, That comes to earth with pinions white, And makes the darkest

peace around—The bless - ed Name is Je - sus ; There is a Friend whose eye surveys Our  
 get to flow—It is the Voice of Je - sus ; There is a Love whose truth shall last Un -  
 mo - ment light—The Hope of rest with Je - sus ; There is a Home of endless spring, Where

varied wants, our clouded ways, Who crowns with mercy all our days—That faithful Friend is Je - sus.  
 chang'd when time itself is past, Where not a shade of fear is cast—The precious Love of Je - sus.  
 saints and angels ev - er sing; And thither now we spread our wing—It is the Home of Je - sus.

From ROYAL DIADEM, by permission.

## O SACRED HEAD NOW WOUNDED

Tr. JAMES W. ALEXANDER, D. D., (1804—1859), 1830.

HANS GEORGE HASSLER, (1564—1612), 1601.

1. { O sa-cred Head now wounded, With grief and shame weigh'd down, }  
 { Now scorn-ful-ly sur-round-ed With thorns, Thine on-ly crown; } O sa-cred Head, what glo-ry

What bliss, till now, was Thine! Yet, tho' de-spised and go-ry, I joy to call Thee mine.

2 What Thou, my Lord, hast suffer'd  
 Was all for sinners' gain:  
 Mine, mine was the transgression,  
 But Thine the deadly pain:  
 Lo, here I fall, my Saviour!  
 'Tis I deserve Thy place;  
 Look on me with Thy favor,  
 Vouchsafe to me Thy grace.

3 The joy can ne'er be spoken,  
 Above all joys beside,  
 When in Thy body broken  
 I thus with safety hide:  
 My Lord of Life, desiring  
 Thy glory now to see;

Beside Thy cross expiring,  
 I'd breathe my soul to Thee.

4 What language shall I borrow,  
 To praise Thee, heav'nly Friend:  
 For this, Thy dying sorrow,  
 Thy pity without end?  
 O make me Thine forever,  
 And should I fainting be,  
 Lord, let me never, never  
 Outlive my love to Thee!

5 And when I am departing,  
 O part not Thou from me!

*From NEW HYMNARY, by permission.*

When mortal pangs are darting,  
 Come, Lord, and set me free!  
 And when my heart must languish  
 Amidst the final throes,  
 Release me from mine anguish,  
 By Thine own pain and woe!

6 Be near when I am dying,  
 O show Thy cross to me!  
 And for my succor flying,  
 Come, Lord, and set me free!  
 These eyes, new faith receiving,  
 From Jesus shall not move;  
 For he who dies believing,  
 Dies safely, through Thy love.

# OUR GOD STANDS FIRM.

143

MARTIN LUTHER, D. D., (1483-1546), 1529.

German Chorale, 1529.

1. Our God stands firm, a rock and tow'r, A shield when danger press - es; A read-y help in
2. Our strength is weakness in the fight; Our cour-age soon de - fec - tion; But comes a War-rior,
3. Then Lord, a - rise! lift up Thine arm! With mighty suc - cor stay us! Oh! turn a - side the

ev - 'ry hour When doubt or pain dis - tress - es! For our ma - lig - nant foe Unswerving aims his  
 elad in might, A Prince of God's e - lec - tion' Who is this wondrous Chief, That brings this glad re -  
 dead - ly harm, When Sa - tan would be - tray us; That, rescued by Thy hand, In triumph we may

blow; His fear - ful arms the while, Dark pow'r and dark - er guile; His hid - den craft is match - less,  
 lief? The field of bat - tle boasts Christ Je - sus, Lord of Hosts, Still conq'ring and to con - quer!  
 stand, And round Thy foot-stool crowd, In joy to sing a - loud High praise to our Re - deem - er.

HORATICS BONAR, D. D., (1808—).

WM. B. BRADBURY, 1862.

1. Be - yond the smiling and the weep - ing, I shall be soon; Be - yond the waking and the sleep - ing, Be -  
 2. Be - yond the ris - ing and the set - ting, I shall be soon; Be - yond the calm - ing and the fret - ting, Be -  
 3. Be - yond the part - ing and the meet - ing, I shall be soon; Be - yond the fare - well and the greet - ing, Be -  
 4. Be - yond the frost - chain and the fe - ver, I shall be soon; Be - yond the rock - waste and the riv - er, Be -

yond the sowing and the reaping, I shall be soon. Love, rest, and home! Sweet, sweet home! O how sweet it will be  
 yond remembering and forgetting, I shall be soon. Love, rest, &c.  
 yond the pulse's fe - ver beat - ing, I shall be soon. Love, rest, &c.  
 yond the ev - er and the nev - er, I shall be soon. Love, rest, &c.

there to meet The dear ones all at home. O how sweet it will be there to meet The dear ones all at home.

From NEW GOLDEN SHOWER, by permission.

# THERE IS A HAPPY LAND.


143

ANDREW YOUNG, (1897—), 1838.

SAMUEL SEBASTIAN WESLEY, Mas. Doc., (1810—1876), 1864.



1. There is a hap - py land, Far, far a - way, Where saints in glo - ry stand,  
2. Come to that hap - py land, Come, come a - way; Why will ye doubt - ing stand!



Bright, bright as day. Oh, how they sweet - ly sing, Wor - thy is our Sav - iour King,  
Why still de - lay! Oh, we shall hap - py be, When, from sin and sor - row free,



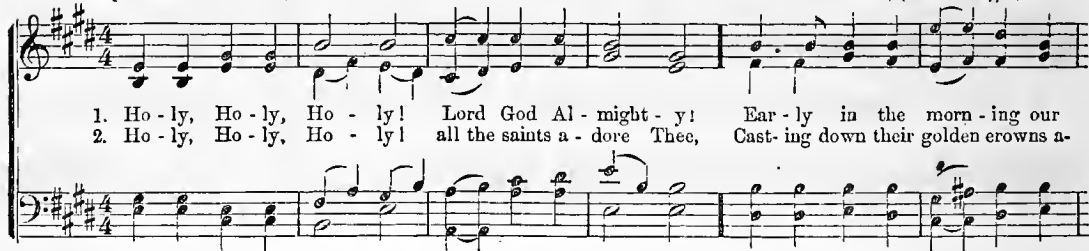
Loud let His prais - es ring, Praise, praise for aye!  
Lord, we shall live with Thee, Blest, blest for aye!

3 Bright, in that happy land,  
Beams every eye;  
Kept by a Father's hand,  
Love cannot die.  
Oh, then to glory run,  
Be a crown and Kingdom won;  
And bright above the sun,  
We reign for aye.

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Bishop RIGINALD HEBER, (1783—1826), 1823.

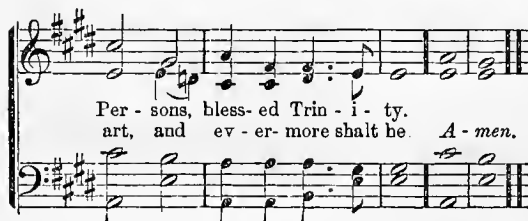
Rev. J. B. DYKES, (1823—1876), 1861.



1. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! Lord God Al - might - y! Ear - ly in the morn - ing our  
2. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! all the saints a - dore Thee, Cast - ing down their golden crowns a -



song shall rise to Thee; Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! Mer - ci - ful and Might - y! God in Three  
round the glas - sy sea; Che - ru - bim and Ser - aphim fall - ing down be - fore Thee, Which wert, and



Per - sons, bless - ed Trin - i - ty.  
art, and ev - er - more shalt be. A - men.

3 Holy, Holy, Holy! though the darkness hide Thee,  
Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory may not see,  
Only Thou art Holy, there is none beside Thee  
Perfect in pow'r, in love, and purity.

4 Holy, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty!  
All Thy works shall praise Thy Name in earth, and  
sky, and sea;  
Holy, Holy, Holy! Merciful and Mighty!  
God in Three Persons, blessed Trinity! Amen.

## O COME, ALL YE FAITHFUL.

147

Rev. FREDERICK OAKELEY, (1808—1880), 1841. JOHN READING, 1680.

Arr. by EDW. J. HOPKINS.

1. O come, all ye faith-ful, Joy-ful-ly tri-umphant, To Beth-le-hem hasten now with glad ac-cord;  
2. Tho' true God of true God, Light of Light e-ter-nal, Our low-ly na-ture He hath not ab-horr'd:

Lol in a man-ger Sits the King of an-gels; O come, let us a-dore Him, O come, let us a-Son of the Fa-ther, Not made, but be-got-ten: O come, &c.

dore Him, O come, let us a-dore Him, Christ the Lord.

3 Raise, raise, choirs of angels!  
Songs of loudest triumph,  
Through heaven's high arches be your praises  
Now to our God be [pour'd;  
Glory in the highest; O come, &c.

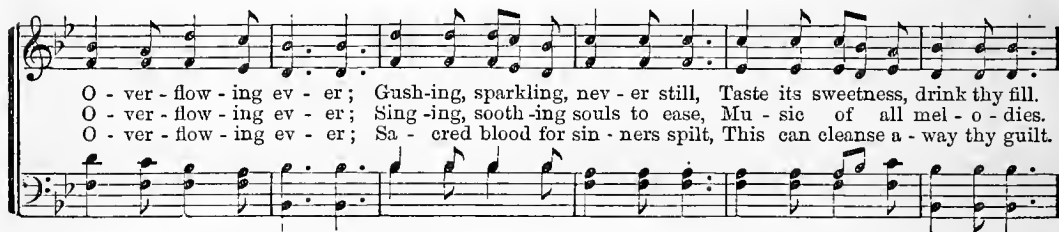
4 Amen! Lord, we bless Thee,  
Born for our salvation,  
O Jesus! forever be Thy Name ador'd;  
Word of the Father,  
Late in flesh appearing: O come, &c.

Mrs. ELLEN FRENCH COLBURN HUSTED.

Rev. ROBERT LOWRY.



1. Lo! a fount-ain full and free, O - ver-flow - ing ev - er; Fainting heart, it is for thee,  
 2. List the mur-mur that it speaks, O - ver-flow - ing ev - er; On the soul in song it breaks,  
 3. Bless-ed fount! the pur - est known, O - ver-flow - ing ev - er; Stream of life from out God's throne,



O - ver - flow - ing ev - er; Gush-ing, sparkling, nev - er still, Taste its sweetness, drink thy fill.  
 O - ver - flow - ing ev - er; Sing-ing, sooth-ing souls to ease, Mu - sic of all mel - o - dies.  
 O - ver - flow - ing ev - er; Sa - cred blood for sin - ners spilt, This can cleanse a - way thy guilt.

## REFRAIN.



O - ver - flow - ing, o - verflow-ing ev - er, O - ver - flow - ing, Flowing now for thee.

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# SAFE HOME IN PORT.

149

Tr. Rev. JOHN MASON NEALE (1813—1866), 1862.

Sir ARTHUR SEYMOUR SULLIVAN (1842—), 1872.

1. Safe home, safe home in port ! Rent cordage, shattered deck, Torn sails, provisions short, And on - ly

not a wreck :—But, oh ! the joy upon the shore To tell our voyage pe - rils o'er ! A - men.

2 The prize, the prize secure !  
The wrestler nearly fell ;  
Bare all he could endure,  
And bare not always well :  
But he may smile at troubles gone  
Who sets the victor-garland on !

3 No more the foe can harm !  
No more of leaguered camp,  
And cry of night alarm,  
And need of ready lamp :—  
And yet how nearly had he failed—  
How nearly had that foe prevailed !

4 The lamb is in the fold,  
In perfect safety penned,  
The lion once had hold,  
And thought to make an end :—  
But One came by with wounded Side,  
And for the sheep the Shepherd died

5 The exile is at home !  
Oh, nights and days of tears !  
Oh, longings not to roam !  
Oh, sins and doubts and fears !  
What matters now grief's darkest day,  
When God has wiped all tears away ? Amen.

CHARLES WESLEY, M. A., (1708—1788), 1740.

Rev. JOHN B. DYKES, Mus. Doc., (1833—1876).

1. Je-sus! Lov-er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo-som fly, While the wa-ters near-er roll,  
d. s. Safe in - to the ha-ven guide;

*Fine.* *D. S.*

While the tempest still is high; Hide me, O my Saviour! hide, Till the storm of life is past;  
O receive my soul at last!

2.

Other refuge have I none;  
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;  
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,  
Still support and comfort me!  
All my trust on Thee is stayed,  
All my help from Thee I bring;  
Cover my defenceless head  
With the shadow of Thy wing.

3.

Thou, O Christ! art all I want;  
More than all in Thee I find;  
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,  
Heal the sick and lead the blind.  
Just and holy is Thy Name,  
I am all unrighteousness;  
Vile and full of sin I am,  
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4.

Plenteous grace with Thee is found,  
Grace to cover all my sin;  
Let the healing streams abound,  
Make and keep me pure within;  
Thou of Life the Fountain art:  
Freely let me take of Thee:  
Spring Thou up within my heart,  
Rise to all eternity.

# COME, YE FAITHFUL.

151

Rev. JOHN MASON NEALE, D.D.

Sir ARTHUR SEYMOUR SULLIVAN (1842—), 1872.

1. Come, ye faith-ful, raise the strain Of tri-umph ant glad-ness! God hath brought His  
 2. 'Tis the spring of souls to-day: Christ hath burst His pris-on, From the frost and  
 3. Now the queen of sea-sous, bright With the day of splen-dor, With the roy-al

Is-ra-el In-to joy from sad-ness ~Loosed from Pharoah's bitter yoke Ja-cob's  
 gloom of death Light and life have ris-en. All the win-ter of our sins, Long and  
 feast of feasts, Comes its joy to ren-der; Comes to glad Je-ru-sa-lem, Who with

sons and daughters,— Led them with unmoistened feet Thro' the Red Sea wa-ters.  
 dark, is fly-ing From His face to whom we give Thanks and praise undy-ing.  
 true af-fec-tion Welcomes in un-wearied strains Je-sus' Re-sur-rec-tion. A-men.

## LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT.

Rev. JOHN HENRY NEWMAN, (1801—), 1833.

UZZIAH C. BURNAP, (1834—), 1869.

1. Lead, kindly Light, a - mid th' encircling gloom, Lead Thou me on; The night is dark and I am far from home;  
 2. I was not ev - er thus, nor prayed that Thou Shouldst lead me on; I loved to choose and see my path; but now  
 3. So long Thy power has blessed me, sure it still Will lead me on O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till

Lead Thou me on; Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see The distant scene; one step enough for me.  
 Lead Thou me on! I loved the gar - ish day, and, spite of fears, Pride ruled my will. Re - member not past years!  
 The night is gone, And with the morn those an - gel fa - ces smile, Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile!

*From HYMNS AND SONGS OF PRAISE, by permission.*

## THE PRODIGAL CHILD.

Mrs. ELLEN HUNTINGTON GATES, (1835—), 1869.

W. H. DOANE, 1869.

*Slow, with feeling.*

1. Come home! come home! You are wea - ry at heart, For the way has been dark, And so lone - ly and wild.  
 2. Come home! come home! From the sor - row and blame, From the sin and the shame, And the tempt - er that smiled.  
 3. Come home! come home! There is bread and to spare, And a warm welcome there, Then, to friends re - con - ciled.

*From SONGS OF DEVOTION, by permission.*

# THE PRODIGAL CHILD. Concluded.

153

O Prod-i-gal Child! Come home! oh, come home! Come home! Come, oh, come home! come home! Come home! come home!

## THE STRIFE IS O'ER.

Rev. FRANCIS POTT, (tr. 1860).

Miss CLARA ANGELA MACIRONE, 1866.

1. The strife is o'er, the bat-tle done; The tri-umph of the Lord is won; Oh, let the  
2. The pow'rs of death have done their worst; And Je-sus hath His foes dis-persed; Let shouts of  
3. On that third morn He rose a-gain, In glo-rious maj-es-ty to reign; Oh, let us  
song of praise be sung. Hal-le-lu-jah!  
praise and joy out-burst. Hal-le-lu-jah!  
swell the joy-ful strain. Hal-le-lu-jah!

4 He closed the yawning gates of hell;  
The bars from heaven's high portals fell;  
Let songs of joy His triumph tell.  
Hallelujah!

5 Lord, by the stripes that wounded Thee,  
From death's dread sting Thy servants free,  
That we may live, and sing to Thee.  
Hallelujah!

From NEW HYMNARY, by permission.

Rev. CHAS. BEECHER.

From RIPLEY, 1778.

1. Ah, guilt-y siu - ner, ru - ined by transgression, What shall thy doom be when arrayed in terror ;  
 2. Oft has He called thee, but thou wouldst not hear Him, Mercies and judgments have a-like been slighted ;  
 3. But, if you tri - fle with His gracious message, Cleave to the world and love its guilt-y pleasures,  
 4. Oh! guilt-y siu - ner, hear the voice of warning; Fly to the Sav - iour, and embrace His pardon ;

God shall command thee, covered with pol - lu - tion, Up to the judgment, Up to the judgment.  
 Yet He is gracious, and with arms un - folded, Waits to embrace thee, Waits to embrace thee.  
 Mer - cy, grown wea - ry, shall in righteous judgment Quit you for - ev - er, Quit you for - ev - er?  
 So shall your spir - it meet, with joy tri - umphant, Death and the judgment, Death and the judgment.

## OH, THE SWEET WONDERS.

Rev. ISAAC WATTS, 1707.

Arr. from CHERUBINI, (1760—1842).

1. Oh, the sweet won - ders of that cross Where my Re - deem - er loved and died ;  
 2. See! from His head, His hands, His feet, Sor - row and love flow min - gled down ;  
 3. Were the whole realm of na - ture mine, That were a pres - ent far too small ;  
 4. I would for - ev - er speak His name, In sounds to mor - tal ears un - known

Her no - blest life my spir - it draws From His dear wounds and bleed - ing side.  
 Did e'er such love and sor - row meet, Or thorns com - pose so rich a crown?  
 Love so a - maz - ing, so di - vine, De - mands my soul, my life, my all.  
 With an - gels join to praise the Lamb, And wor - ship at His Fa - ther's throne.

## CRUSADER'S HYMN.

ANON, 15th Century.

Arr. by RICHARD STORRS WILLIS, (1819—), 1850.

1. Fair - est Lord Je - sus, Ru - ler of all na - ture, O Thou of God and man the Son;  
 2. Fair are the meadows, Fair - er still the woodlands, Robed in the bloom - ing garb of spring;  
 3. Fair is the sun - shine, Fair - er still the moon - light, And the twink - ing, star - ry host.

Thee will I cher - ish, Thee will I hon - or, Thou, my soul's glo - ry. joy and crown.  
 Je - sus is fair - er, Je - sus is pur - er, Who makes the woe - ful heart to sing.  
 Je - sus shines bright - er, Je - sus shines pur - er, Than all the an - gels heaven can boast.

From HYMNS AND SONGS OF PRAISE.

Trans. by Rev. JOHN M. NEALE, 1862.

Rev. JOHN B. DYKES.

1. Christian, dost thou see them On the ho - ly ground, How the powers of dark - ness Rage thy steps around?  
 2. Christian! dost thou feel them, How they work within. Striving, tempting, lur - ing, Goading in-to sin?  
 3. Christian! dost thou hear them, How they speak thee fair? "Always fast and vi - gil? Always watch and pray'r?"

Christian, up and smite them, Counting gain but loss; In the strength that cometh By the ho - ly Cross.  
 Christian! nev - er trem - ble; Never be down - cast; Gird thee for the bat - tle, Watch and pray and fast.  
 Christian! an - swer bold - ly; "While I breathe I pray!" Peace shall follow bat - tle, Night shall end in day.

## ASLEEP IN JESUS! BLESSED SLEEP!

Mrs. MARGARET MACKAY, (ab. 1802—), 1832.

S. B. SAXTON, by per.

1. A-sleep in Je - sus! bless-ed sleep, From which none ev - er wakes to weep; A calm and un - dis -  
 2. A-sleep in Je - sus! O how sweet To be for such a slum - ber meet; With ho - ly con - fi -

turbed re - pose, Un - brok - en by the last of foes.  
 dence to sing, That death hath lost its cru - el sting!

3 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest!  
 Whose waking is supremely blest;  
 No fear, no woe shall dim that hour  
 That manifests the Saviour's power.

4 Asleep in Jesus! far from thee  
 Thy kindred and their graves may be;  
 But there is still a blessed sleep,  
 From which none ever wakes to weep.



# MORE LOVE TO THEE.

157

Mrs. ELIZABETH PRENTISS, (1819—1878), 1869.

WILLIAM HOWARD DOANE, (1831—), 1870.



1. More love to Thee, O Christ! More love to Thee; Hear Thou the prayer I make On bend-ed knee:  
 2. Once earthly joy I craved, Sought peace and rest; Now Thee a-lone I seek, Give what is best;  
 3. Let sor-row do its work, Send grief and pain; Sweet are Thy mes-sen-gers, Sweet their re-frain,



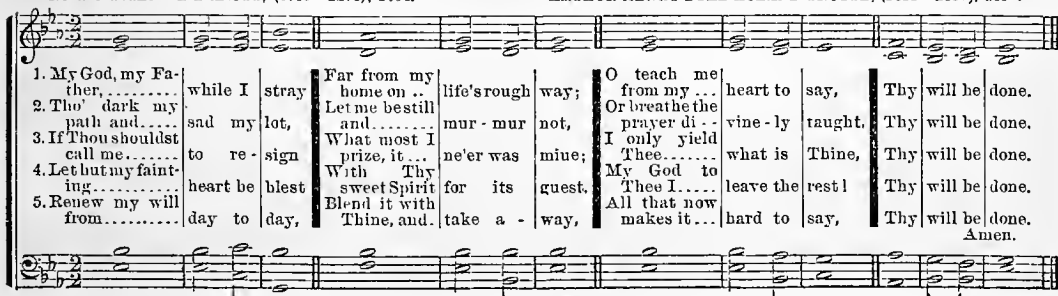
This is my earn-est plea. More love, O Christ, to Thee, More love to Thee! More love to Thee!  
 This all my prayer shall be, More love, O Christ, to Thee, More love to Thee! More love to Thee!  
 When they can sing with me,—More love, O Christ, to Thee, More love to Thee! More love to Thee!

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# MY GOD, MY FATHER

Miss. CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT, (1789—1871), 1834.

ARTHUR HENRY DYKE ACLAND TROYTE, (1811—1857), 1852.



1. My God, my Fa-ther,.....	while I stray	Far from my home on ..	life's rough way;	O teach me from my ... heart to say,	Thy will be done.
2. Tho' dark my path and.....	sad my lot,	Let me bestill and.....	mur-mur not,	Or breathe the prayer di-vine-ly taught,	Thy will be done.
3. If Thou shouldst call me.....	to re-sign	What most I prize, it.....	ne'er was mine;	I only yield Thee..... what is Thine,	Thy will be done.
4. Let but my faint-ing.....	heart be blest	With Thy sweet Spirit for its guest.		My God to Thee I.... leave the rest!	Thy will be done.
5. Renew my will from.....	day to day,	Blend it with Thine, and.	take a-way,	All that now makes it... hard to say,	Thy will be done.

Amen.

## O THERE WILL BE MOURNING.

ANON. Arr. by THOMAS HASTINGS, 1830.

Arr. by HUBERT P. MAIN, 1880.

1. Oh, there will be mourning, Mourning, mourning, mourning, Oh, there will be mourning, At the judgment seat of Christ!  
 2. Oh, there will be shouting, Shouting, shouting, shouting, Oh, there will be shouting, At the judgment seat of Christ!

Faithful and faith-less there will part,— Faithful and faith-less there will part,— Faithful and faith-less  
 Saints and an-gels there will meet,— Saints and an-gels there will meet,— Saints and an-gels

there will part,— Will part to meet no more!  
 there will meet,— Will meet to part no more!

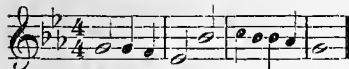
Copyright, 1880, by BIGLOW &amp; MAIN.

- 3 God o'er all, in heaven reigning!  
 We this day Thy glory sing;  
 Not with palms Thy pathway strewing,  
 We would loftier tribute bring,—  
 ||: Glad hosannas, glad hosannas  
 To our Prophet, Priest and King. :||  
 Howard Kingsbury, 1850.

## SHEPHERD.

- 1 Once was heard the song of children,  
 By the Saviour, when on earth;  
 Joyful, in the sacred temple,  
 Shouts of youthful praise had birth,  
 ||: And hosannas, and hosannas  
 Loud to David's Son broke forth. :||
- 2 Palms of victory strewn around Him,  
 Garments spread beneath His feet.  
 Prophet of the Lord they crowned Him,  
 In fair Salem's crowded street,  
 ||: While hosannas, while hosannas  
 From the lips of children greet. :||

## EVENTIDE. 108.



1 Abide with me! fast falls the eventide;  
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me  
abide!

When other helpers fail, and comforts  
flee,

Help of the helpless, O abide with me!

2 Thou on my head in early youth didst  
smile;

And, though rebellious and perverse  
meanwhile,

Thou hast not left me, oft as I left Thee:  
On to the close, O Lord, abide with me!

3 I need Thy presence every passing  
hour,

What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's  
power—

Who like Thyself my guide and stay  
can be—

Through cloud and sunshine, O abide  
with me!

Rev. Henry Francis Lyte, (1795—1847), 1847.

*Tune.*—TYNDAL, page 127.

1 O Jesus, Saviour of the lost,  
My Rock and Hiding-place,  
By storms of sin and sorrow tossed,  
I seek Thy sheltering grace.

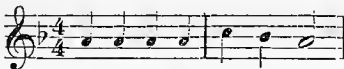
2 Guilty, forgive me Lord! I cry;  
Pursued by foes, I come:

A sinner, save me, or I die—  
An outcast, take me home.

3 And when I stand before Thy throne,  
And all Thy glories see,  
Still be my righteousness alone  
To hide myself in Thee.

Rev. Edward H. Bickersteth, (1825—), 1849.

## BLUMENTHAL. 75.



1 Now begin the heavenly theme,  
Sing aloud in Jesus' name;

Ye, who Jesus' kindness prove,  
Triumph in redeeming love;

Ye, who see the Father's grace  
Beaming in the Saviour's face!

As to Canaan on ye move,  
Praise and bless redeeming love.

2 Now, with angels round the throne,  
Cherubim and seraphim,

And the church for ever one.

Let us swell the solemn hymn;

To the Father of our Lord,

To the Spirit and the Word;

As it was all worlds before,

Is, and shall be evermore.

John Langford, 1763.

*Tune.*—GEER, page 126.

1 I've found the pearl of greatest price!  
My heart doth sing for joy;

And sing I must, for Christ is mine!  
Christ shall my praise employ.

2 Christ is my Prophet, Priest, and King;  
My Prophet full of light,

My great High-Priest before the throne,  
My King of heavenly might.

3 Christ is my peace: He died for me,  
For me He gave His blood;

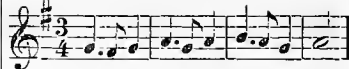
And, as my wondrous Sacrifice,  
Offered Himself to God.

4 Christ Jesus is my All in All,  
My Comfort, and my Love;

My Life below, and He shall be  
My Joy and Crown above.

Rev. John Mason, (—1694), 1683.

## JOYFULLY. 108.



1 Joyfully, joyfully onward I move.

Bound to the land of bright spirits  
above;

Angelic choristers sing as I come,  
Joyfully, joyfully haste to thy home;

Soon with my pilgrimage ended below,  
Home to that land of delight will I go;

Pilgrim and stranger no more shall I  
roam,

Joyfully, joyfully resting at home.

2 Friends, fondly cherished, have passed  
on before;

Waiting, they watch me approaching  
the shore;

Singing, to cheer me through death's  
chilling gloom,

Joyfully, joyfully haste to thy home.  
Sounds of sweet melody fall on my ear;

Harp of the blessed, your voices I  
hear;

Rings with the harmony heaven's high  
dome,—

Joyfully, joyfully haste to thy home.

3 Death, with thy weapons of war lay  
me low,

Strike, king of terrors, I fear not the  
blow;

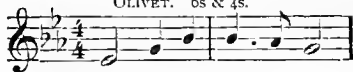
Jesus hath broken the bars of the tomb!  
Joyfully, joyfully will I go home.

Bright will the morn of eternity dawn,  
Death shall be banished, his sceptre be  
gone:

Joyfully, then, shall I witness his doom,  
Joyfully, joyfully, safely at home.

William Hunter, D. D., (1811—1877), 1843.

## OLIVET. 6s &amp; 4s.



1 My faith looks up to Thee  
Thou Lamb of Calvary,  
Saviour divine!

Now hear me while I pray,  
Take all my guilt away,  
Oh! let me from this day,  
Be wholly Thine!

2 May Thy rich grace impart  
Strength to my fainting heart;  
My zeal inspire;  
As Thou hast died for me,  
Oh! may my love to Thee  
Pure, warm, and changeless be,  
A living fire!

3 While life's dark maze I tread,  
And griefs around me spread,  
Be Thou my Guide;  
Bid darkness turn to day,  
Wipe sorrow's tears away,  
Nor let me ever stray  
From Thee aside.

Rev. Ray Palmer, (1808—), 1830.

*Tune.*—LINTZ, page 176.

1 Father, who to Thy Son  
Thy steadfast word hast given,  
That through the earth shall run  
The news of peace with heaven;  
Extend His fame, Thy grace diffuse,  
And let the news the world reclaim.

2 Few be the years that roll,  
Ere all shall worship Thee;  
The travail of his soul  
Soon let the Saviour see:  
O God of grace, Thy power employ,  
Fill earth with joy, and heaven with  
praise.

Pratt's Coll., 1829.

## BEAUTIFUL ZION.



1 Beautiful Zion, built above,  
Beautiful city that I love:  
Beautiful gates of pearly white,  
Beautiful temple, God its light,  
He who was slain on Calvary.  
Opens those pearly gates to me.  
Zion, Zion, lovely Zion,  
Beautiful Zion, city of our God.

2 Beautiful heaven, where all is light;  
Beautiful angels, clothed in white;  
Beautiful strains that never tire;  
Beautiful harps through all the choir,  
There shall I join the chorus sweet,  
Worshipping at the Saviour's feet.  
Zion, Ziou, lovely Ziou, &c.

3 Beautiful throne for Christ our King,  
Beautiful songs the angels sing;  
Beautiful rest—all wanderings cease;  
Beautiful home of perfect peace.  
There shall my eyes the Saviour see;  
Haste to His heavenly home with me,  
Zion, Zion, lovely Zion, &c.

Rev. George Gill, (1820—), 1830.

*Tune.*—Page 80.

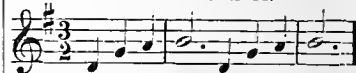
1 Hark! hark!—the notes of joy  
Roll o'er the heavenly plains,  
And seraphs find employ  
For their sublimest strains;  
Some new delight in heaven is known;  
Loud ring the harps around the throne.

2 Bear—bear the tidings round;  
Let every mortal know  
What love in God is found,  
What pity He can show.

Ye winds that blow! ye waves that roll!  
Bear the glad news from pole to pole.

3 Strike—strike the harps again,  
To great Immanuel's name;  
Arise! ye sons of men!  
And all His grace proclaim;  
Angels and men! wake every string,  
'Tis God the Saviour's praise we sing.  
Rev. Andrew Reed 1818.

## O HAPPY DAY. L. M.



1 Oh, happy day that fixed my choice  
On Thee, my Saviour and my God!  
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,  
And tell its raptures all abroad.  
CHO.—Happy day, happy day,  
When Jesus washed my sins away;  
He taught me how to watch and pray,  
And live rejoicing every day.  
Happy day, happy day,  
When Jesus washed my sins away.

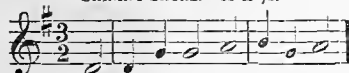
2 Now I resolve, with all my heart,  
With all my power to serve the Lord;  
Nor from His precepts e'er depart,  
Whose service is a rich reward.

3 Oh, be this service all my joy;  
Around let my example shine;  
Till others love the best employ,  
And join in labors so divine.

4 Oh, may I never faint nor tire,  
Nor wandering leave His sacred ways;  
Great God, accept my soul's desire,  
And give me strength to live Thy  
praise.

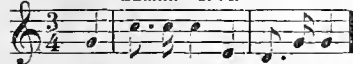
Philip Doddridge, D. D., 1755.

## SHINING SHORE. 8s &amp; 7s.



- 1 My days are gliding swifter by,  
And I a pilgrim stranger,  
Would not detain them as they fly?  
These hours of toil and danger.  
For oh! we stand on Jordan's strand,  
Our friends are passing over.  
And just before, the shining shore,  
We may almost discover.
- 2 Should coming days be cold and dark.  
We need not cease our singing;  
That perfect rest naught can molest.  
Where golden harps are ringing.  
For oh! we stand, &c.
- 3 Let sorrow's rudest tempest blow,  
Each chord on earth to sever.  
Our King says, come and there's our  
Forever, oh! forever! [home,  
For oh! we stand, &c.  
Rev. David Nelson, (1793—1844), 1835.

## ZERAH. C. M.



- 1 Oh, where are kings and empires now,  
Of old that went and came?  
But Lord, Thy church is praying yet,  
A thousand years the same.
- 2 We mark her goodly battlements,  
And her foundations strong;  
We hear within the solemn voice,  
Of her unending song.
- 3 For not like kingdoms of the world  
Thy holy church. O God!  
Tho' earthquake shocks are threatening  
And tempests are abroad. [her,

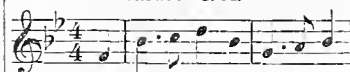
- 4 Unshaken as eternal hills,  
Immovable she stands,  
A mountain that shall fill the earth,  
A house not made with hands.  
Ep. Arthur Cleveland Coxe, D. D., 1839.

## SPANISH HYMN. 7s. 6 lines.



- 1 Chosen, not for good in me.  
Wakened up from wrath to flee,  
Hidden in the Saviour's side,  
By the Spirit sanctified,  
Teach me, Lord, on earth to show,  
By my love, how much I owe.
- 2 When the praise of heaven I hear,  
Loud as thunder to the ear,  
Loud as many water's noise,  
Sweet as harp's melodious voice,  
Then, Lord, shall I fully know—  
Not till then—how much I owe.  
Rev. Robert Murray M'Cheyne,  
(1813—1843), 1837.

## BROWN. C. M.

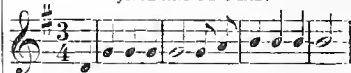


- 1 Oh! for a faith that will not shrink,  
Though pressed by every foe:  
That will not tremble on the brink  
Of any earthly woe:—
- 2 That will not murmur nor complain,  
Beneath the chastening rod,  
But, in the hour of grief and pain,  
Will lean upon its God!—
- 3 A faith that shines more bright and  
clear  
When tempests rage without;

That, when in danger, knows no fear,  
In darkness, feels no doubt.

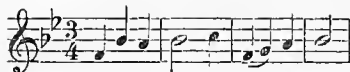
- 4 Lord! give us such a faith as this;  
And then, whate'er may come,  
We'll taste e'en here, the hallowed bliss  
Of an eternal home.  
Rev. Wm. Hiley Bathurst, (1796—), 1831.

## REJOICE AND BE GLAD.



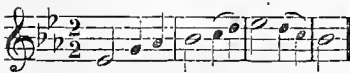
- 1 Rejoice and be glad! the Redeemer  
has come!  
Go look on His cradle, His cross and  
His tomb.  
CHO.—Sound His praises, tell the Story  
Of Him who was slain;  
Sound His praises, tell with gladness,  
He liveth again.
- 2 Rejoice and be glad! for the Lamb  
that was slain,  
O'er death is triumphant and liveth  
again.
- 3 Rejoice and be glad! for our King is  
on high,  
He pleadeth for us on His throne in  
the sky.
- 4 Rejoice and be glad! for He cometh  
again;  
He cometh in glory, the Lamb that was  
slain.  
CHO.—Sound His praises, tell the Story  
Of Him who was slain;  
Sound His praises, tell with gladness,  
He cometh again.  
Rev. Wm. Paton Mackay, (1839—), 1866.

GERMANY. L. M.



- 1 O Spirit of the living God!  
In all Thy plenitude of grace,  
Where'er the foot of man hath trod,  
Descend on our apostate race.
- 2 Give tongues of fire, and hearts of love,  
To preach the reconciling word;  
Give power and wisdom from above,  
Where'er the joyful sound is heard.
- 3 Be darkness, at Thy coming, light;  
Confusion—order, in Thy path;  
Souls without strength inspire with might;  
Bid mercy triumph over wrath.
- 4 Baptize the nations far and nigh;  
The triumph of the cross record;  
The name of Jesus glorify,  
Till every kindred call Him Lord.  
James Montgomery, 1825.

DUKE STREET. L. M.



- 1 Jesus shall reign where'er the sun  
Doth his successive journeys run;  
His kingdom spread from shore to shore,  
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

2 Where He displays His healing power,  
Death and the curse are known no more:

In Him the tribes of Adam boast,  
More blessings than their father lost.

3 Let every creature rise and bring  
Peculiar honors to our King;  
Angels descend with songs again,  
And earth repeat the loud Amen.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1719.

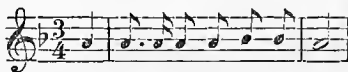
HERALD ANGELS, page 86.

1 Hark! the song of jubilee!  
Loud as mighty thunders roar,  
Or the fullness of the sea  
When it breaks upon the shore:  
Hallelujah! for the Lord  
God omnipotent shall reign;  
Hallelujah! let the word  
Echo round the earth and main.

2 He shall reign from pole to pole  
With illimitable sway.  
He shall reign, when, like a scroll,  
Yonder heavens have passed away.  
Then the end: beneath His rod  
Man's last enemy shall fall;  
Hallelujah! Christ in God,  
God in Christ, is all in all.

James Montgomery, 1819.

BYEFIELD. C. M.



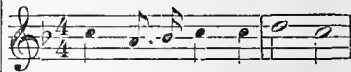
1 I heard the voice of Jesus say,  
"Come unto Me and rest;  
Lay down thou weary one, lay down  
Thy head upon My breast."

2 I came to Jesus as I was,  
Weary, and worn, and sad,—  
I found in Him a resting place,  
And He has made me glad.

3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,  
"I am this dark world's light,  
Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise,  
And all thy day be bright."

4 I looked to Jesus, and I found  
In Him my Star,—my Sun;  
And in that light of life I'll walk  
Till traveling days are done.  
Rev. Horatius Bonar, 1857.

WORK. 7s &amp; 6s.

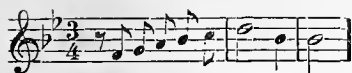


1 Work! for the night is coming.  
Work through the morning hours;  
Work while the dew is sparkling,  
Work 'mid springing flowers;  
Work when the day grows brighter,  
Work in the glowing sun;  
Work, for the night is coming,  
When man's work is done.

2 Work! for the night is coming,  
Work in the sunny noon;  
Fill brightest hours with labor,  
Rest comes sure and soon.  
Give every flying minute  
Something to keep in store;  
Work, for the night is coming,  
When man works no more.

Annie L. Walker, 1860.

MERTON. C. M.



1 The Head that once was crowned with  
thorns,  
Is crowned with glory now;  
A royal diadem adorns  
The mighty Victor's brow.

2 The highest place that heaven affords  
Is His,—is His by right;  
"The King of kings, and Lord of lords,"  
And heaven's eternal Light:

3 The joy of all who dwell above,  
The joy of all below,  
To whom He manifests His love,  
And grants His name to know.

4 The cross He bore is life and health—  
Though shame and death to Him;  
His people's hope, His people's wealth,  
Their everlasting theme.

Rev. Thos. Kelly, 1820.

*Tune.*—MERTON.

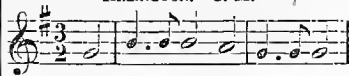
1 My God, I love Thee, not because  
I hope for heaven thereby:  
Nor yet because, if I love not,  
I must forever die.

2 Not with the hope of gaining aught;  
Not seeking a reward;  
But as Thyself hast loved me,  
O ever loving Lord!

3 So would I love Thee, dearest Lord,  
And in Thy praise will sing;  
Solely because Thou art my God,  
And my eternal King.

Tr. Rev. Edward Caswall, (1814—1878), 1849.

ARLINGTON. C. M.



1 The Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not  
want;  
He makes me down to lie  
In pastures green; He leadeth me  
The quiet waters by.

2 My soul He doth restore again;  
And me to walk doth make  
Within the path of righteousness,  
E'en for His own name's sake.

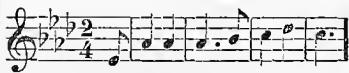
3 Yea, though I walk in death's dark  
vale;  
Yet will I fear no ill;  
For Thou art with me, and Thy rod  
And staff will comfort still.

4 My table Thou hast furnished  
In presence of my foes:  
My head Thou dost with oil anoint,  
And my cup overflows.

5 Goodness and mercy all my life,  
Shall surely follow me;  
And in God's house for evermore  
My dwelling place shall be.

"Rouse's Version," 1643.

HUMMEL. C. M.

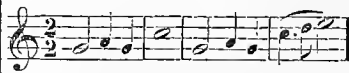


1 Let saints below in concert sing  
With those to glory gone;  
For all the servants of our King,  
In heaven and earth are one.

2 One family—we dwell in Him—  
One church above, beneath,  
Though now divided by the stream,  
The narrow stream of death.

3 One army of the living God,  
To His command we bow;  
Part of the host have crossed the flood,  
And part are crossing now.  
Rev. Chas. Wesley, 1759.

SESSIONS. L. M.



1 When God's right arm is bared for  
war,  
And thunders clothe His cloudy car,  
We sing the Saviour of our race.  
The Lamb our shield and hiding place.

2 'Tis He, the Lamb, to Him we fly,  
While the dread tempest passes by,  
To Him, though guilty still we run,  
And God still spares us for His Son.

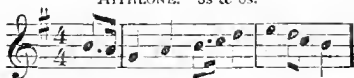
3 While yet we sojourn here below,  
Pollutions still our hearts o'erflow;  
Fallen, abject, mean, a sentenced race,  
We deeply need a hiding place.

4 Yet courage—days and years will  
glide,  
And we shall lay these clouds aside;  
Shall be baptized in Jordan's flood,  
And washed in Jesus' cleansing blood.

5 Then pure, immortal, sinless, freed,  
We, thro' the Lamb, shall be decreed,—  
Shall meet the Father face to face,  
And need no more a hiding place.

Arr. fr. H. Kirke White, by M. W. S.

AITHLONE. 8s &amp; 6s.



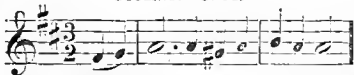
1 God of the nations! bow Thine ear,  
And listen to our fervent prayer,  
Through Thy beloved Son;  
Build up the kingdom of His grace,  
Amid the millions of our race,  
And make Thy wonders known.

2 Oh! let the nations rise, and bring  
Their offerings to th'almighty King,  
And trust in Him alone;  
Renounce their idols, and adore  
The God of gods for evermore,  
Upon His lofty throne.

3 The dying millions thus shall prove  
The matchless power of bleeding love,  
And feel their sins forgiven;  
Shall join the converts' joyful throng,  
And raise on high redemption's song,  
Along the path to heaven.

Thomas Hastings, Mus. Doc., 1834.

COOLING. C. M.



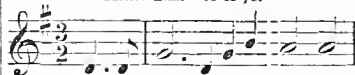
1 All that I was,—my sin,—my guilt,—  
My death, was all my own:  
All that I am, I owe to Thee,  
My gracious God! alone.

2 The evil of my former state  
Was mine, and only mine;  
The good in which I now rejoice,  
Is Thine, and only Thine.

3 All that I am, even here on earth,  
All that I hope to be  
When Jesus comes, and glory dawns,  
I owe it, Lord! to Thee.

Rev. Horatius Bonar, 1850.

HARWELL. 8s &amp; 7s.



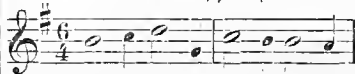
1 Hark!—ten thousand harps and voices  
Sound the note of praise above,  
Jesus reigns, and heaven rejoices;—  
Jesus reigns, the God of love:

See! He sits on yonder throne;  
Jesus rules the world alone.  
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!  
Hallelujah! Amen.

2 Saviour! hasten Thine appearing;  
Bring—Oh! bring the glorious day,  
When the awful summons bearing,  
Heaven and earth shall pass away;—  
Then, with golden harps, we'll sing.—  
"Glory, glory to our King."  
Hallelujah! &c.

Rev. Thos. Kelly, 1804.

EVEN ME. 8s, 7s &amp; 4.



1 Lord! I hear of showers of blessing,  
Thou art scattering full and free;  
Showers, the thirsty land refreshing;  
Let some droppings fall on me.  
Even me,—even me!  
Let some droppings fall on me.

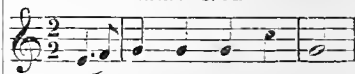
2 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit!  
Thou canst make the blind to see;  
Witnesser of Jesus' merit,  
Speak the word of power to me,—  
Even me, &c.

3 Have I long in sin been sleeping,  
Long been slighting, grieving Thee?  
Has the world my heart been keeping?  
Oh! forgive and rescue me,—  
Even me, &c.

4 Love of God, so pure and changeless,—  
Blood of God, so rich and free,—  
Grace of God, so strong and boundless,—  
Magnify them all in me,—  
Even me, &c.

Mrs. Elizabeth Codner, 1850.

LABAN. S. M.



1 My soul, be on thy guard!  
Ten thousand foes arise;  
And hosts of sins are pressing hard,  
To draw thee from the skies.

2 Ob! watch, and fight, and pray;  
The battle ne'er give o'er;  
Renew it boldly every day,  
And help divine implore.

3 Ne'er think the victory won,  
Nor once at ease sit down;  
Thine arduous work will not be done,  
Till thou obtain thy crown.

George Heath, 1781.



## CHRISTMAS. C. M.

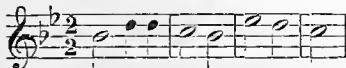


- 1 Calm on the listening ear of night,  
Come heaven's melodious strains,  
Where wild Judea stretches far  
Her silver-mantled plains.
- 2 Celestial choirs, from courts above,  
Shed sacred glories there.  
And angels, with their sparkling lyres,  
Make music on the air.
- 3 The answering hills of Palestine  
Send back the glad reply;  
And greet, from all their holy heights,  
The day-spring from on high.
- 4 O'er the blue depths of Galilee  
There comes a holier calm.  
And Sharon waves, in solemn praise,  
Her silent groves of palm.

5 "Glory to God!" the sounding skies  
Proud with their anthems ring,—  
"Peace to the earth, good-will to men,  
From heaven's eternal King!"

Rev. Edmund Hamilton Sears,  
(1810-1876), 1835.

## CAMBRIDGE. C. M.



- 1 Come, sinner! to the gospel feast;  
Oh! come without delay:  
For there is room, in Jesus' breast,  
For all who will obey.

- 2 There's room, in God's eternal love,  
To save thy precious soul;  
Room, in the Spirit's grace above,  
To heal and make thee whole.
- 3 There's room, within the church re-  
deemed  
With blood of Christ divine;  
Room, in the white-robed throng, cou-  
vened,  
For that dear soul of thine.
- 4 There's room, in heaven among the  
choir,  
And harps and crowns of gold,  
And glorious palms of victory there,  
And joys that ne'er were told.
- 5 There's room, around thy Father's  
board,  
For thee and thousands more:  
Oh! come and welcome to the Lord;  
Yea, come this very hour.

Rev. Frederick Dan Huntington, D. D.,  
(1819—), 1843.

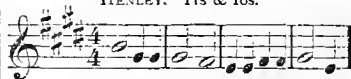
## WEBB. 7s &amp; 6s.



- The whole wide world for Jesus!  
Once more before we part,  
Ring out the joyful watchword  
From every grateful heart.  
The whole wide world for Jesus!  
We'll wing the song with prayer,  
And link the prayer with labor.  
Till Christ His crown shall wear.

Mrs. Katherine H. Johnson.

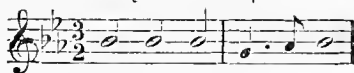
## HENLEY. 11s &amp; 10s.



- 1 Come unto Me, when shadows darkly  
gather.  
When the sad heart is weary and dis-  
tressed.  
Seeking for comfort from your heavenly  
Father;  
Come unto Me, and I will give you  
rest:—
- 2 Ye, who have mourned, when sweet-  
est flowers were taken,  
When the ripe fruit fell richly to the  
ground,  
When the loved slept, in brighter homes  
to waken.  
Where their pale brows with spirit-  
wreaths are crowned.
- 3 Large are the mansions in Thy Fa-  
ther's dwelling.  
Glad are the homes that sorrows  
never dim;  
Sweet are the harps in holy music  
swelling,  
Soft are the tones which raise the  
heavenly hymn.
- 4 There, like an Eden blossoming in  
gladness.  
Bloom the fair flowers the earth too  
rudely pressed:  
Come unto Me, all ye who droop in  
sadness.  
Come unto Me, and I will give you  
rest!

Catherine H. Waterman.

CONQUEROR. 6s &amp; 4s.



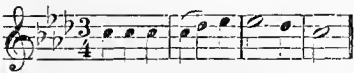
1 Rise, glorious Conqueror! rise,  
Into Thy native skies;  
Assume Thy right:  
And where, in many a fold,  
The clouds are backward rolled,  
Pass through those gates of gold,  
And reign in light!

2 Enter, incarnate God!  
No feet but Thine have trod  
The serpent down:  
Blow the full trumpets, blow!  
Wider yon portals throw!  
Saviour! triumphant, go  
And take Thy crown!

3 Lion of Judah! hail!—  
And let Thy name prevail  
From age to age:  
Lord of the rolling years!  
Claim for Thine own the spheres;  
For Thou hast bought with tears  
Thy heritage.

Matthew Bridges, 1848.

ROSE HILL. L. M.



1 Behold! a stranger's at the door!  
He gently knocks,—has knocked be-  
fore;  
Has waited long—is waiting still;  
You treat no other friend so ill.

2 Oh! lovely attitude!—He stands  
With melting heart, and laden hands:  
Oh! matchless kindness!—and He  
shows  
This matchless kindness to His foes.

3 Admit Him, ere His anger burn;  
His feet departed ne'er return;  
Admit Him,—or the hour's at hand,  
When, at His door, denied you'll stand.  
Rev. Joseph Grigg, (—1768), 1795.

DUKE STREET. L. M.

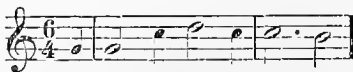


1 We'll crowd Thy gates with thank-  
ful songs,  
High as the heavens our voices raise;  
And earth with her ten thousand  
tongues,  
Shall fill Thy courts with sounding  
praise.

2 Wide as the world is Thy command,  
Vast as eternity Thy love;  
Firm as a rock Thy truth must stand,  
When rolling years shall cease to  
move.

Rev. Isaac Watts, 1719.

MIRIAM. 7s &amp; 6s.

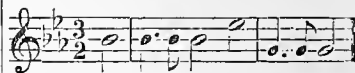


1 My sins, my sins, my Saviour!  
They take such hold on me,  
I am not able to look up,  
Save only, Christ, to Thee;

In Thee is all forgiveness,  
In Thee abundant grace,  
My shadow and my sunshine,  
The brightness of Thy face.

2 My sins, my sins, my Saviour!  
How sad on Thee they fall!  
Seen through Thy gentle patience,  
Tenfold I feel them all;  
I know they are forgiven,  
But still their pain to me,  
Is all the grief and anguish  
They laid, my Lord, on Thee.  
Rev. Jno. Samuel Bewley Monsell,  
(1811—1875), 1863.

VARINA. C. M.

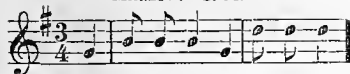


1 Nor eye has seen, nor ear has heard,  
Nor sense, nor reason known,  
What joys the Father has prepared,  
For those that love the Son,  
But the good Spirit of the Lord  
Reveals a heaven to come;  
The beams of glory, in His word,  
Allure and guide us home.

2 Pure are the joys above the sky,  
And all the region peace;  
No wanton lips, nor envious eye,  
Can see or taste the bliss.  
Those holy gates for ever bar  
Pollution, sin, and shame;  
None shall obtain admittance there  
But followers of the Lamb.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

MARLOW. C. M.



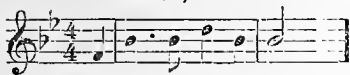
1 With joy we hail the sacred day,  
Which God hath called His own;  
With joy the summons we obey  
To worship at His throne.

2 Thy chosen temple, Lord! how fair!  
Where willing votaries throng,  
To breathe the humble, fervent prayer,  
And pour the choral song.

3 Spirit of grace! Oh! deign to dwell  
Within Thy church below  
Make her in holiness excel,  
With pure devotion glow.

4 Let peace within her walls be found;  
Let all her souls unite,  
To spread with grateful zeal around  
Her clear and shining light.  
Harriet Auber, (1773-1862), 1829.

WEBB. 7s &amp; 6s.



1 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,  
Ye soldiers of the cross!  
Lift high His royal banner,  
It must not suffer loss:  
From victory unto victory  
His army shall He lead.  
Till every foe is vanquished  
And Christ is Lord indeed.

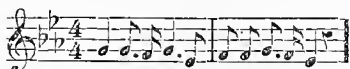
2 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,  
The trumpet call obey;

Forth to the mighty conflict,  
In this His glorious day:  
"Ye that are men! now serve Him."  
Against unnumbered foes;  
Your courage rise with danger,  
And strength to strength oppose.

3 Stand up, stand up for Jesus:  
Stand in His strength alone;  
The arm of flesh will fail you:  
Ye dare not trust your own:  
Put on the gospel armor,  
Each piece put on with prayer,  
Where duty calls, or danger,  
Be never wanting there.

4 Stand up, stand up for Jesus;  
The strife will not be long;  
This day, the noise of battle,—  
The next, the victor's song:  
To Him that overcometh,  
A crown of life shall be;  
He, with the King of glory,  
Shall reign eternally.  
Rev. George Duffield, Jr., (1818—), 1838.

TOO LATE.



1 Late, late, so late; and dark the  
night and chill;  
Late, late, so late! but we can enter  
still;  
Late, late, so late!  
Late, late, so late!  
But we can enter still,—  
But we can enter still.  
Too late!  
Ye cannot enter now!  
Too late! too late!  
Ye cannot enter now!

2 No light! so late! and dark and chill  
the night;  
Oh, let us in that we may find the light:  
Oh, let us in,  
Oh, let us in,  
That we may find the light,—  
That we may find the light.  
Too late! too late! &c.

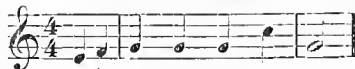
3 Have we not heard the Bridegroom  
is so sweet?  
Oh, let us in that we may kiss His feet!  
Oh, let us in,  
Oh, let us in,  
That we may kiss His feet,—  
That we may kiss His feet.  
Too late! too late! &c.  
Alfred Tennyson, D. C. L., (1810—), 1859.

Tune.—"Gospel Hymns Combined," page 76.

1 Sowing the seed by the daylight fair,  
Sowing the seed by the noonday glare,  
Sowing the seed by the fading light,  
Sowing the seed in the solemn night;  
Oh, what shall the harvest be?  
Oh, what shall the harvest be?  
Sown in the darkness, or sown in the  
light,  
Sown in our weakness, or sown in our  
might,  
Gathered in time or eternity,  
Sure, ah, sure, will the harvest be.

2 Sowing the seed with an aching heart,  
Sowing the seed while the tear-drops  
start,  
Sowing in hope till the reapers come,  
Gladly to gather the harvest home;  
Oh, what shall the harvest be?  
Oh, what shall the harvest be?  
Sown in the darkness, or sown in the  
light, &c.  
Miss Emily S. Oakey, 1850.

LABAN. S. M.



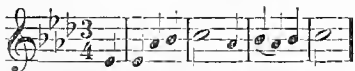
1 Come, Lord! and tarry not;  
Bring the long-looked-for day;  
Oh! why these years of waiting here,  
These ages of delay?

2 Come, for Thy saints still wait;  
Daily ascends their sigh;  
The Spirit and the Bride say, Come!  
Dost thou not hear the cry?

3 Come, and make all things new,  
Build up this ruined earth,  
Restore our faded paradise,—  
Creation's second birth.

4 Come and begin Thy reign  
Of everlasting peace;  
Come, take the kingdom to Thyself,  
Great King of righteousness!  
Rev. Horatius Bonar, 1837.

LOUVAN. L. M.



1 Now to the Lord, that makes us know  
The wonders of His dying love,  
Be humble honors paid below,  
And strains of nobler praise above.

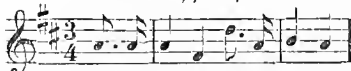
2 'Twas He that cleansed our foulest  
sins,  
And washed us in His richest blood;  
'Tis He that makes us priests and kings,  
And brings us rebels near to God.

3 To Jesus, our atoning Priest,  
To Jesus, our superior King,  
Be everlasting power confessed,  
And every tongue His glory sing.

4 Behold, on flying clouds He comes,  
And every eye shall see Him move;  
Tho' with our sins we pierced Him once,  
Still He displays His pardoning love.

5 The unbelieving world shall wail,  
While we rejoice to see the day;  
Come, Lord! nor let Thy promise fail,  
Nor let Thy chariots long delay.  
Rev. Isaac Watts, 1707.

ZION. 8s, 7s &amp; 4s.



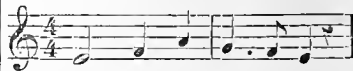
1 On the mountain's top appearing,  
Lo! the sacred herald stands,  
Welcome news to Zion bearing,—  
Zion, long in hostile lands:  
||: Mourning captive!  
God Himself will loose thy bands. :||

2 Hastly night been long and mournful,  
All thy friends unfaithful proved?  
Have thy foes been proud and scornful,  
By thy sighs and tears unmoved?  
||: Cease thy mourning;—  
Zion still is well-beloved. :||

3 While the foe becomes more daring,  
While he enters like a flood,  
God, the Saviour, is preparing  
Means to spread His truth abroad:  
||: Every language  
Soon shall tell the love of God. :||

4 God of Jacob, high and glorious!  
Let Thy people see Thy hand;  
Let the gospel be victorious,  
Through the world in every land;  
||: Let the idols  
Perish, Lord! at Thy command. :||  
Rev. Thos. Kelly, 1806.

LYTE. 6s &amp; 4s.

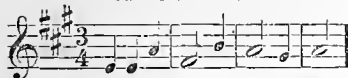


1 Jesus! Thy name I love  
All other names above,  
Jesus, my Lord!  
Oh! Thou art all to me;  
Nothing to please I see,  
Nothing apart from Thee,  
Jesus, my Lord!

2 When unto Thee I flee,  
Thou wilt my Refuge be,  
Jesus, my Lord!  
What need I now to fear?  
What earthly grief or care?  
Since Thou art ever near,  
Jesus, my Lord!

3 Soon Thou wilt come again;  
I shall be happy then,  
Jesus, my Lord!  
Then Thine own face I'll see,  
Then I shall like Thee be,  
Then evermore with Thee.  
Jesus, my Lord!  
James George Deck, (1808—), 1842.

MIGDOL. L. M.



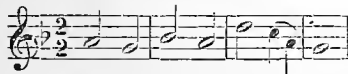
1 Earth has a joy unknown to heaven,  
The new-born peace of sins forgiven;  
Tears of such pure and deep delight,  
Ye angels, never dimmed your sight.

2 Loud is the song, the heavenly plain  
Is shaken with the choral strain;  
And dying echoes, floating far,  
Draw music from each chiming star.

3 But I amid your choirs shall shine,  
And all your knowledge shall be mine;  
Ye on your harps must lean to hear  
A secret chord that mine will bear.

Abraham Lucas Hillhouse, (1792—1859), 1822.

SEYMOUR. 75.



1 Come, my soul! thy suit prepare;  
Jesus loves to answer prayer;  
He Himself has bid thee pray,  
Therefore will not say thee nay.

2 Thou art coming to a King,  
Large petitions with thee bring;  
For His grace and power are such,  
None can ever ask too much.

3 With my burden I begin,  
Lord! remove this load of sin;  
Let Thy blood, for sinners spilt,  
Set my conscience free from guilt.

4 Lord! I come to Thee for rest,  
Take possession of my breast;  
There Thy blood-bought right maintain,  
And without a rival reign.

Rev. John Newton, 1799.

HOLLEY. 75.

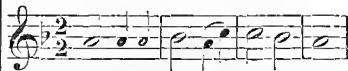


1 Softly now the light of day,  
Fades upon my sight away;  
Free from care, from labor free,  
Lord, I would commune with Thee.

2 Soon for me the light of day  
Shall for ever pass away;  
Then from sin and sorrow free,  
Take me Lord, to dwell with Thee.

Rev. Geo. Washington Doane,  
(1799—1859), 1824.

FEDERAL STREET. L. M.



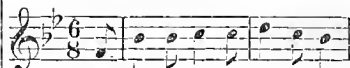
1 Jesus, and shall it ever be,  
A mortal man ashamed of Thee—  
Ashamed of Thee, whom angels praise,  
Whose glories shine thro' endless days!

2 Ashamed of Jesus! yes, I may,  
When I've no guilt to wash away;  
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,  
No fear to quell, no soul to save.

3 Till then—nor is my boasting vain—  
Till then I boast a Saviour slain!  
And oh, may this my glory be,  
That Christ is not ashamed of me.

Rev. Joseph Grigg, 1765.

ORTONVILLE. C. M.



1 Amazing grace! how sweet the sound,  
That saved a wretch like me!  
I once was lost but now am found;  
Was blind, but now I see.

2 Thro' many dangers, toils and snares,  
I have already come;  
'Tis grace that brought me safe thus far,  
And grace will lead me home.

Rev. John Newton, (1725—1807), 1779.

ALL SAINTS. L. M.



1 Go, labor on; spend, and be spent,—  
Thy joy to do the Father's will;  
It is the way the Master went;  
Should not the servant tread it still?

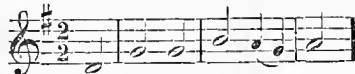
2 Go, labor on; 'tis not for naught;  
Thine earthly loss is heavenly gain;  
Men heed thee, love thee, praise thee  
not,  
The Master praises;—what are men?

3 Go, labor on; enough, while here,  
If He shall praise thee, if He deign  
Thy willing heart to mark and cheer:  
No toil for Him shall be in vain.

4 Toil on, and in thy toil rejoice;  
For toil, comes rest, for exile, home;  
Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's  
voice,  
The midnight peal!—"Behold! I come!"

Rev. Horatius Bonar, 1857.

ST. THOMAS. S. M.



1 I love Thy kingdom, Lord!  
The house of Thine abode,  
The church, our blest Redeemer saved  
With His own precious blood.

2 I love Thy church, O God!  
Her walls before Thee stand,  
Dear as the apple of Thine eye,  
And graven on Thy hand.

3 For her my tears shall fall.  
For her my prayers ascend:  
To her my cares and toils be given,  
Till toils and cares shall end.  
Rev. Timothy Dwight, (1759—1816), 1800.

RETREAT. L. M.



1 From every stormy wind that blows,  
From every swelling tide of woes,  
There is a calm, a sure retreat;—  
'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.

2 There is a place where Jesus sheds  
The oil of gladness on our heads,—  
A place, than all besides, more sweet;  
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.

3 There is a place where spirits blend,  
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;  
Though sundered far, by faith they meet  
Around one common mercy-seat.  
Rev. Hugh Stowell, (1799—1865), 1830.

THE WATCHER. 75 &amp; 6s.

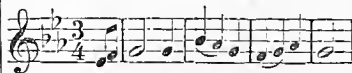


1 I want to be like Jesus,  
All gentle, pure, and mild;  
His seal upon my forehead.  
And owned as His dear child.  
My heart so weak and sinful.  
All changed by grace divine,  
And all my life to serve Him,  
And ever call Him mine.

2 I want to live like Jesus,  
Whose words with love were fraught;  
I want to find His favor,  
By Him he truly taught.  
Oh, then I'm sure that ever  
His hand will guide me on,  
Until the heavenly portals  
And glory shall be won.

Anon.

WOODWORTH. L. M.



1 Just as I am, and waiting not  
To rid my soul of one dark blot;  
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,

O Lamb of God! I come, I come!

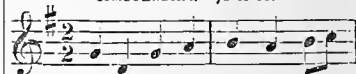
2 Just as I am, though tossed about  
With many a conflict, many a doubt,  
Fightings and fears, within—without:  
O Lamb of God! I come, I come!

3 Just as I am, Thou wilt receive,  
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,

Because Thy promise I believe:  
O Lamb of God! I come, I come!

4 Just as I am, Thy love unknown  
Has broken every barrier down:  
Now to be Thine, yea, *Thine alone*.  
O Lamb of God, I come.  
Miss Charlotte Elliott, (1789—1871), 1836.

AMSTERDAM. 75 &amp; 6s.



1 Meet and right it is to sing,  
In every time and place,  
Glory to our heavenly King,—  
The God of truth and grace:  
Join we then, with sweet accord,  
All in one thanksgiving join:  
Holy, holy, holy Lord!  
Eternal praise be Thine.

2 Thee the first-born sons of light,  
In choral symphonies,  
Praise by day, day without night,  
And never, never cease:  
Angels, and archangels, all  
Praise the mystic Three in One,  
Sing, and stop, and gaze and fall,  
O'erwhelmed before Thy throne.

3 Father, God! Thy love we praise,  
Which gave Thy Son to die:  
Jesus, full of truth and grace,  
Alike we glorify:  
Spirit, Comforter Divine!  
Praise by all to Thee be given,  
Till we in full chorus join,  
And earth is turned to heaven.  
Rev. Charles Wesley, 1749.

## MISSIONARY CHANT. L. M.



1 Soon may the last glad song arise  
Through all the millions of the skies,  
That song of triumph, which records  
That all the earth is now the Lord's.

2 Let thrones, and powers, and king-  
doms be  
Obedient, mighty God! to Thee;  
And, over land, and stream, and main,  
Wave Thon the sceptre of Thy reign.

3 Oh! that the anthem now might swell,  
And host to host the triumph tell,—  
That not one rebel heart remains,  
But over all the Saviour reigns!  
Mrs. Voke, 1816.

## I LOVE TO TELL THE STORY. 7s &amp; 6s.

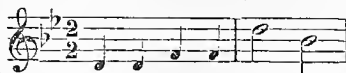


1 I love to tell the story  
Of unseen things above,  
Of Jesus and His glory,  
Of Jesus and His love.  
I love to tell the story,  
Because I know it's true;  
It satisfies my longings,  
As nothing else can do.  
CHO.—I love to tell the story,  
'Twill be my theme in glory,  
To tell the old, old story,  
Of Jesus and His love.

2 I love to tell the story,  
'Tis precious to repeat.  
What seems, each time I tell it,  
More wonderful and sweet.  
I love to tell the story,  
It did so much for me,  
And that is just the reason,  
I tell it now to thee.

3 I love to tell the story:  
For those who know it best  
Seem hungering and thirsting  
To hear it like the rest.  
And when, in scenes of glory,  
I sing the NEW, NEW SONG,  
'Twill be the Old, Old Story  
That I have loved so long!  
Miss Kate Hankey, 1867.

## ENTREATY. 6s &amp; 4s.



1 Child of sin and sorrow,  
Filled with dismay:  
Wait not for to-morrow,  
Yield thee, to-day.  
Heaven bids thee come  
While yet there's room,  
Child of sin and sorrow,  
Hear and obey.

2 Child of sin and sorrow!  
Why wilt thou die?  
Come while thou canst borrow  
Help from on high:  
Grieve not that love  
Which from above,  
Child of sin and sorrow,  
Would bring thee nigh.

3 Child of sin and sorrow!  
Thy moments glide,  
Like the flitting arrow,  
Or the rushing tide;  
Ere time is o'er,  
Heaven's grace implore!  
Child of sin and sorrow,  
In Christ confide.  
Thomas Hastings, (1784—1872), 1832.

## MISSIONARY HYMN. 7s &amp; 6s.

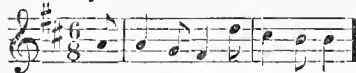


1 Awake, awake, O Zion,  
Put on thy strength divine,  
Thy garments bright in beauty,  
The bridal dress be thine:  
Jerusalem the holy,  
To purity restored;  
Meek Bride, all fair and lowly,  
Go forth to meet thy Lord.

2 The Lamb who bore our sorrows,  
Comes down to earth again;  
No Sufferer now, but Victor,  
For evermore to reign;  
To reign in every nation,  
To rule in every zone:  
O wide-world coronation,  
In every heart a throne.

3 Awake, awake, O Zion,  
The bridal day draws nigh,  
The day of signs and wonders,  
And marvels from on high:  
Thy sun uprises slowly,  
But keep thou watch and ward;  
Fair Bride, all pure and lowly,  
Go forth to meet thy Lord.  
Benjamin Gough, (1805—), 1865.

## JERUSALEM. C. M. D.



1 Oh, for a closer walk with God,  
A calm and heavenly frame,  
A light to shine upon the road,  
That leads me to the Lamb!  
Where is the blessedness I knew  
When first I saw the Lord?  
Where is the soul-refreshing view  
Of Jesus and His word?

2 Return, O holy Dove! return,  
Sweet Messenger of rest!  
I hate the sins that made Thee mourn,  
And drove Thee from my breast.  
So shall my walk be close with God,  
Calm and serene my frame;  
So purer light shall mark the road  
That leads me to the Lamb.  
William Cowper. (1731—1800), 1779.

## I THINK WHEN I READ.



1 I think when I read that sweet story  
of old,  
When Jesus was here among men,  
How He called little children like lambs  
to His fold.  
I should like to have been with them  
then.

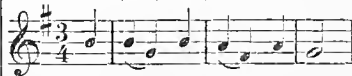
2 I wish that His hands had been  
placed on my head,  
That His arm had been thrown  
around me,

And that I might have seen His kind  
look when He said,  
"Let the little ones come unto Me."

3 Yet still to His footstool in prayer I  
may go,  
And ask for a share in His love;  
And if I thus earnestly seek Him below,  
I shall see Him and hear Him above—

4 In that beautiful place He has gone  
to prepare  
For all who are washed and forgiven;  
And many dear children shall be with  
Him there,  
For of such is the kingdom of heaven.  
Mrs. Jemima Luke, (1813—), 1841.

## DENNIS. S. M.



1 A charge to keep I have,  
A God to glorify;  
A never-dying soul to save,  
And fit it for the sky:—

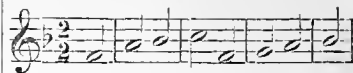
2 To serve the present age,  
My calling to fulfill,—  
Oh! may it all my powers engage,—  
To do my Master's will.

3 Arm me with jealous eare,  
As in Thy sight to live;  
And, Oh! Thy servant, Lord! prepare  
A strict account to give.

4 Help me to watch and pray,  
And on Thyself rely;  
Assured, if I my trust betray,  
I shall for ever die.

Rev. Chas. Wesley, 1762.

## DUNDEE. C. M.



1 Enthroned on high, almighty Lord!  
Thy Holy Ghost send down;  
Fulfil in us Thy faithful word,  
And all Thy mercies crown.

2 Though on our heads, no tongues of  
fire  
Their wondrous powers impart,  
Grant, Saviour! what we more desire,  
Thy Spirit in our heart.  
Rev. Thos. Haweis, (1732—1820), 1792.

## ELTHAM. 8s &amp; 7s.



1 Hasten, Lord! the glorious time,  
When, beneath Messiah's sway,  
Every nation, every clime,  
Shall the gospel's call obey.  
 Mightiest kings His power shall own,  
Heaven tribes His name adore,  
Satan and his host, o'erthrown,  
Bound in chains shall hurt no more.

2 Then shall wars and tumults cease;  
Then be banished grief and pain;  
Righteousness, and joy, and peace,  
Undisturbed shall ever reign.  
 Bless we, then, our gracious Lord;  
Ever praise His glorious name;  
All His mighty acts record;  
All His wondrous love proclaim.  
Miss Harriet Auber, (1773—1862), 1829.



TAMWORTH. 8s, 7s &amp; 4s.

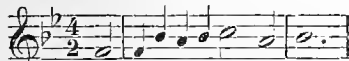


1 Guide me, O Thou Great Jehovah,  
Pilgrim through this barren land;  
I am weak, but Thou art mighty:  
Hold me with Thy powerful hand,  
Bread of heaven,  
Feed me till I want no more.

2 Open now the crystal fountain,  
Whence the healing waters flow;  
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar  
Lead me all my journey through;  
Strong Deliverer,  
Be Thou still my strength and shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,  
Bid my anxious fears subside;  
Bear me through the swelling current,  
Laud me safe on Canaan's side;  
Songs of praises,  
I will ever give to Thee.  
Rev. Wm. Williams, (1717—1791), 1783.

AMES. L. M.



1 O God! beneath Thy guiding hand  
Our exiled Fathers crossed the sea;  
And when they trod the wintry straud  
With prayer and psalm they wor-  
shipped Thee.

2 Thou heard'st, well pleased, the song,  
the prayer;  
Thy blessing came, and still its power,  
Shall onward through all ages bear  
The memory of that holy hour.

3 Laws, freedom, truth and faith in God  
Came with those exiles o'er the waves;  
And where their pilgrim feet have trod,  
The God they trusted guards their  
graves.

4 And here Thy name, O God of love!  
Their children's children shall adore,  
Till these eternal hills remove  
And Spring adorns the earth no more.  
Rev. Leonard Bacon, (1802—), 1836.

LOVING KINDNESS. L. M.



1 Awake, my soul, in joyful lays,  
And sing thy great Redeemer's praise;  
He justly claims a song from me,  
His loving kindness, oh, how free!

2 He saw me ruined by the fall,  
Yet loved me, notwithstanding all;  
He saved me from my lost estate;  
His loving kindness, oh, how great!

3 I often feel my sinful heart,  
Prone from my Saviour to depart;  
But though I oft have Him forgot,  
His loving kindness changes not.  
Rev. Samuel Medley, (1738—1799), 1787.

AMOY. 6s &amp; 4s.



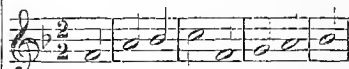
1 To-day the Saviour calls;  
Ye wanderers, come;  
O ye benighted souls!  
Why longer roam?

2 To-day the Saviour calls;  
Oh, hear Him now;  
Within these sacred walls  
To Jesus bow.

3 To-day the Saviour calls;  
For refuge fly;  
The storm of justice falls,  
And death is nigh.

4 The Spirit calls to-day;  
Yield to His power;  
Oh, grieve Him not away;  
'Tis mercy's hour.  
Samuel Francis Smith, D. D., (1808—), 1831.

DUNDEE. C. M.



1 Spirit of power and might! behold  
A world by sin destroyed;  
Creator Spirit! as of old,  
Move on the formless void.

2 If sang the morning stars for joy,  
When nature rose to view,  
What strains will angel-harps employ,  
When Thou shalt all renew?

3 And, if the sons of God rejoice  
To hear a Saviour's name,  
How will the ransomed raise their voice,  
To whom the Saviour came?

4 So every kindred, tongue, and tribe,  
Assembling round the throne,  
The new creation shall ascribe  
To sovereign love alone.

James Montgomery, 1825.

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